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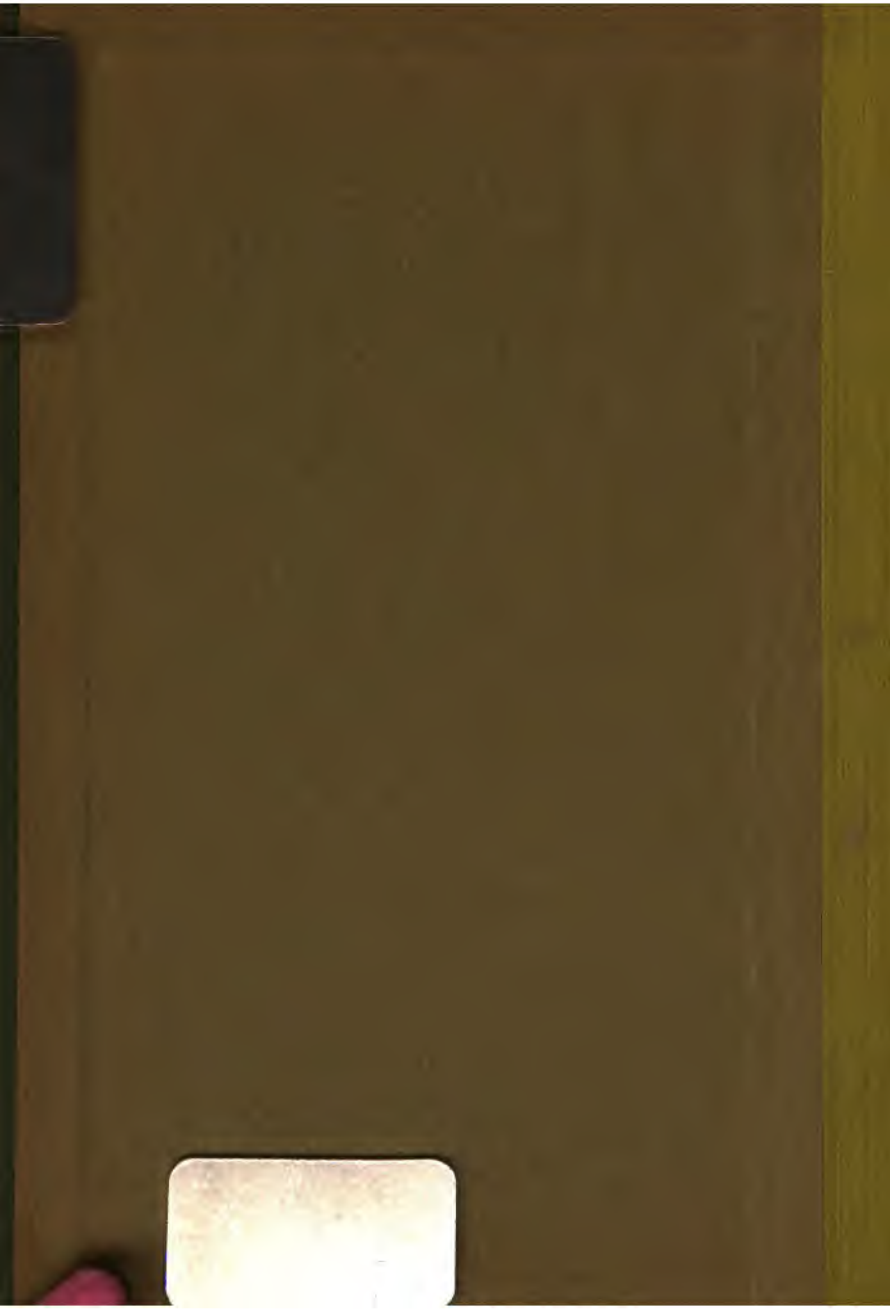
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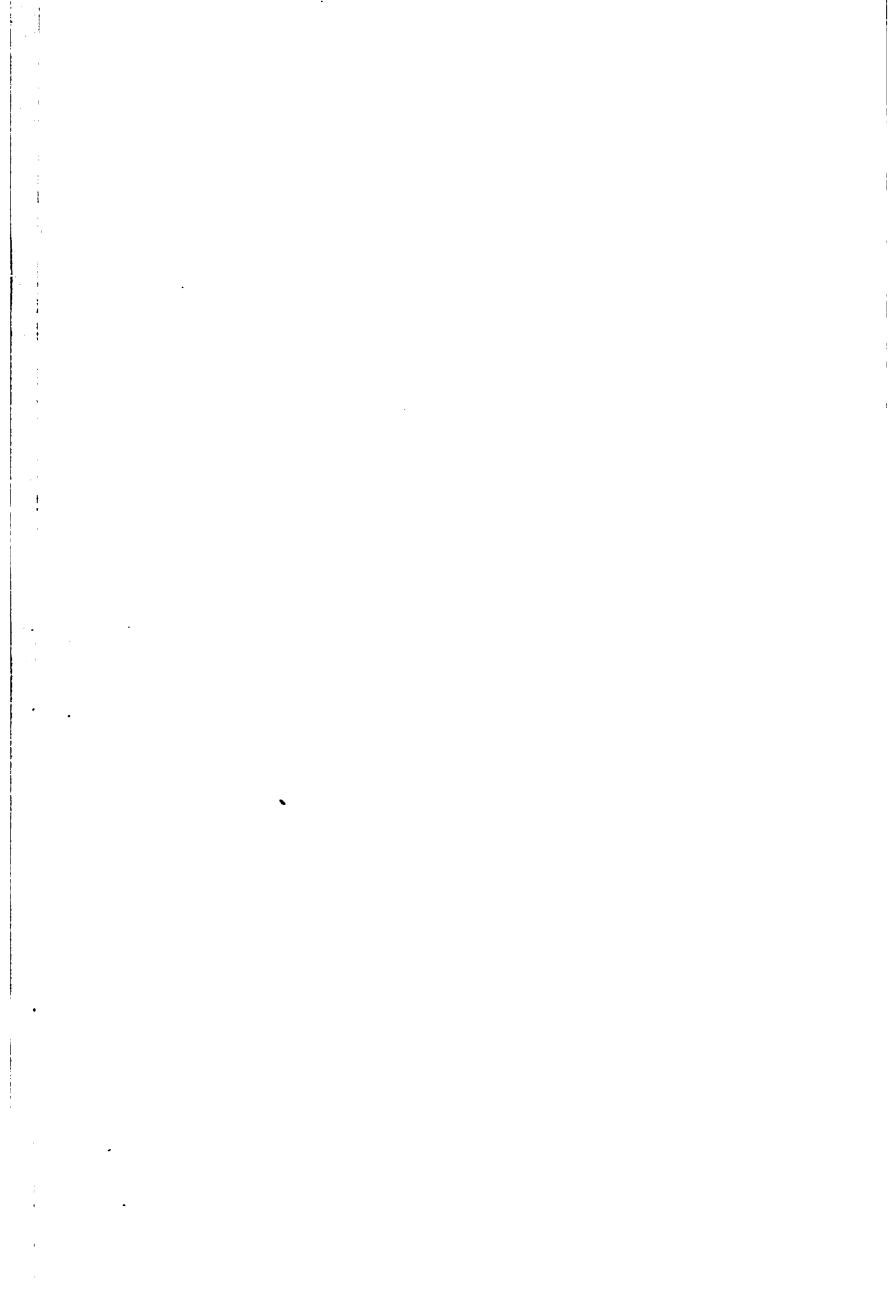
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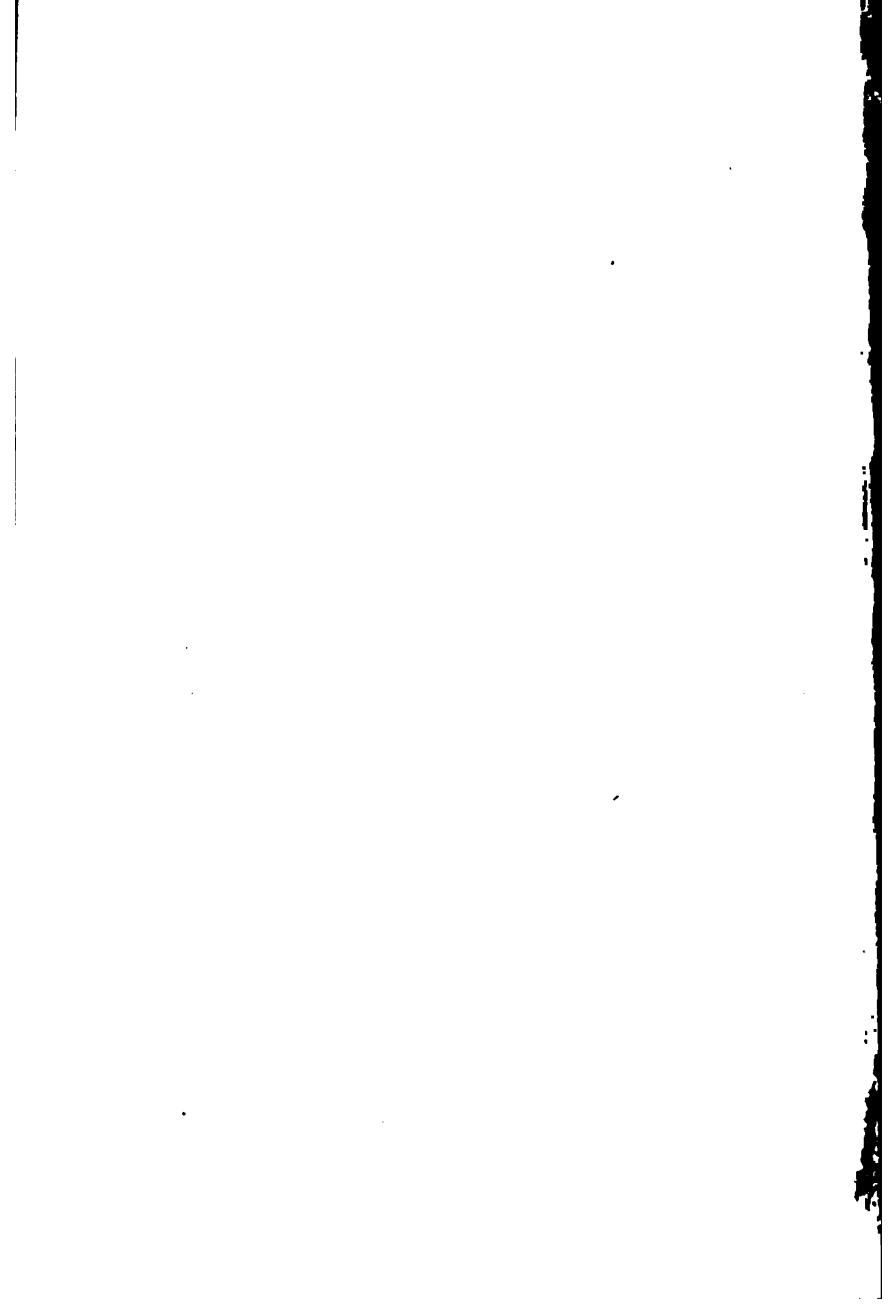
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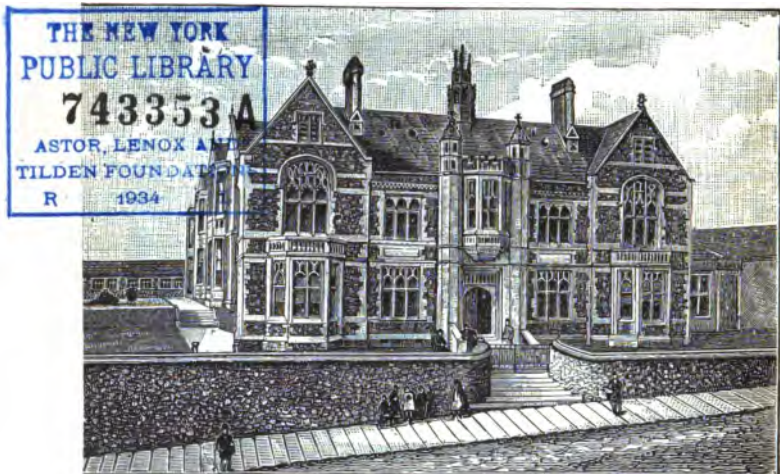
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PREFACE TO NINTH EDITION.

THE popularity of "How to see Bristol" necessitating the issue of a ninth edition, which brings the total circulation to upwards of twenty thousand copies, gives the opportunity to thoroughly revise and bring the information up to date. Much additional matter has been inserted, and many new and interesting illustrations added. There are now over seventy illustrations, many of them being of great historic interest, and not elsewhere obtainable. In order to add to the completeness and value of the Guide some pages have been added of General Information, on matters which will prove useful to Visitors, with reference to Amusements, Churches, Clubs, Recreation, &c., and some pages also on Places of Interest in and around Bristol, giving in a concise form information of some of the many beautiful and historic spots near Bristol. The short History of the Borough, at the commencement of the Guide, is from the pen of John Latimer, Bristol's greatest historian. The Map has been brought up to date, and shows the lines of the new Harbour Railway, &c. In order that information may be readily referred to, a full Index has been added.

It will thus be seen that no effort has been spared to make "How to see Bristol" the most complete, handy and inexpensive Guide to Bristol, Clifton and neighbourhood published.

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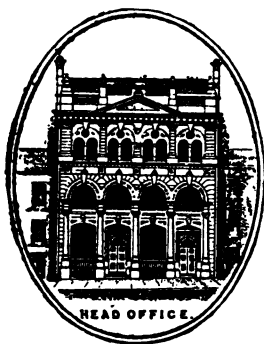
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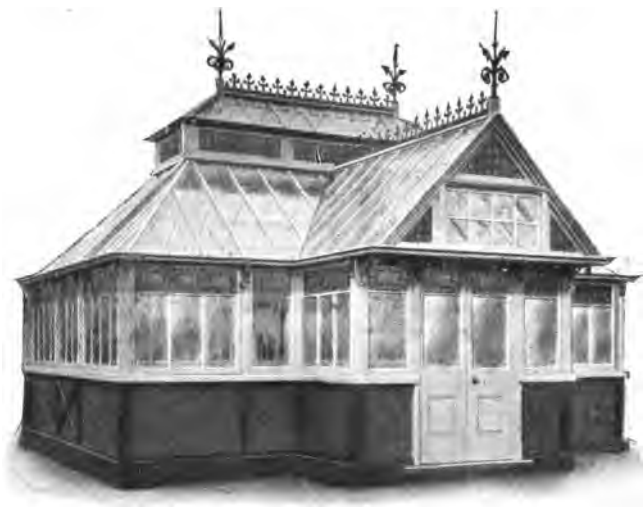
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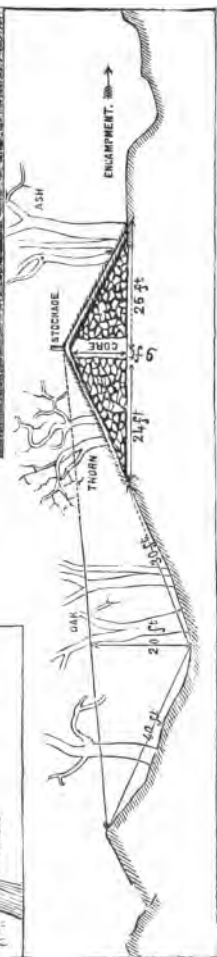
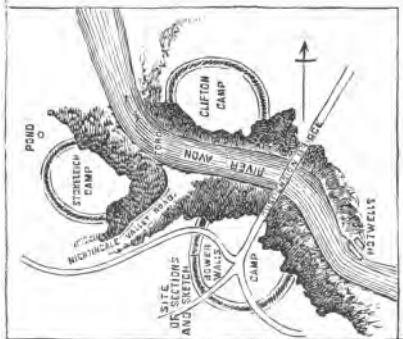
THERE is no city in the kingdom that can vie with Bristol in the great natural beauty of its surroundings and its great historic interest. Not only is it, with its famous western suburb of Clifton, most delightful and interesting in itself, but it is an admirable centre from which one may visit the many beautiful and historic spots in the West of England, the Bristol Channel, the Wye Valley, &c.

In the following Guide we seek to lead our readers pleasantly and profitably through the ancient city and its neighbourhood.

In a book of this kind it is impossible to give a complete account of the city, but it may be interesting to recall something of its long history and famous associations, and to that end a short history of the borough, chiefly from the pen of Bristol's great historian, the late John Latimer, may here be given.

HISTORY OF THE BOROUGH.

As is the case of most ancient towns, the foundation of Bristol is lost in the mist of ages, and in place of authentic records the fertile imaginations of early writers have supplied us with abundant fictions and legends. According to one of the most credulous of the Welsh chroniclers, Geoffry of Monmouth, the town was founded by one King Dyfneval, or his sons, Bryn and Belin, better known by their Latinised names of Brennus and Belinus, the former of whom is alleged to have sacked Rome in B.C. 391. This myth was adopted by early local annalists, and mutilated statues of the two brothers—probably of the fourteenth century—may still be seen over the gateway of St. John's Church, Broad Street. The fact is that some pre-historic tribe, apparently numerous, established a town, if it may be so called, on the Avon—not, however, on the marsh



Camps of the Avon.

where Bristol afterwards rose, but on the precipices overhanging the river at Clifton and the opposite shore, the vast remains of which are well known to archæologists. Many attempts, again, have been made, even within recent years, to establish a Roman camp and city on the site of Bristol, but not a vestige of evidence in support of the conjecture has yet been discovered. The Roman enthusiasts, like the Celtic, have merely erred a little in their topography. At Sea Mills, about two miles below



Roman incised stone found at Sea Mills.

the city proper, but within the civic boundary, on the north shore of the Avon, where the confluence of a small stream afforded the accommodation of a safe harbour, are the remains of a camp, upwards of fifty acres in extent, where innumerable coins and other relics have been disinterred from time to time. This camp, which has now a railway station in one of its angles, was

connected with Bath by a Roman road, still traceable on Durdham Down, which crossed the river From about two miles to the east of ancient Bristol. Coming down about two centuries, we learn on the authority of Leland, who clearly was quoting from some manuscript now lost, that Jordan, one of the companions of St. Augustine, who landed in England in 596, was buried in what is now called College Green. On which it is not unfairly surmised that Bristol was then in existence, for the neighbourhood of College Green was then and long afterwards uninhabited. Still, absolute records as to Bristol dating from the times of the early Saxon kings are utterly wanting, and the first authentic proof that a community was established there is given by two silver coins of Ethelred the Unready (979-1016), attesting that they were coined by one Ælfwerd at "Bric.," which is undoubtedly a contraction of Bristol. Coins of Cnut also bear the local mint mark, and it seems unquestionable that by that time the town had grown to some wealth and importance, and was probably defended by its first walls.

The situation of this primitive collection of hovels deserves a brief description. Near the confluence of the rivers Avon and From was a small peninsula, nearly oval in form, surrounded on three sides by the natural defence of the tidal streams, and requiring protection from outward enemies only by a rampart thrown across the narrow neck of the eastern quarter. It is certain, however, that the inhabitants, some time before the Norman Conquest, had not only defended themselves by this indispensable bulwark, but had constructed a wall surrounding the whole area of the little town, covering a space of about nineteen acres. This had been found necessary owing to the peculiar character of the local tides, for the rivers were everywhere fordable at low water. The course of the wall was nearly circular, and it can still be followed by a pedestrian for nearly two-thirds of the circuit, though the perambulation would scarcely repay the labour. The town itself, which is estimated to have contained about five hundred houses, was divided into quarters—the ancient wards—by the four main streets that still intersect it, Broad Street and High Street running from north to south, crossed by Corn Street and Wine (really Winch=pillory) Street from east to west. Intrenched as well by nature as by art in their little borough, which the annalist of Stephen's reign picturesquely describes as a "city seeming to swim in the waters," the inhabitants steadily increased in numbers and

wealth as their infant commerce developed. There is reason to believe that each ward possessed a church in the time of Edward the Confessor. when it is known that the burghers were presided over by the king's reeve, or provost. Contemporary with this development, another little community had been growing up on the southern or Somerset side of the Avon, just as Southwark arose near London. The urgency of easy communication between the two towns must have been early felt, and as the name of Bristol was in its earliest form *Brigdstow*, it does not seem rash to conjecture, in despite of the strange fancies of amateur philologists, that the place derived its name from a wooden bridge, constructed at least as early as the tenth century. The southern town formed part of the royal manor of Bedminster, where there was already a church, but the portion adjoining Bristol, standing on an outcrop of New Red Sandstone, early acquired the name of *R. deliff*, and rose to considerable importance before it was finally absorbed by its northern neighbour. It must be added that the peculiar physical features which first attracted settlers to the peninsula above referred to have now largely disappeared. In the first decade of the nineteenth century, the course of the Avon through Bristol, nearly three miles in length, was converted into a floating harbour or dock, the tidal stream being diverted into an artificial channel; whilst the *Froom*, deprived of the rushing tides to which it owed its primary importance, and reduced to a mere brook, was subsequently covered over throughout its urban course, and to a stranger, who may be standing in one of the new thoroughfares thus created, is practically non-existent.

The fall of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty provoked no local event worthy of record. So far, indeed, from following the example of some northern towns, the Bristolians were not only submissive to the Normans, but, in 1068, displayed at once the extent of their resources and their repugnance to rebellion by resisting and beating off the three sons of King Harold, who had entered the Avon with fifty-two ships, manned by Irish rovers, in the hope of plundering the town. It may have been the warning given by this incident which led to the erection of a castle on the weakest side of the defences, namely on the narrow neck of the peninsula which communicated with Gloucestershire. There are strong grounds for believing that this fortress was raised by Geoffrey, the warrior Bishop of Coutances, who had immense estates in the neighbourhood, and

was famous as a castle builder. About the same time the defences of the town were strengthened by a second wall, commencing at the castle, and enclosing a considerable extent of low-lying ground that had not been included within the first walls.

Such was the extent of Bristol at the date of the Great Survey recorded in Domesday Book. The town still remained a member of the king's manor of Barton, and rendered with the rest of the manor 110 marks yearly. But it is further recorded that "the burgesses," that is, the Bristolians proper, had informed the Royal Commissioners that 33 marks of silver and one of gold were paid to Bishop Geoffrey in addition to the king's rent, which sums were possibly assigned to him by the Conqueror in consideration of his building operations. The share of rent paid by the outlying Barton, then chiefly covered with forest, must have been inconsiderable, and Bristol seems to have been rated higher than any town save London, York, and Winchester. Geoffrey's castle could not have existed half a century when it was demolished by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I., who replaced it by a lofty keep, described by a monkish annalist as the flower of all the towers of England, and which was really inferior in size only to those of London and Colchester. After the death of Henry this fortress became the central bulwark of the revolt against Stephen, who was for a time a prisoner within its walls. Soon after his departure, the Angevin boy who was to become Henry II. was brought here for safety, and was educated under the eyes of his uncle by a Bristol schoolmaster, later his Chancellor and Bishop of Angers, the new King, in 1172, rewarding the town that had nurtured him by a charter giving Bristolians the city of Dublin as a place of habitation. Bristol and its castle having soon after become the property of his son John by right of marriage, that prince granted the burghers the earliest charter of liberties now extant, and was a frequent visitor, chiefly for the purpose of hunting in the Forest of Kingswood, which enveloped the eastern and northern sides of the town. His torture, when king, of a Bristol Jew, by wrenching out the man's teeth one by one, until he ransomed himself for 10,000 marks, is recorded in our histories. The townsmen, however, were steadfast friends of John, and the town and castle, after his death, afforded the party of his son a secure base of operations. In 1224 Eleanor of Brittany, sister of Prince

Arthur, was brought a captive to the castle and detained there until her death, eighteen years later. The great local events of this period were the enlargement of the harbour by cutting a wide and deep channel for the Froom, the extension of the town walls, affording enlarged accommodation for the prosperous and increasing population, and the substitution for the old wooden erection of a solid bridge of masonry—a work of great difficulty at a place where the tides rose thirty feet. The original circular wall now became useless for the purpose of defence, and four of its gates were handed over to church builders, who raised new edifices or extended old ones over the ancient portals. Only one of those curious constructions—the base of the tower of St. John's—has been left for the inspection of the lovers of the picturesque.

In 1284, after the conquest of Wales, Edward I. held a Parliament in this town, and kept his Christmas in the castle. It is to about this date that an Early English porch leading to the royal apartments, which is almost the sole remaining relic of the once formidable fortress, may be assigned. During the troublous reign of Edward II. the King twice sought refuge in Bristol, being removed on the second occasion by his enemies to Berkeley, where he was soon afterwards murdered. On the invasion of France by Edward III., Bristol contributed 24 ships and 608 men to the royal expedition, and London 25 ships and 662 men. Grateful for this generous aid, the King subsequently granted the townsmen a charter, conferring a privilege until then reserved to London alone, namely the constitution of the borough into an independent county with separate shire jurisdiction. The absorption into it of the community on the southern bank of the Avon, and the creation of a Common Council were other important concessions. Richard II. paid two visits to the city with armies bound for Ireland. Under the Lancastrian kings the wealth and enterprise of the Bristol merchants enormously developed, their commerce extending from Iceland on the one hand to the Levant on the other. Nor did they fail to give lasting proofs of their munificence. With the exception of a few modern spires, the churches thickly dotted in the centre of the city were almost exclusively the production of the fifteenth century. Further privileges were granted to the burgesses by Henry VI. in 1446, during a visit paid to the city. Edward IV. was in the town a few years later, and glutted his vengeance on the Lancastrians by witnessing near

the High Cross a judicial murder, immortalised by Chatterton's tragic ballad of "Sir Charles Bawdwin." Henry VII., in search of support and sympathy, lost no time in repairing to Bristol after Bosworth fight. Four years later, when firmly established, he came again, and, not satisfied with a "benevolence" of £500, levied a fine of 20s. each on all the townsmen worth £20, because their wives were too sumptuously apparelled. The



Queen Elizabeth at St. John's Gate.

great incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. were the suppression of the wealthy Abbey of St. Augustine, and of two well-endowed priories, and of the erection, out of part of the estates of the former, of the bishopric of Bristol. The King once proposed to visit the city, but retreated in consequence of an outbreak of the Plague, which for many centuries periodically swept away the inhabitants by thousands. Elizabeth made a "progress" to Bristol in 1574. and had a magnificent reception.

The queen of James I. paid a visit in 1613, and was so mightily entertained with a sham sea-fight and other festive manifestations that she thanked the city for its love, declaring "she never knew she was a queen till she came to Bristol." The merchants had reason to remember her, for the Court, during its stay in the neighbourhood, demanded wines from them to the value of £800 by way of purveyance, and there is no trace of the recovery of the money. In the Civil War, which followed in the next reign, the possession of Bristol was naturally coveted strongly by both parties. At the outbreak of hostilities the civic authorities admitted a Parliamentary force, and measures were forthwith taken to raise a fresh line of defences, far in advance of the old walls, over which the population had largely overflowed. The new works were about five miles in length, and considerable remains of one great bastion may still be seen near the summit of Brandon Hill.

Whilst the fortifications were proceeding, however, Prince Rupert advanced with 20,000 men, in the summer of 1643, to besiege the city, and a dashing attack at the unfinished trench and wall, at a spot nearly opposite to the present Blind Asylum, led to an immediate surrender of the town. But in 1645 the discomfiture of the royal cause in the West was consummated by the successful storming of Bristol by the army under Fairfax and Cromwell.

The castle had by that time become ruinous, and during the Protectorate the massive keep was razed to the ground, to the lasting lamentation of antiquaries. The visits of Charles II. after his restoration, of James II. who was on his way to inspect the scene of Monmouth's rout at Sedgemoor, of William III. after his victory at the Boyne, and of Queen Anne in 1702, present no features of interest.

The prosperity of Bristol greatly declined during the reigns of the Tudors, and showed no evidence of a rebound until the conquest of Jamaica, the acquisition of other West India

islands, and the growth of the American colonies. Commerce was then directed into new channels, and advanced with surprising strides in spite of the gradual decay of the cloth trade, for which the city had long been famous. The direct intercourse with the New World was lucrative, but its profits were not comparable with those arising from the export of English goods to Africa for the purchase of slaves, the sale of the captives to the West India planters, and the freight homewards of rich cargoes of sugar, and other tropical products. Such a triangular voyage occupied a twelvemonth.

To give some idea of the profits of a successful cruise, it may be stated on the authority of existing documents that about 1727-8 a cargo of 270 slaves could be obtained at a cost of £2 15s. per head, paid in the shape of iron and copper rods, cotton fabrics, spirits, etc., and could be sold in Jamaica for nearly £31 per head, making a gross profit of £7,600, or vastly more than the value of the small vessel engaged in the transit. As the demand for negroes increased prices rose in Africa, but there was an equivalent rise in the West Indies, and the profit was still £28 per head when Clarkson began his crusade. Before that date, however, the commerce of Bristol had sustained a terrible shock by the revolt of the American colonies, which wrought havoc amongst the leading mercantile firms, and reduced for a time the trade of the port by fifty per cent.

In the many wars in which England was engaged throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries very large sums of money were made by Bristol merchants in privateering enterprises. The most famous of these was the expedition which set out from Bristol in 1708, and resulted in the discovery on the island of Juan Fernandez of Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures formed the basis of *Robinson Crusoe*. Privateering reached its height in the Seven Years' War, when as many as fifty-one Bristol vessels were engaged in this predatory traffic.

Bristol's association with the great religious revival of the eighteenth century is noteworthy. It was here that John Wesley first began his open-air preaching; and here, too, in Old King Street he established the chapel which still appeals to Wesleyans as the oldest Methodist place of worship in the world. The latter half of the century witnessed some interesting events in connection with Bristol's literary history. In 1770

Chatterton, the greatest genius she has ever produced, died by his own hand in a London garret, heartbroken and neglected. In 1773 Hannah More's first work was given to the public, and in the following year the birth took place in Wine Street of Robert Southey, whose intimate association with Coleridge and Wordsworth and the benevolent Cottle is too well known to need repetition. Burke, Davy, Beddoes are some of the names which occur to us when writing of this period of Bristol's history, but this is not the place to make mention of them. Allusion to them and to many other famous men and women who have added distinction to the city will be made as occasion offers in the Guide itself.

In 1831 occurred the great Bristol Riots, in which the damage done to life and property was enormous. A vigorous interlude to the period of inertia and slumber on which Bristol entered with the nineteenth century was afforded by the launch in 1838 of the *Great Western* steamship, the pioneer of trans-Atlantic steam traffic. The opportunity, however, which was offered of establishing a lead in American steamship service was not accepted, and instead of following up the *Great Western* with other vessels of a similar class, the proprietors devoted their energies to the building of the ill-fated *Great Britain*, and allowed themselves to be supplanted by Liverpool. For a period of thirty years nothing was done by Bristol to retain her old reputation, but with the advent of the Avonmouth and Portishead Docks and other younger rivals, and the acquisition of them in 1884 by the Corporation, a brighter era dawned, and during the last twenty years the trade of the port has steadily increased. That the old spirit of energy and enterprise has indeed revived and is to-day as keen as it was two centuries ago is evinced by the great dock scheme at Avonmouth now nearing completion, which will enable her to accommodate the largest vessels afloat, and help her once more to the realisation of her former proud boast—"the second port in the kingdom."

For a fuller account of the history of the city the reader may be referred to *Bristol: Past and Present*, by J. F. Nicholls, F.S.A., and John Taylor. This work possesses numerous valuable illustrations.

For an account of the many famous personal associations connected with Bristol, the reader cannot do better than obtain a copy of *Bristol and its Famous Associations*, by Stanley Hutton. This work is profusely illustrated with portraits of

some of the notable persons connected with the city, and covers the whole of the Maritime and Commercial, Literary (a particularly interesting section), Art, Musieal, Dramatic, Scientific, Military, Political, Religious, Philanthropic, Social, &c., Associations.

For a book dealing with all the multifarious subjects of interest connected with the life and history of Bristol, *Arrowsmith's Dictionary of Bristol* may be consulted. The work is arranged alphabetically, and has been written by experts in each department, the historical portion being revised by the late John Latimer. It is a veritable encyclopædia of information with reference to Bristol.

WALK No. 1.

To Corn Street, Clare Street, Colston Hall, College Green, Park Street, Cabot Tower, Blind Asylum, Bristol Museum and Art Gallery, University College, Victoria Rooms, Whiteladies Road, the Downs, Zoological Gardens, Clifton Observatory, Suspension Bridge, Rodney Place, Queen's Road, Prince's Theatre, Red Lodge, &c.

"The heart of a great city, from whose walls,
Commodious and august, the busy hum
Is heard of thriving trade. * * * Our steps
Are led by powerful instinct to the Town.
What heav'nly visions burst upon the eye !
Range over Dundry hill, and all the fair
Display of Somerset's green meads, and dwell
With ravish'd eye on hills of distant Wales,
* * * Advance the step
To the edge of the bold cliff, and let the eye,
Excursive, seek the Avon's course below !
By some long past stupendous effort rent
Of lab'ring Nature, see the mighty chasm
That separates the mountain's craggy sides,
Which frown in awful beauty o'er the gulf ;
How sweet to trace the winding Avon's course
Through this romantic gorge ! How sweet to hear
Its gentle murmurs greet the new-born day !"

ANON.

THE visitor to Bristol by railway, on leaving the station, will find himself in Temple mead ; and to get into the heart of the city he must turn to the right, pass under the Harbour Railway viaduct, and continue onward through Victoria street, a noble roadway full of very diverse styles of architecture, until he reaches Bristol Bridge, and from thence up High street to the Council house, the distance from the foot of the incline at the Railway station to the Council house being half a mile.

To enable the stranger, whose stay perchance may be limited, readily to find his way to Clifton, the beautiful Downs, and the chief places of interest in Bristol, we have sketched out the following walks, which with the aid of



The approach to Joint Railway Station, Temple Mead.

the reference map will, we trust, be found to be an ample and sufficient guide to any part of the city.

The walks will commence and terminate at the site which **Bristol's High Cross** once occupied, viz. the junction of the four chief streets of the ancient city—Wine street, Corn street, High street, and Broad street.

The High Cross was erected upon the site of an earlier Saxon cross, 1373, by the burghers, to commemorate the fact that Bristol was in that year separated from Somerset and Gloucestershire and made a county of itself. A statue of Edward III. was gratefully placed in the niche fronting the Tolzey; effigies of John and Henry III., who had benefited the city by charters, faced Broad street and Wine street. At a subsequent period that of Edward IV. was added to the High street front. Thus it stood for 260 years; then an upper storey was added: Elizabeth was placed over the Corn street, Charles I. over the Broad street, Henry VI. over the Wine street, and James I. over the High street frontages. The cross was thirty-nine feet six inches in height, and of elaborate design, in the Decorated Gothic style. It was surrounded by a light elegant iron palisading. From its steps the proclamations were made upon all public occasions, and round about it a market was held. Resplendent in the glare of many coloured pigments and gilding, it stood until 1733, when it was denounced by the neighbouring inhabitants as dangerously insecure and as a "superstitious relic." Removed, it was after



The High Cross in 1697.

a lapse of time re-erected in the centre of College green. In 1763 it was again taken down, on a most frivolous pretence, and was given in 1764 by Dean Cutts Barton to Mr. Henry Hoare, who re-erected it in his park at Stourhead, where it still remains. (See also p. 31.)

Our first walk will be to the west, or Clifton, by way of Corn street. The building upon our right is the **Council house**, completed 1827, at a cost of £16,000, by Sir Robert Smirke. It is surmounted by a statue of Justice, from the chisel of E. H. Baily, R.A., who was a native of Bristol. The main staircase is very handsome, and is chastely decorated, the steps of the stairs being inlaid with brass and coloured enamel. The building was considerably enlarged in 1899 by the addition of a commodious Council chamber.

The Bristol archives are rich in ancient parchment lore, some of its charters being fine specimens of an early age. In the chief rooms hang a series of portraits of great historic interest, some of which are, as works of art, of great value. Among them may be mentioned "Earl of Pembroke," by Vandyck; "Edmund Burke, M.P.," by Sir Joshua Reynolds; "The Duke of Portland," by Sir Thomas Lawrence; "Lord Clare," by Gainsborough; "Queen Anne," by Kneller; and many others. Autograph letters of noble and learned men upon whom the freedom of the city has been in past ages conferred (Sir Thomas Lawrence, Lord Nelson, Lord Rodney, Lord Hood, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Roberts, and others), and the original articles of the surrender of the city to Prince Rupert in 1643, also adorn the walls. The city seals, maces, swords of state, and plate, are of high art and of inestimable value.

Amongst the plate is a silver-gilt salver, which was presented by Alderman Kitchen, in 1573. This was stolen in 1831, during the riots. The thief cut it into 167 pieces. Offering some of the bits for sale to Messrs. Williams, goldsmiths, he was apprehended. The pieces were all recovered, save about three very minute chippings, and were skilfully put together by the above firm. Its beauty is unimpaired, and its value materially enhanced by the process. The second Sir Robert Peel offered its weight in gold for it, but in vain. The thief had the matchless impudence on returning from transportation to call and ask for a sight of the salver.

Amongst the pictures is one by Vandyck, of the Earl of Pembroke, life-size, which the family are reported to have offered to cover with guineas if they might become its possessors. To this the worthy Chamberlain, it is said, replied: "Put them edgewise, and then we will begin to think about it." A painting of James II., by Kneller, was discovered in a singular way. One of the pictures, a portrait apparently of Charles II., being dirty, was sent to be cleaned. The artist discovered another face underneath; obtaining leave, he carefully removed the surface daub, and discovered this valuable painting.

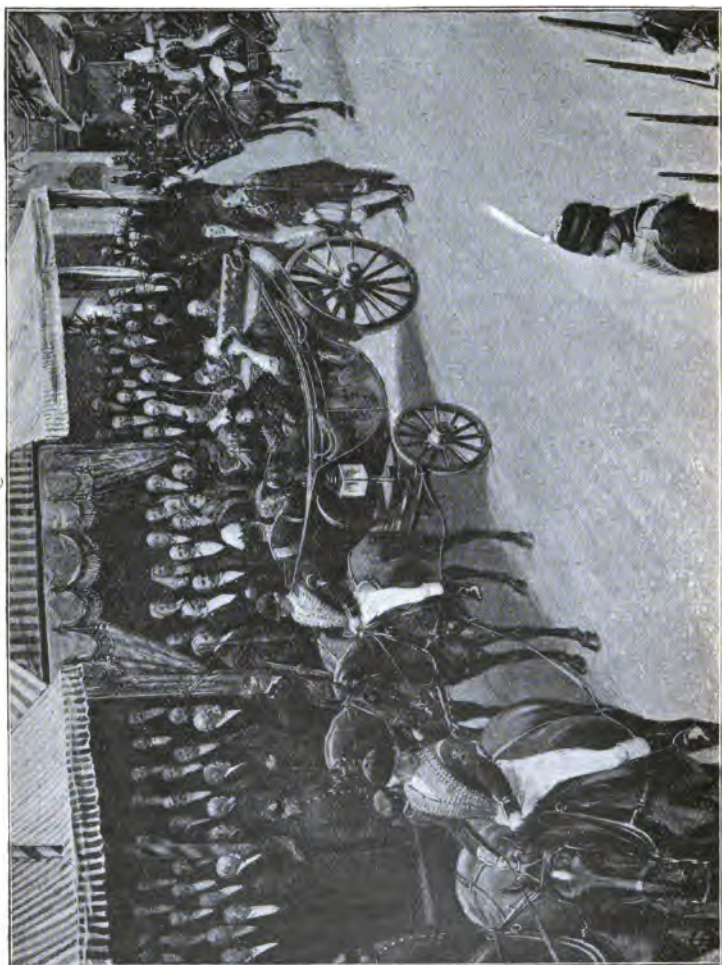
This may be accounted for by James' extreme unpopularity in Bristol at the time of the revolution.

It was here that on November 15th, 1899, on the occasion of opening the Royal Victoria Jubilee Convalescent Home by Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria (to which reference will be found further on in this book), the historic ceremony of Knighting the first Lord Mayor of Bristol (Sir Herbert Ashman) took place. On her arrival at the Council house, where she was received by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of the city, an address was read by the Recorder and handed to Her Majesty by the Lord Mayor, in a gold casket, who then presented the past Mayors and some of the leading citizens. Her Majesty then commanded the Lord Mayor to kneel, whereupon using the sword of Sir Arthur Bigge, handed to her by the Duke of Connaught, she placed it across the shoulder of the Lord Mayor and bade him rise "Sir Herbert." It may, perhaps, be here mentioned that Her Majesty expressed her complete satisfaction at the loyalty of the citizens and the great success of the visit. The special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, when writing of the visit of Her Majesty to Dublin a few months later, said that in Her Majesty's judgment it was the second best of the popular greetings she had received during her reign—"Bristol bearing the palm."

Adjoining the Council house, on the site of the once famous Bush tavern, memorable for the visit of Mr. Pickwick when in search of Mr. Winkle, stands the chief office in Bristol of **Lloyds Bank Limited**. Its elaborately ornamental façade is in the Venetian Renaissance style; the lower story Doric, the upper Ionic. The sculptures are emblematic of towns in the West of England and South Wales. The carved keystones represent the rivers Avon, Severn, Taff, Usk, and the Bristol Channel. The practical arts of the moneyer—die-sinking, coining, banknote printing, &c.—and commercial relations with the four quarters of the globe, are represented by groups of boys, life-size. The interior is commodious and lofty. It was opened on the 2nd February, 1857, by the West of England and South Wales District Banking Company, who failed in December, 1878, with liabilities which amounted to upwards of £3,200,000. The Bristol and West of England Banking Company Limited was next formed, and in 1892 there was an amalgamation with Lloyds Bank Limited.

Next to Lloyds Bank buildings, at what is now 51 Corn street, stood the offices of Lambert, the attorney to whom the marvellous boy Chatterton was apprenticed.

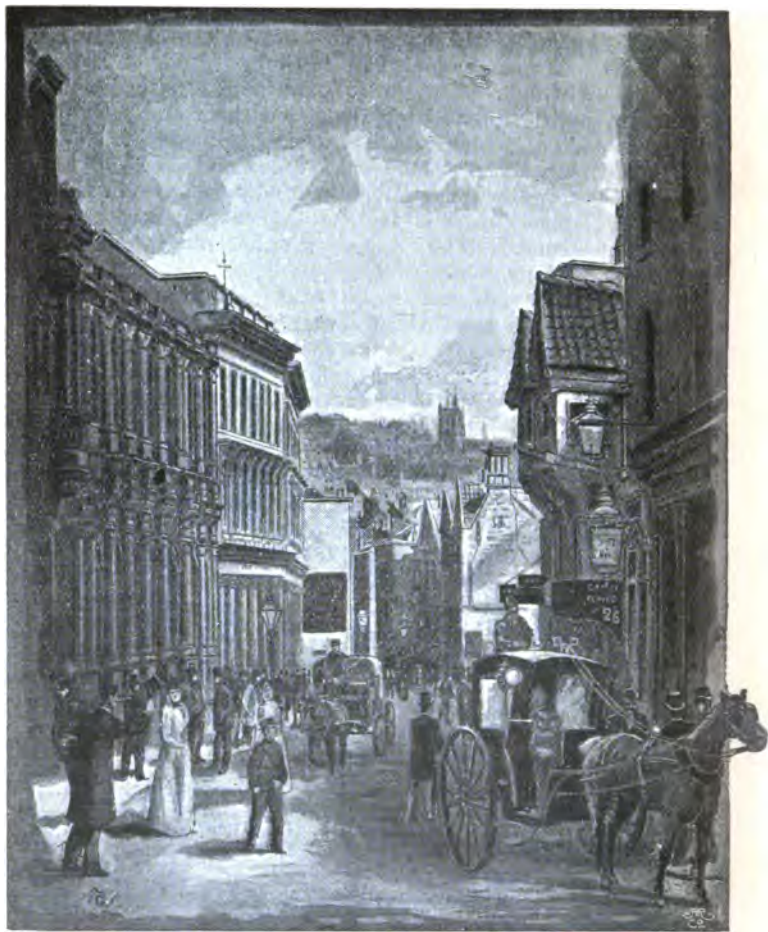
Opposite the Council house, with its entrance in All Saints' lane, stands the church of **All Saints**, of probably Norman



The Knighting of Bristol's First Lord Mayor.

foundation. It has a good east window and font, and a fine statue of Edward Colston, by Rysbrach. (*See also* "Walks for the Archaeologist.") The handsome front of the **Exchange** comes next. It was completed in 1743 by Wood, of Bath, at a cost of £50,000. The inner quadrangle, with its noble Corinthian peristyle, has been much enriched and is covered with a glass roof, which conduces greatly to the comfort of the corn merchants who meet here on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The singular brass pillars in front once stood in the old Tolzey, and gave rise, it is said, to the ready-money proverb, "down on the nail." The avenues on either side the Exchange lead to the Markets.

On the right hand, Small street runs down from Corn street to Quay street. It has been a street ever since Anglo-Saxon times. For hundreds of years there was no street more fashionable within the walls of Bristol. Many worthies have resided there; and it is the street in which royal and noble visitors were usually lodged and entertained. It was selected for the reception of these illustrious visitors "by reason of the conveniency of the street for entertaining the nobility." Many of the mansions had good gardens. The **Post Office**, from its size, if not from its architectural beauty, now dominates the rest. The building stands on a site 17,500 square feet in area. The original portion, which covered 5,500 square feet, was erected in 1868. The office was enlarged in 1889, and a further enlargement took place in 1895. Notwithstanding these expansions, the Small street premises are still too contracted for the ever-increasing staff, and another important enlargement is about to be made, the Government having purchased for £36,000 the adjoining premises of the Water Works Company, standing on a site of 11,500 square feet. The fine Elizabethan chimney-piece that formerly stood in the board-room of the Bristol Water Works Company has been removed to their new offices in Telephone avenue, Baldwin street. In 1885 the Bristol Post Office staff consisted of a Postmaster, 15 clerks and 64 letter carriers; now nearly 2,000 people of all grades are employed in the Bristol Post Office District. Above one million and a half letters posted in Bristol weekly are disposed of within its walls, and over a million are delivered from the office every week. About four and a half million telegrams are dealt with, and over a quarter of a million conversations held on the Trunk Line telephones annually. In the rear of the Post Office are the printing offices



Post Office, Small Street, with St. Michael's Church in the distance.

of the *Bristol Times and Mirror* and *Evening Times*, the new editorial and general offices of which are in St. Stephen street. On the opposite side of the street is the western front of the **Assize Courts**, erected in 1870; the style is Perpendicular Gothic. Herein are held the Courts of Assize, the Tolzey, Quarter Sessions and County Courts. In the witnesses' waiting-room is a fine 17th-century freestone chimney-piece, preserved from a room, now destroyed, in which Johanna Southcott used to preach. Under the same roof are the handsome stone-mullioned windows, panelled ceiling, and Perpendicular Gothic chimney-piece of an ancient house. In the board-room of the Law Library is another *facsimile* chimney-piece; whilst the Library itself, with its 12th-century figures and oaken restored panelled roof, may possibly have been a private chapel, or the hall of a guild. These fragments of a bygone age have been judiciously preserved in the newly-erected building. In the same street the Assize Courts Hotel contains a highly-enriched apartment of the 16th century, with a sumptuously-carved fireplace and a cross-ribbed, deep-moulded ceiling, with bosses and pendants at the intersections.

In Corn street, at the corner of Small street, stands the imposing building of the London and South Western Bank. It occupies the former site of St. Werburgh's church, in which John Wesley preached his first sermon in Bristol.

A little farther on we see the Ionic portico of the **Commercial Rooms**. The bas-relief, which is by Bubb, represents Britannia, Neptune and Minerva receiving tribute from the four quarters of the globe; whilst symbolical figures of commerce, navigation, and the city of Bristol adorn its summit.

Handsome insurance buildings crowd on us hereabouts. The Metropolitan Bank occupies the site of the old Post Office; the front of the London and Lancashire, erected 1905, rises next. Nearly opposite to this is the stately structure erected by the Royal, in 1864, but now the property of the Wilts and Dorset Bank, which has extended the premises. Then follows, just past the Alliance Assurance Company's premises, the burrow-like entrance to the **Bristol Liberal Club**, which occupies the buildings formerly used as an Athenæum. Next to which are the elaborately ornate Liverpool and London and Globe offices, erected in 1870.

Stuckey's Banking Company occupies the corner of Nicholas

and Corn streets, opposite to which is the Union of London and Smiths Bank Limited, the National Provincial Bank, which is even more elegant within than without, and the substantial-looking Royal Insurance Office. The head offices of all the banks, except the Bank of England and the London City and Midland Bank, are either in Corn street or Clare street, but there are numerous branches scattered throughout the city and suburbs. Next the Royal Insurance Office is the entrance into St. Leonard's lane, which formed part of the roadway behind the most ancient walls of the city. On the other side of the road are Nicholas street and the continuation of St. Stephen street. In Nicholas street is situated the **Bristol Stock Exchange**. This handsome building is in exquisite taste and very complete in all its appointments. It was the gift of the president, Mr (now Sir) George White, and was opened on July 29th, 1903. In St. Stephen street is noticeable the **Constitutional Club** (Conservative); and next, with a frontage also in Baldwin street—a wide and noble thoroughfare finished by the Corporation in 1881 at a cost of £80,000—the offices of the *Western Daily Press*, *Evening News*, and *Observer*. In Baldwin street is to be found the **People's Palace**, a place of amusement where a variety entertainment is given twice nightly, built in 1892.

In Baldwin street, also facing the *Western Daily Press* office, is situated the Inland Revenue Offices, and adjoining is Telephone avenue, in which stand the **central exchange** of the **National Telephone Company**, which is of recent construction and one of the best equipped in the United Kingdom, and also the new and palatial offices of the **Bristol Water Works Company**.

Clare street is a continuation of the line of road from Corn street to new St. Augustine's bridge, which has taken the place of the old Drawbridge. On the right hand we have St. Stephen street, built near the fosse of the first city wall, and St. Stephen's avenue, with the exquisitely graceful tower of **St. Stephen**. This noble tower—

“Whose top, like Cybel's crown, in turrets grows”—

is almost unique, being, as a great authority has observed, “a Gothic version of the old Italian Campanile magnificently worked out, having æsthetically dispensed with buttresses.”



St. Stephen's Church.

The church dates from the 13th century, but was re-erected between 1450 and 1490, John Shipward, Mayor of Bristol (1455), building the tower at his own expense. The west window of fine stained glass, representing incidents in the life of St. Stephen, was restored by the Merchant Venturers, at a cost of £500, in 1865. There are several ancient monuments, notably one to Martin Pring, one of our early navigators. The visitor should notice the south porch, with its groined roof of uncommon design.

There is a Guild of Ringers, which dates from the 16th century, belonging to St. Stephen's. The "ordinances" by which the members bound themselves are very quaintly worded. The Society meet for an annual feast on the 17th November, the birthday of Queen Elizabeth. The peal of bells belonging to the church is very fine.

At the corner of St. Stephen's avenue are the attractive-looking premises known as Provident Buildings. Opposite St. Stephen's avenue is Marsh street, leading to Queen square, Prince street, &c.

On the left-hand side, about half-way down Clare street, is the front of the Capital and Counties Bank, and on the opposite side of the street are the newly-erected offices of the Sun Insurance Co. At the bottom of the street is that fork of the Floating harbour which once received the water of the river From, and which is crossed by **St. Augustine's bridge**, which, as before explained, has taken the place of a Drawbridge. To admit the smaller vessels into the strip of the Floating harbour which existed between the Drawbridge and the Stone bridge, the former naturally had to be opened, and this for a time caused a great interruption of traffic, and the complaints were both loud and bitter. At last, by the efforts of a committee of citizens, the City Council, after several halts by the way, were induced to pass resolutions authorising the covering over of the end of the Floating harbour, and the erection of a fixed bridge. The expense was considerable, the arching over the waterway costing something like £16,000, and the bridge between £8,000 and £9,000. The Docks Committee were paid £30,000 for the lost water space, and subsequent improvements have raised the expenditure to £63,000. The wide, open space which was provided by these improvements received the name of **Colston avenue**, and affords an ornamental and popular pleasure ground in the heart of the city. On this site is a finely conceived and animated statue of Edmund Burke, elected M.P. for Bristol in 1774, which has been presented to the city by Sir W. H. Wills, Bart. (now Lord Winterstoke), and was



BURKE

1774—1780.

“I wish to be a Member of Parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil.”—*Speech at Bristol, 1780.*

unveiled by the Earl of Rosebery in 1894. It is the work of Havard Thomas, a Bristolian, is cast in bronze, and is 8 ft. in height. In November, 1895, another statue, erected by subscription, was unveiled by the Mayor, W. Howell Davies, to the memory of Bristol's great philanthropist—Edward Colston. It also is of bronze, 8 ft. 4 in. in height, the work of J. Cassidy, of Manchester, and stands on a pedestal 10 ft. 6 in. from the pavement, enriched with tablets of bronze illustrative of Colston's career, and bronze dolphins at each corner. There is also a drinking fountain, erected in 1901 as a memorial of the great Industrial and Art Exhibition held on this site in 1893-4. A public-spirited citizen has supplied a bronze tablet to the memory of John Cabot, which was fixed on St. Augustine's bridge, and uncovered by the Mayor, R. H. Symes, on May 4th, 1894. It bears the following inscription: "From this port John Cabot and his son Sebastian (who was born in Bristol) sailed in the ship *Matthew*, A.D. 1497, and discovered the continent of America." (This does not quite agree with the tablet fixed to the Cabot Tower erected on Brandon hill and referred to in subsequent pages.)

At St. Augustine's bridge is the **Tramway centre**, from which tramcars start for and arrive from Durdham down, Redland, Clifton, the Hotwells, Horfield, Temple Meads Railway terminus, Totterdown, Brislington, Bushy Park road, Knowle, and Fishponds, communicating also with the lines to Eastville, Staple Hill, St. George, Kingswood, Hanham, Bedminster, and Ashton Gate, and by means of motor-buses with Clifton Suspension bridge, Westbury-on-Trym, Thornbury, Kelston and Saltford. An average journey of a mile by any of these routes can be made for one penny. The system adopted is the overhead electric, and the whole service is most admirably conducted.

On the north side of Colston avenue will be noticed the Roman Catholic church of **St. Mary**, originally built by the Irvingites, and possessing a Grecian front of an eminently graceful character. It cost originally £13,000, but was purchased by its present owners for £5,000.

Along the low lands, once verdant and fertile, that follow the sinuous course of the Fromm from the east (Lewin's mead, Broadmead, Earl's mead, &c.) the streets are numerous, and the district is densely populated.

We continue the route from Clare street over St. Augustine's bridge. On the right hand is St. Augustine's back; the broad



EDWARD COLSTON

BORN 1636. DIED 1721.

ERECTED BY CITIZENS OF BRISTOL

AS A MEMORIAL

OF ONE OF THE MOST VIRTUOUS

AND WISE SONS

OF THEIR CITY A.D. 1895.

space with a gentle ascent opens into Colston street. Here stands **Colston Hall**, upon the site of the Carmelite Friary, afterwards known as the Great House, and then as Colston's school. On September 1st, 1898, the first Colston Hall was destroyed by fire. The present hall, capable of holding over 4,000 people, has been erected on most approved plans, in which especial regard has been paid to the safety and comfort of the public. A fine **organ** has been erected, at a cost approaching £12,000, and is the gift of Sir William Henry Wills, Bart. (Lord Winterstoke). Although not the largest organ in the country, that in the Albert Hall, London, containing a greater number of stops, the Colston Hall instrument is the *most complete, and indeed, in the opinion of experts, takes rank as the finest and most varied organ in the world.* The front of this magnificent example of the king of instruments occupies the entire width of the recess at the back of the orchestra, wherein are the largest pipes of the pedal organ. The power for driving the necessary eighteen feeders is derived from electro-motors totalling over 30 horse-power. Next to the Colston Hall are the new palatial offices, surmounted by a clock turret, of the **Bristol Gas Company.**

Turning to the left from St. Augustine's bridge, along St. Augustine's parade, we skirt the harbour, and pass Denmark street, in which is the Red Maids' school, Whitson's noble foundation for the education and clothing of eighty girls born, or resident for three years, within Bristol's Parliamentary Borough.

This is the lowest point of Bristol, and is thus recorded on the Ordnance plan: "Bench mark 23.5 feet on top of coping stone on south side of Floating Harbour near Ferry." The ground here, however, has been recently raised, and an extensive and costly pile of buildings for the Co-operative Society has been erected, and along the line of the harbour are numerous warehouses.

Before us, gently rising and curving to the right, is College green, the spot where St. Augustine met the British monks. Upon our left—dwarfed by the colossal proportions of its neighbour, the Royal Hotel—stands the church of **St. Augustine-the-Less**; before us, prettily relieved by the background of lime-trees, is the **Statue of Queen Victoria** erected by Bristolians in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee. It is the work of the eminent sculptor, J. E. Boehm, R.A., is carved from one block of Carrara marble, and is a magnificent work of art. The



The Queen Victoria Statue.

figure, which is 8 ft. 6 in. high, represents Her Majesty in the costume shown in the celebrated portrait by Bassano, taken immediately after the wedding of the Princess Beatrice, and is copied from the actual robes. The pedestal is of the best stone from Portland Island; and the "dye" of the pedestal is circular, and is encased with richly ornamental bronze scroll-work, and oval-shaped shields on each quarter. The front shield, which is surmounted by a crown, bears the words "Victoria, Queen and Empress." On the shield on the south side appear the Royal Arms; on that of the north the City Arms are represented; while at the back is the inscription:

THIS STATUE
ERECTED TO
COMMEMORATE THE
COMPLETION ON 20TH OF JUNE
1887 OF THE FIFTIETH YEAR
OF THE REIGN OF
QUEEN VICTORIA
WAS UNVEILED BY
PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR
ON 25TH JULY 1888

—
CHARLES WATHEN, MAYOR
R. H. SYMES, SHERIFF
J. E. BOEHM, SC.

It should be mentioned that the laying of the foundation-stone, which bears an appropriate inscription, was made the occasion of a brilliant Masonic ceremony. The total cost was a little over £1,500.

On the left of College Green stand the **Cathedral**, the **Norman Gateway**, and the **New Central Library**, for a description of which see the end of Walk II.

We cross through the central pathway of the green to the **New High Cross**, which now occupies what was the second site of the Old Cross. It was removed from the head of the green to make way for the Jubilee Statue, and there can be no doubt that a distinct improvement has been effected. The Cross was designed by Norton, and was first erected in 1850, and it occupied its original position for thirty-eight years. In one of the niches was a statue of Edward III.; but for a

number of years, until 1888 in fact, the remaining seven niches were empty. These, however, are now filled with representations of the old figures by Mr. Harry Hems. The statues are as follow: In the lower tier, King John, Henry III., Edward III., and Edward IV.; in the upper tier, Henry VI., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.—all of whom performed some particular service in connection with Bristol. (*See* p 16.)

Continuing our walk along the pathway, we reach **St. Mark's or the Lord Mayor's Chapel**, which is immediately opposite the Cathedral. A few years ago this chapel (founded in the 13th century) was thoroughly restored, under the supervision of the well-known ecclesiastical architect, Mr. J. L. Pearson. An 18th-century ugly porch was taken away, and a western entrance of a very handsome character was substituted. The old freestone work was restored; and the north windows, the lower portion of which had been walled up, were altered from Perpendicular to Early English (not without many protests). The old pews, which were found to be painted deal, were replaced by new open seats—the material being teak—with carved ends and tracery fronts. The removal of the plaster brought to light some old and beautiful features, and care was taken to retain them. The restoration cost nearly £4,000, and the Corporation voted £1,800 towards that sum, the remainder being raised by subscription.

A Collegiate church for the hospital of St. Mark was founded about 1220 by one of the Fitzhardinge family, probably Maurice de Gaunt. It was purchased of the king at the Reformation, and is now devoted to the religious worship of the civic authorities. The "Poyntz chapel," or "Jesus chapel," (a fan-roofed building of the time of Henry VIII.) is notable for its stained glass and sepulchral architecture. The altar-piece is by King. The beautiful painted window over it has some unusually fine stained glass. The church singularly stands nearer north and south than east and west.

The tower was erected 1487. All lovers of ecclesiastical architecture should visit this beautiful interior.

Behind this church (having an entrance in Unity street), on the site of the ancient hospital of the Gaunts, and where formerly stood the Bristol Grammar School, there has been erected a handsome pile of buildings, covering an area of about 26,000 feet, for the **Merchant Venturers' Technical College**, the cost of which was £45,000. This college takes

high rank among the technical colleges of the United Kingdom, and is one of the chief of those educational institutions which are the glory of Bristol.

We cross over Frog lane, the boundary of the Sanctuary (which College green was in the olden time), by a viaduct. Note on our left hand the **Freemasons' Hall**, a Grecian design by Sir R. Cockerell, 1820, originally built for the Bristol Institution. The frieze under the portico is from the chisel of the late E. H. Baily, R.A. The ceiling of the staircase is enriched by paintings by E. Bird. R.A. This is the finest Provincial hall in England; it is highly decorated. The highest degrees of Masonry have been in Bristol worked from time immemorial, and the Freemasons of America claim descent from the lodges of Bristol.

Little more than a century has passed since this locality was an undulating dairy farm, Bullock's park, which ran round the skirts and over the spurs of Brandon hill, reaching from the bottom of Park street to Berkeley square, and from Culver street to Brandon hill. As we ascend the steep incline of Park street, Great George street branches off up towards Brandon hill, upon our left hand. At No. 2 Great George street—Lant Carpenter's school (Mary Carpenter's father)—was educated the "great Unitarian," Dr. James Martineau, and Sir John Bowring, of diplomatic, linguistic, and hymn-writing fame; whilst No. 7 in this same street will be ever memorable from the fact that those two poetic giants, Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose names are imperishably linked with our city, first met there. At the top of a noble flight of steps in this street stands a building having a handsome Doric portico. This is the church of **St. George**, one of the last erected in England in the Classic style. At the top of Great George street is St. Brandon's (or the Clergy Daughters') school, founded in 1831. The **Municipal Training School of Cookery and Domestic Economy** is in the same street, at the upper end of which, nestling under the hill, is Bethesda, the chapel wherein George Müller for many years ministered. It was at No. 10 in Park street that Hannah More lived with her four sisters, who kept school, among the pupils educated there being Selina Mills, a Bristolian, who became Lord Macaulay's mother; here, in 1773, Hannah More commenced that career as a popular authoress which gave a higher tone to the literature of the age, and realised for herself upwards of £30,000. She died at a good old age, and

lies buried under the shadow of the beautiful church at Wrington. Charlotte street comes next, having a footway out upon Brandon hill, whereon has been erected the **Cabot Tower**, a memorial to the discoverers of Newfoundland.

The year 1897 being the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of North America by John Cabot and his son Sebastian, the citizens of Bristol, from which port they sailed, resolved to commemorate the great event by a permanent memorial.

It was determined to invite designs from local architects for an ornamental tower, to be set on an eminence in or near the city. A design by Mr. W. V. Gough having been selected, the Corporation of Bristol granted space for a site on the summit of Brandon hill, which has been designated the finest interurban hill in England. It is an appropriate position for the memorial, as not only can the tower be seen from all directions, but it also overlooks the upper reaches of the port from which the ship *Matthew* sailed on her voyage of discovery in May, 1497.

The tower was built at a cost of £3,300, and is designed in the late Tudor Gothic style prevailing in this country at the time the Cabots flourished. It is a square buttressed structure, seventy-five feet high to the upper balcony floor, and one hundred and five feet to the apex of the spire, and is provided with ornamental balconies on two stages to serve as positions from which to view the magnificent panoramic prospect of the city and its environs. The summit is capped by a truncated spire, on the apex of which is placed a gilded figure representing commerce, mounted on a globe symbolising the world.

Round the base of the structure a space is enclosed by low parapet walls with ornamental gates on three sides, and in which are placed two of the cannons taken from the Russians in the Crimean war, and presented to the city by the Government.

The tower is built of red sandstone of a pleasing warm tint, with dressings of Bath freestone. On the four sides of the lower portion are panels in which are carved the arms of Henry VII., in whose reign the expedition sailed, the arms of Cabot, and those of the City and of the Society of Merchant Venturers.

There are also three bronze tablets, the inscriptions of which are here given :

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THIS TOWER
 WAS LAID BY
 THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA
 ON THE 24TH JUNE 1897
 AND THE COMPLETED TOWER WAS OPENED
 BY THE SAME NOBLEMAN
 ON THE 6TH SEPTEMBER 1898.

W. HOWELL DAVIES, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. G. CLARKE

J. W. ARROWSMITH

HON. SECRETARIES.

THIS TABLET IS PLACED HERE BY THE BRISTOL
 BRANCH OF THE PEACE SOCIETY IN THE EARNEST
 HOPE THAT PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP MAY EVER
 CONTINUE BETWEEN THE KINDRED PEOPLES OF THIS
 COUNTRY AND AMERICA.

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND ON
 EARTH PEACE, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN.”

LUKE II. 14

THIS TOWER
 WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION
 IN THE 61ST YEAR OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA
 TO COMMEMORATE THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF
 THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT OF

NORTH AMERICA

ON THE 24TH JUNE 1497 BY

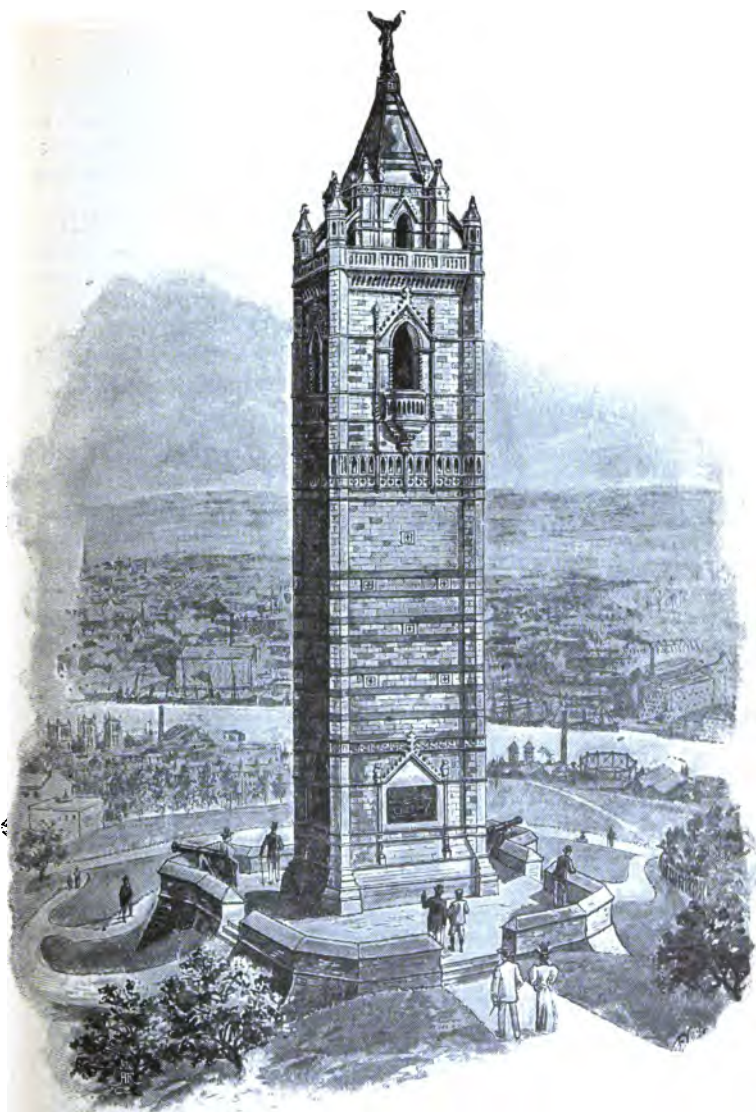
JOHN CABOT

WHO SAILED FROM THIS PORT IN THE
 BRISTOL SHIP “MATTHEW” WITH A BRISTOL CREW
 UNDER LETTERS PATENT GRANTED BY KING HENRY VII.

TO THAT NAVIGATOR AND HIS SONS

LEWIS, SEBASTIAN AND SANCTUS.

On the upper balcony are fixed brass engraved plates on each of the four faces, indicating the principal points of interest in the city and neighbourhood, and the approximate direction of the landing-place of the Cabots in North America.

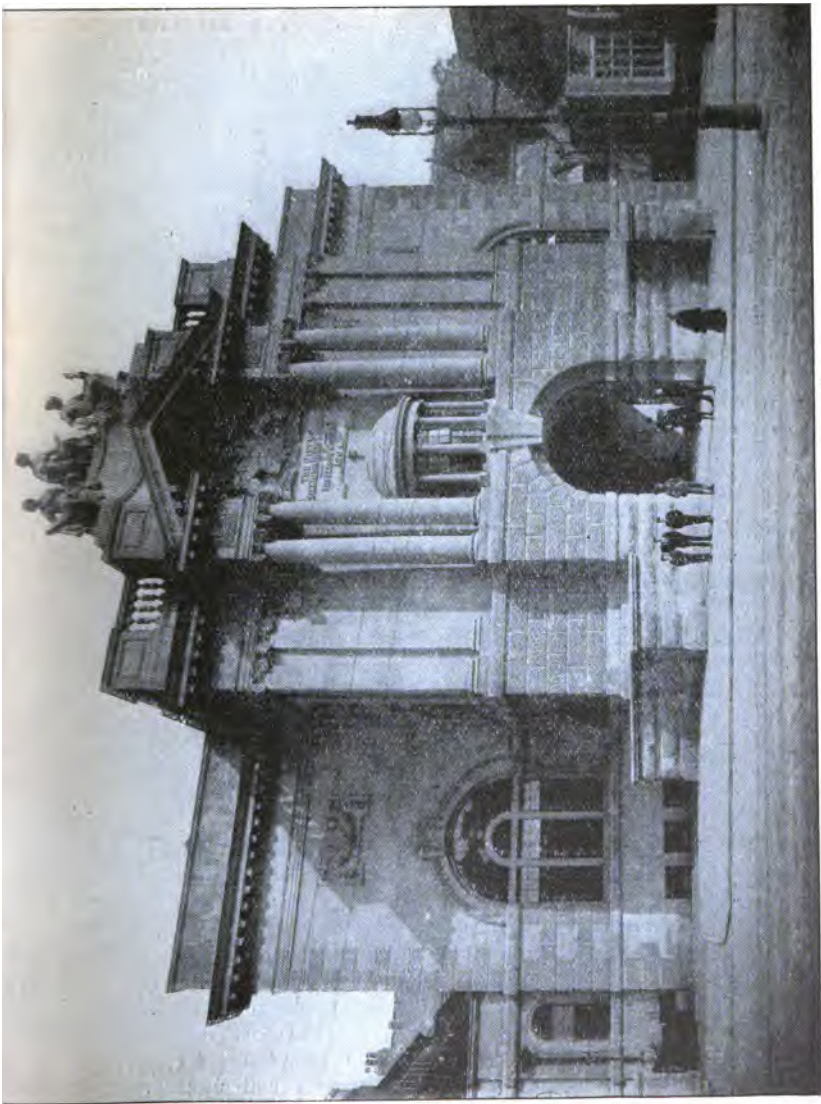


The Cabot Tower.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Bristol in November, 1899, the tower was illuminated by electricity. This has been made a permanent feature, and the brilliant arc lights on the upper stage are now seen every night from all parts of the city. The tower is open daily except Sundays from 9.0 a.m. till dusk, admission twopence.

Before us, at the summit of Park street, stands the **Blind Asylum** and its church. Over seventy inmates of both sexes here find a comfortable home, and are taught divers trades. The institution is open to visitors on Monday and Thursday afternoons, from 2 to 4 p.m. in summer and from 3 to 5 p.m. in winter, and now and again concerts are given by the pupils in the music hall attached to the institution. Nature has marvellously compensated for deficiency of sight by conferring upon them great sweetness of voice and perfection of ear. Of these gifts they make constant and excellent use. Owing to increased accommodation being necessary, parliamentary sanction has been obtained for its removal, and in all probability the Blind Asylum will shortly be removed to a site to be obtained in the country. Adjacent to the church of the Asylum for the Blind we note the **Head-quarters of the 1st (City of Bristol) Volunteer Rifle Battalion**; the tunnel-like entrance leads into a large Drill Hall, 150 feet long by 90 feet wide.

Next to the Drill Hall we come to the **Bristol Museum and Art Gallery**. The Bristol Art Gallery was erected at the expense of Sir W. H. Wills, Bart. (the Right Hon. Lord Winterstoke), and was presented by him to the city as a free and unfettered gift on January 1st, 1905. The building, which cost over £40,000, is Classic in style, and the crowning feature of the elevation is a sculptured group symbolical of the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture. Internally a large and lofty top-lighted central hall is the main feature. Round this the museum galleries are grouped, and a spacious marble staircase faces the entrance at the farther end. A mezzanine gallery runs round the hall, and gives communication with the refreshment and administrative rooms in the front, and on the upper level is the fine suite of picture galleries. The ground-floor rooms are chiefly devoted to the display of antiquities, of which the city now possesses a very valuable collection. In the central hall may be seen some fine pieces of statuary and other choice artistic productions, chief among which are the



(Harey, Barton & Son.)

Bristol Art Gallery.

celebrated "Eve at the Fountain," by E. H. Baily, R.A., and "Eurydice," by Sir J. E. Boehm, Bart., R.A. Room I. is devoted to the antiquities of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome, one of the most striking exhibits being a series of sculptured slabs from the ruins of the palace of Ashur-nasir-pal at Nimroud. Room II. contains ethnographical collections, illustrating generally the science of anthropology. Room III. contains objects of industrial and decorative art, &c.; and Room IV. is the "Bristol Room," the collections in which illustrate various phases in the past history of the city. In this room also may be seen the original MS. of the unique Will of the marvellous boy poet, Thomas Chatterton, and other MSS. of his, and of Coleridge, &c. The picture galleries above form a splendid suite of communicating apartments, lighted from above, in which there is amply room for the display of the permanent collection of pictures and for the loan collections which are from time to time organised. There are already over 200 pictures in the permanent collection, including some fine examples of British and foreign schools. The Art Gallery is open free daily from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m., and on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Bank Holidays till 9 p.m.; also on the first and third Sundays in the month from 2 to 5 p.m.

Adjoining and connected to the Art Gallery is the **Natural History Museum**, which until recently was known as the Museum and Reference Library. The Museum was founded by an association called the Bristol Institution for the Advancement of Science, Literature and Fine Arts, which was founded about 1805, and in 1871 it united with the Bristol Library Society (founded in 1792), and erected the present building under the title of the Bristol Museum and Reference Library. The building, which is in the Venetian style, cost altogether about £21,000, and consists of two large halls, an upper room, and a fine Lecture Theatre. Owing to the falling off of subscribers the Committee could not pay its way, and in 1892 the late Sir Charles Wathen promised to give the sum of £3,000, which with the Museum endowment fund would clear off all liabilities, and the Institution was then transferred to the Corporation. The Reference Library ceased to exist early in 1906, all the books with the exception of those required for museum purposes being removed to the new Central Reference Library in Deanery road. The Museum collections are of considerable scientific importance, the geological series alone



Bristol Natural History Museum.

containing several hundred type and figured fossils, and also a large collection of great fossil reptiles. The zoological collections have undergone considerable changes of late years, very many new specimens being added, and old ones remounted, whilst there is going on a gradual replacement of old cases by new ones in which objects can be seen to better advantage. Comparatively recently there has been added a fine series of groups of west-country mammals, such as the fox and young, a badger family group, and a series of otters, all mounted in natural surroundings. At the time of writing there are being added nesting groups of birds mounted in natural surroundings in a similar fashion and as high a degree of excellence as those which have made the British Museum of Natural History famous. A notable feature and one rarely seen except in the London Museum is the collection of trophies of big game from Africa, India, and other countries, contributed by such notable hunters as Major H. J. C. Swayne, R.E. The African series is especially rich in the head, horns and antlers of big game. The group cases representative of the West of England, Arctic regions, and of lions and tigers are very fine and well worthy of attention. The fish collection includes a series of stuffed specimens of British forms coloured with rare skill from life, and looking very different to those usually exhibited in museums. The shell and marine collections are in process of remounting in square glass jars and glass-topped boxes, a method of display which enables them to be seen to great advantage. Descriptive labels, illustrations and distribution maps are plentiful, and the whole collections are of absorbing interest. The Natural History Museum is open free daily (except Sundays) from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m., except on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Bank Holidays, when it remains open till 9 p.m. Behind it, in Tyndall's park, are the buildings of the **Bristol University College and Medical School.**

This College originated in a desire on the part of some of the friends of education to provide for young people above the ordinary school age the means of continuing their studies in Science, Languages, History, and Literature; and particularly to afford appropriate and systematic instruction in those branches of Applied Science which are more nearly connected with the arts and manufactures.

The College, after being legally incorporated, was opened for its first session on October 10th, 1876, with courses of lectures and day and evening classes, given by resident Professors and Lecturers of distinction. A



University College, Bristol.

removal from temporary premises to the east wing of the present building took place in 1880. The southern wing was afterwards added. The Bristol Medical School, founded in 1828, became affiliated to the College, and in 1892 was fully incorporated as the Faculty of Medicine of the College. In the same year a new wing for its accommodation, erected at a cost of over £7,000, was opened by the late Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., F.R.S. In the following year another wing, to accommodate students preparing for the Civil, Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering professions, was opened, and towards the cost of this the Corporation contributed £2,000. In 1900 a further wing, containing large Lecture and Examination Hall, Library and Class Rooms, was opened. In 1904 the north wing was completed with the addition of the Albert Fry Memorial Tower, and in 1905 the handsome gates and railings in front were presented by the University College Colston Society. The College now receives yearly a grant of £4,000 from the State, besides £500 from the Corporation for the free instruction of ten Students.

The College has two excellent Libraries, the Medical Library containing over 20,000 volumes, and the Science and Arts Library, also with a large number of volumes. Some very distinguished men have been connected with the College, including Professors Alfred Marshall, Sir William Ramsay, Sollas, Silvanus Thompson, Hele-Shaw, Ryan and Young; and no less distinguished is the present Principal, Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S.

The College has grown in influence and has extended its work in many directions; but the means have not yet been provided for "the presence of a real living University" in Bristol—a University in which the College of thirty years' standing shall be merged.

At the top of University College road, a site has been secured for the new buildings of the Baptist College, which is to be removed here shortly from Stokes Croft.

Opposite University College is the **Grammar School**, occupying the southern slope of Tyndall's park, and comprising nearly six acres of land. The school owes its origin to the will of Robert Thorne, senr. It was founded by charter of Henry VIII., of the date of March 17th, 1531; the site of St. Bartholomew's hospital (Christmas steps), together with the property of the hospital in and about Bristol, having been purchased for the purposes of the school by the more famous Robert Thorne, the son of the founder. In 1769 the school was removed from St. Bartholomew's to Unity street, College green, adjacent to the chapel of St. Mark (the Lord Mayor's chapel), and on the site of the dissolved hospital of the Gaunts; and in 1879 the present magnificent buildings were opened. By means of a grant of £2,000 from the Corporation, a large addition was made in 1892

to the buildings, in which (besides the ordinary class-rooms, &c.) there are now provided a large and well-equipped physical laboratory, a physical lecture theatre, a chemical lecture theatre, and two chemical laboratories. The school was then recognised as a place of technical education, where scholars elected by the Council may pursue their further studies. The great hall is a magnificent room, 140 ft. long, 50 ft. broad, and very lofty. In the gallery is a very fine organ, the gift of Lord Winterstoke.

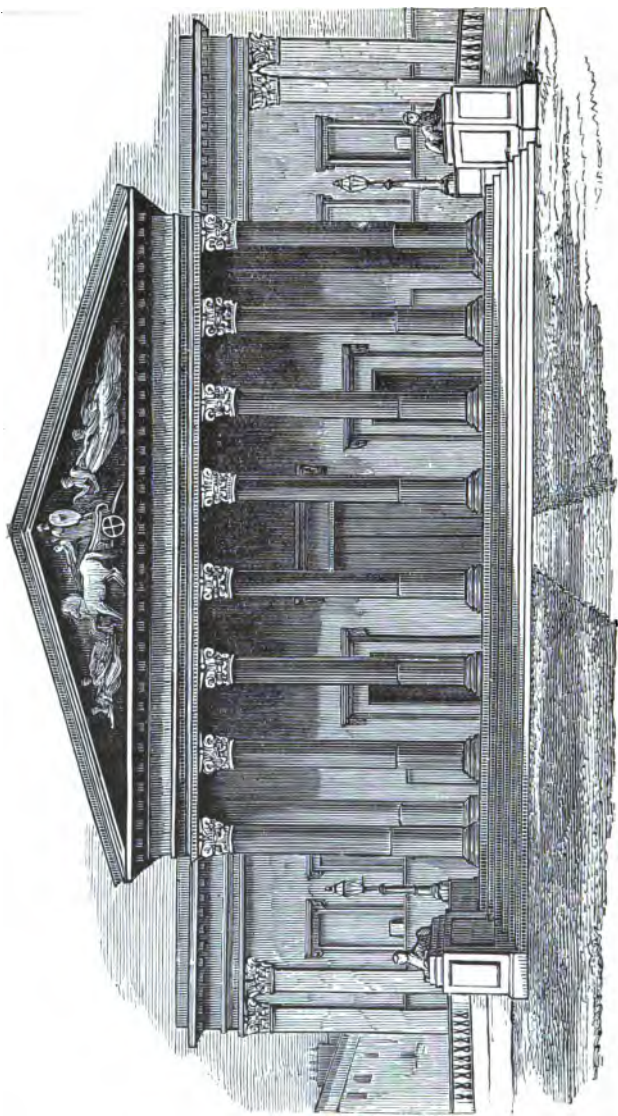
Returning down University College road, we notice on the right a Catholic Apostolic church, opened in 1889. The edifice is built in the Early Gothic style of architecture.

Opposite to the Museum is Berkeley square, through which is access to Brandon hill. At No. 20 Berkeley square is the **Literary and Philosophic Club**, which also contains the local library of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society, and on the opposite corner the Young Women's Christian Association. In Berkeley square is situated the Day Training College for Women, which has accommodation for 100 students. A Day Training College for Men, with accommodation for sixty, was in the autumn of 1905 opened in connection with this older institution. It is situated in Kensington place, Clifton. At No. 9 Berkeley Square is the Christian Brothers' College, a secondary school under the charge of the Brothers. At No. 29 is the Clifton Laboratory, and at No. 31 is the Kensington Government School of Art and Technology.

Proceeding up Queen's road, we notice on the left, looking up Park Place, the **Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral** of Clifton. The original design contemplated a temple in the Classical style, but the roof was lowered, and the columns stand without their capitals.

We keep to the right, passing the Queen's Hotel and Tyndall's park. A little way up Queen's avenue, to the right of the hotel, is the **Institution for the Deaf and Dumb**, open to visitors on Tuesdays from 10 to 12.30 and from 2 till 4. This institution occupies a commodious building in the Domestic Gothic style.

The **Victoria Rooms** (from designs of Charles Dyer), occupying one of the finest sites in Clifton, are immediately before us. The noble portico of this fine building is supported by Corinthian columns, which bear a rich entablature and pediment, with carvings in high relief, representing the "Advent of Morning." The broad flight of steps leading up



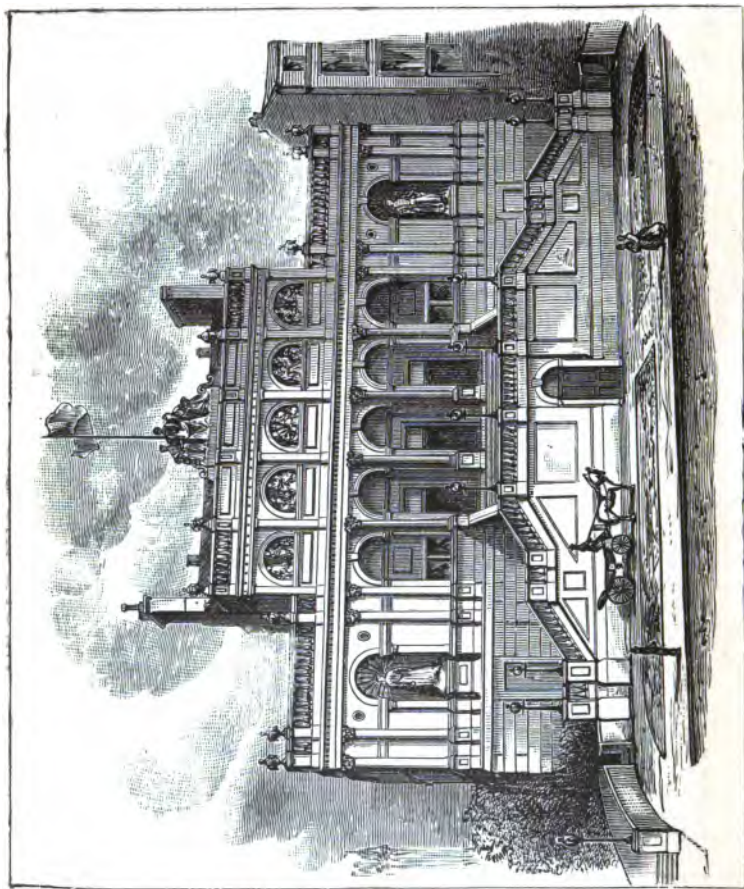
Victoria Rooms.

to it, flanked by a colossal sphinx on each hand, gives it an imposing effect. The buildings were commenced in 1838, and were opened on May 24th, 1842. The original cost of the building was £23,000. The large saloon is 117 ft. by 55 ft. It possesses a fine electrically-blown organ.

In the centre of the open space in front of the Victoria Rooms is seen the **Statue** erected by the officers and men of the Gloucestershire Regiment to the memory of their comrades who fell in the South African War. The bronze figure of a soldier is by Onslow Whiting, R.A.

Here again the road forks, but, as we purpose returning by the branch upon our left, we keep to the right, starting anew from the ornamental front of the **Bristol Fine Arts Academy**, which contains a small but choice collection of paintings that will amply repay inspection. This institution is doing a good work in fostering the rising talent of the city. The elevation is handsome, in the Italian style, profusely decorated, and embellished with statuary. It was erected in 1858, at a cost of £5,000, exclusive of ground; and in 1878 some additional rooms were erected at a cost of about £600.

This Academy was founded by the munificence of Mrs. Sharples, a widow lady, residing at the Hotwells. Hearing in 1845 that efforts were being made to establish an Academy of Fine Arts, she generously came forward with a donation of £2,000 for that purpose, and, assisted by a few public spirited citizens, established the society. At her death, in 1849, she bequeathed to the Academy the bulk of her property, amounting to £3,465 4s. 7d. For some years the exhibitions were held at St. Augustine's parade. The present building was completed in 1858, and the permanent collection of the Academy includes a collection of pictures by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Sharples, amongst which will be found portraits of General Washington and many eminent Americans, and several pictures of particular interest to Bristol, notably the trial of Colonel Brereton, the races on Durdham Down, and the ball-room at Clifton, all containing portraits of Bristol celebrities of the time; a collection of pictures by Bristol artists, presented by Robert Lang; three large scriptural pictures by the celebrated William Hogarth, from St. Mary Redcliff, presented by Thomas Proctor and the Vestry; and pictures presented by various other donors; Nineveh marbles, presented by Sir Henry Rawlinson. In 1897 the artist members of the Bristol Academy resolved to present the institution with a picture representing each member's work, the pictures so presented to form a gallery containing some thirty works, and to be in commemoration of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. Several other valuable additions to the permanent collection were also received, including a picture presented by the Duchess of Beaufort. A number of distinguished artists are members of the Academy.



Bristol Fine Arts Academy.

An exhibition of modern pictures is held annually, opening in February. The Academy is open free of charge for the purpose of study, from the antique and living models, to all who intend following the profession of an artist, and are able to pass the required examination in drawing. During the annual exhibition of pictures a small charge is made; at other times the permanent collection is open to the public free of charge.

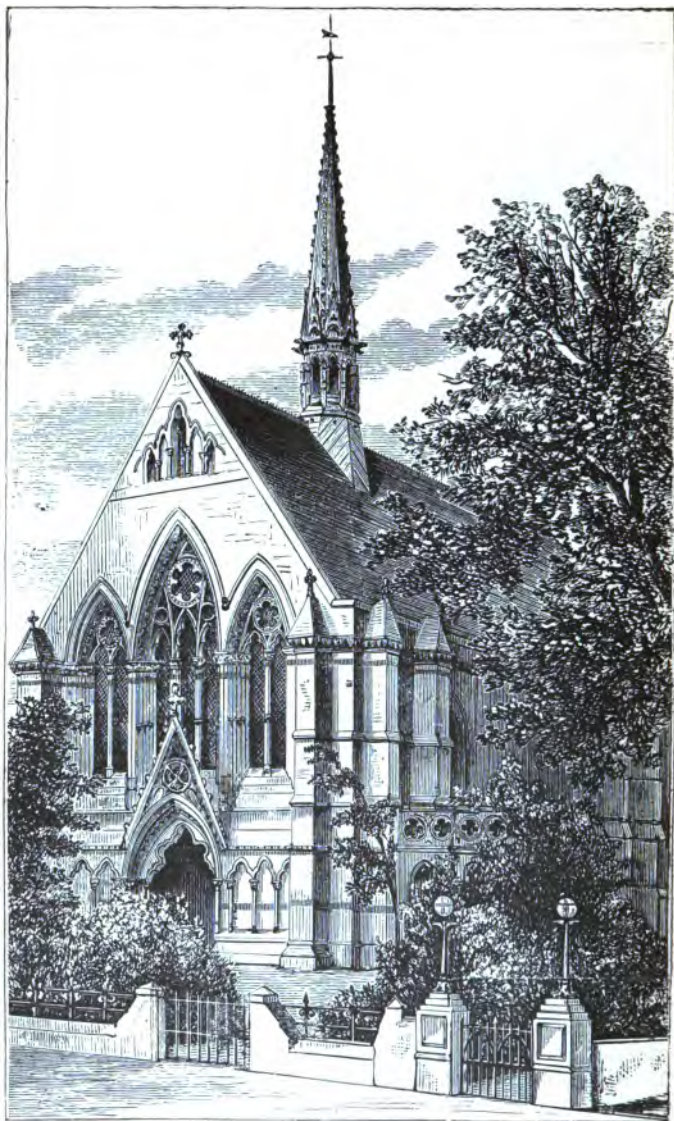
The Municipal School of Art is held in the building, a suite of rooms being let by the Academy to the Corporation for this purpose.

Adjoining the School of Art is **Victoria Wesleyan Chapel**, an elegant Gothic edifice, erected in 1863, at a cost of nearly £6,000.

Heedless of the many roads that intersect our route, we continue in a straight line up Whiteladies road to the Downs, nearly a mile distant, passing on our left the **1st Gloucestershire R.G. Artillery Volunteer head-quarters**, with a spacious drill-ground, and at the back of it is a large reservoir and pumping station of the Bristol Water Works Company. In Oakfield road are the **Unitarian Church**, an elegant ecclesiastical edifice in the Gothic style, and **Pembroke Chapel**, which belongs to the Congregational body. In a turning out of Oakfield road are the Clifton Open-air and Tepid Swimming Baths. In Alma road is **Bethesda Chapel**, of which Mr. George Müller, the founder of the famous orphanages, was for many years pastor. Next we notice on the left the entrance to the **Clifton Down Railway Station**, near to which commences the tunnel leading to Sea Mills and Avonmouth Dock. This tunnel, 1,740 yards in length and 160 feet in its maximum depth from the surface of the Down, was cut through solid limestone rock, and will bring the traveller out upon the bank of the Avon just under Cook's Folly.

Adjoining the Clifton railway station is the Imperial hotel. Close to the hotel is the Redland Branch of the Bristol Free Libraries. In Whatley Road, just behind the Library, is **St. Anselm's**, a chapel of ease to St. John the Evangelist, Clifton.

Tyndale Baptist Chapel, a chaste structure of Pennant stone with freestone dressing, with an imposing tower, is upon the right of our onward road. It is in the second Pointed style, roomy and comfortable in the interior, and was opened in 1868. The commodious Schoolrooms and Lecture Hall, at the rear of



Victoria Wesleyan Chapel, Whiteladies Road.

the chapel, were opened in the year 1881. The tower was completed in 1894. The entire cost of the whole building has been nearly £15,000. Large mission premises in St Augustine's parish have also been raised by the congregation. A little farther on we note **Trinity (Wesleyan) Chapel**; style Decorated Gothic, with spirelet 120 feet high; built in 1866, it cost £5,000.

The spire of **Redland Park Congregational Church** next catches the eye. It has a pleasant interior, and

“Storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.”

It is Early Gothic of a German type, and is thoroughly ecclesiastical in its interior, having a pulpit and font of Caen stone, with pillars of Devonshire marble. The tower, with its square spire, is 141 feet in height. Opened in 1861; the expenditure was about £8,000. Its organ, by Willis, of London, cost about £1,000. In connection with this church there was erected in 1889, on the left-hand side of the road, a handsome range of buildings, including a Hall which will seat about 500 persons. The cost was about £8,000. A little beyond Redland Park Hall the handsome front of the newly-erected offices of Stuckey's Banking Co. Ltd. catches the eye.

Quietly resting in its little God's acre, on the left stands the church of **St. John the Evangelist**, with its two Gothic turrets. Erected in 1841, it was enlarged in 1864. The late Archbishop Benson preached his first sermon here, after ordination as a deacon.

Ascending the Black Boy hill, we pass the little Wesleyan Hall, the Urijah Thomas Memorial Fountain (a handsome fountain surmounted by a clock with four dials), the schools of St. John's, and emerge upon the breezy, healthful Downs, close by the site of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society's shows of 1874, 1886, and 1903, and of the Royal Agricultural Society's meeting of 1878, the occasion of whose visit will long be remembered in consequence of the enthusiasm created by the visit of His Majesty King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales). Here is the covered-in reservoir that supplies Clifton with the water gathered for its use from the springs of the far-off Mendips. This portion of the Downs is known as **Durdham Down**, and is a fine expanse of 212 acres in extent. It stands about 300 feet above the level

of the old city, and is admirably suited for sports, cricket, football, hockey, lacrosse, and golf being largely indulged in. The greater portion is an open plateau of grass, intersected with pleasant drives. Along the river banks are many spots, where you may sit sheltered from the wind and secluded from the world, and find it hard to realise that you are within the boundaries of a large city with a population approaching 400,000. From the **Sea Walls** a profusion of objects bursts upon the view in all their interesting variety of wood and dale, river and rock, mansion and hill. The Bristol Channel and the Welsh Hills lend themselves to the magnificent panorama. Away over the Downs on the right lie Westbury-on-Trym, Henbury, Coombe Dingle, and Blaize Castle; before us, in the west, Rockleaze, Sneyd Park, Stoke Bishop, Sea Mills, Kingsweston, Shirehampton, Penpole, and Avonmouth, all sheltered in the valley, or crowning the heights between us and the Severn. Close by the farther edge of the Downs, near the Sea Walls, rises the ivy-clad tower "**Cook's Folly**," now incorporated in a castellated villa.

The legend (dating so late as the middle of the eighteenth century) runs that a gipsy foretold Goodman Cook that his unborn son would not survive his 21st birthday, but die from the attack of some silent, secret foe. To avoid this catastrophe the father built this tower, and immured his son therein on his 20th natal day. Huge were the walls, massive the locks, and strong the bars that guarded the old man's treasure, his only son. Round rolled the year without incident, the dawn of the last day found the youth hearty and well; singing like a bird at the near prospect of escape from his wearisome cage, he hauls up his last faggot of sticks, to cook therewith his parting dinner and cheer the sombre night with a flickering flame. The father bids him good-night with a joyous heart, and is early astir on the coming morn. But what means this hushed silence? No answer comes to his noisy knocking! Scale the walls! Break in the door! Fifty golden guineas to the man who gets in first! Alas! all too soon are the old man's fears and the gipsy's prediction verified. There, on the threshold of maturity, lies all that is left of his son—a pallid corpse! A viper from the faggot had bitten him, and his destiny was fulfilled.

Lying back from the roadway on the right-hand side will be seen the **Queen Victoria Jubilee Convalescent Home**. This Home was instituted to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria. The present building, which had been erected for a school, came under the observation of Sir E. P. Wills, Bart., K.C.B. (then Mr. E. P. Wills), and he

generously offered to purchase the building and grounds and present the same to the Committee. This was gladly accepted, and the present magnificent Home was opened by Her Majesty on November 15th, 1899. Including the £20,000 paid by Sir Edward Wills for the house, a total sum of over £120,000 was contributed by the citizens of Bristol for the scheme. The Home contains ninety beds, most of which are allocated to the local hospitals and medical charities, the rest being available to other convalescents paying 10s. per week. Sixteen deserving persons are admitted free. The two upper stories of the central bay form an exquisite little chapel. The grounds cover $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and include a large variety of beautiful trees. On the occasion of the opening, Her Majesty, in passing along the route to the Home, had the pleasure of listening to the singing by 27,500 children of "God Save the Queen." For the purpose of accommodating the children a grand stand was erected on the Downs, extending from St. John's schools to Worrall road, and Her Majesty expressed the great satisfaction it gave her at the hearty and loyal manner in which the children sang the national anthem.

Bearing to the left hand over the springy turf, we pass the shaft to the Clifton Down railway tunnel, opposite the end of Pembroke road (formerly Gallow's Acre lane), sunk on the spot where once murderers swung in chains from their gibbet.

We now come upon the far-famed **Zoological Gardens**, with the finest collection out of London of birds, beasts and reptiles. It is open daily from 9 a.m. to sunset, entrance 6d. These Gardens, opened in 1836, comprise about 12 acres, and are beautifully laid out with many rare trees and exotics. An agreeable feature to the Gardens is the artistically and tastefully laid-out lake. The collection of carnivora has long been celebrated, the lions and tigers being considered among the finest in the country. Notices are posted at the entrances of the feeding time, which varies from 3.0 p.m. to 4.0 p.m. according to season and weather. Frequent fêtes and promenade concerts are arranged, and at any time a visitor may spend a few hours here most pleasantly.

Leaving the Gardens by the south, or Guthrie road entrance, we observe the buildings of **Clifton College**. Elegant in themselves, their beauty is enhanced by their situation, standing as they do at the end of the well-kept College close. The most easterly of the buildings of the quadrangle is the Guthrie



The Zoological Gardens.

Memorial Chapel, a clever architectural work in Decorated Gothic. At the west end is a magnificent rose window. The original chapel was erected at the sole expense of Mrs. Guthrie, widow of Canon Guthrie, as a token of affectionate remembrance. The tower was added by the College authorities, to the memory of the same reverend gentleman, whose warm interest in the institution they thus perpetuate. The columns dividing from the nave are of polished granite, and the arcading running round it is of carved Mansfield stone, while the timber-work is massive oak, inlaid with walnut, and with windows in stained glass of grisaille pattern, making altogether a work of great beauty. The main College buildings, with the chapel, stand round a quadrangle, open towards the close, a space of some twelve acres, devoted to cricket and football, in the south-east corner of which are the three sanatoria, and in the centre a cricket pavilion. In the front of the quadrangle was erected in 1905 the handsome figure of St. George, as a memorial to Old Cliftonians who fell in the South African War. The west wing of the buildings contains the Big School and various classrooms. The north side of the quadrangle forms the Percival buildings (a memorial of the first Head Master), which contain a noble and well-stored Library, with a Museum attached, the former building being the gift of Dr. Percival (now Bishop of Hereford), and the latter of friends. In 1889 was erected the Wilson tower (named after Rev. J. M. (now Canon) Wilson, the second head master), and this joining the Percival buildings to the east wing, practically completes the very fine range of buildings. In the tower there is a Council Chamber and the Sixth Form School. Noteworthy amongst recent additions should be mentioned the North and South Towns rooms and the armoury, the drawing school, and confectioners' shop. Beyond the chapel, on the east, are the separate buildings of the Junior School (for boys under fourteen), with the playground attached. Behind the main buildings are a large gymnasium, a winter and also a summer swimming bath, covered racquet court, fives courts, chemical laboratory, shops for turning, carpentering. &c., lecture rooms and laboratories. Across the road have been erected four new fives courts, in place of those which were pulled down to make room for the extension of the College, and a well-equipped music-school. Founded in 1861, this College, which was originally proprietary, obtained in 1877 a Royal Charter, and has won its way into the front rank



Clifton College (with County Cricket Match in progress on the Close).

of our Public Schools. There are about 570 boys upon the books.

A short distance to the east of Clifton College stands the church of **Emmanuel**, with a high tower still destitute of its spire; a bowshot below which is the towerless pile of **All Saints**, Clifton.

All Saints has a large but simple nave, with narrow passages rather than aisles, and chancel; arcades of arches, with dwarfed massive columns, give great effect to the unusually lofty clerestory windows; these, ten in number, contain the life of our Lord, with types from the Old Testament. The east window, by Hardman, is said to be his finest work. The west window, which is considered by some good judges to be even finer than the east window, represents the Creation and the Fall of the Angels and of Man. The gorgeous reredos represents the saints offering themselves and their powers to Christ our Lord. In the centre panel our Lord is seated upon His throne, an angel sits upon the open sepulchre beneath; on the right are the virgin, SS. Peter, Paul, Mary Magdalene, and King David; on the left SS. John the Baptist, Isaiah, Jerome, and Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Lady chapel contains a fine copy of the well-known Triptych by Ambrogio Borgognone in the National Gallery, executed by Miss Loundes. One great feature of the chapel consists in the possession of three very beautiful pictures on the south wall painted by Sister Katharine Ruth, of the community of All Saints. The central Triptych represents the Annunciation, with SS. Ambrose and Anselm in the side wings. To the east is a picture of the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross, and to the west the Blessed Virgin in Glory.

The ritual here is of the highest character, the organ is a very fine one, and the music of the service is expressive and devotional.

The members of the church have erected in Alma Vale road a fine Parish Room, costing about £3,000.

Retracing our steps to the Downs, Fairyland is the appropriate name of the thorn-clad plateau that, fronting the south, overlooks the sinuous Avon, the deep, woody ravine of the new Zigzag, the winding carriage-drive from the Hotwells, the leafy-shaded promenade of Clifton Down, and the aerial Suspension bridge. At the junction of four roads and the new Zigzag is Bristol's prettiest fountain, erected at the expense of Alderman Thomas Proctor. Those who wish may here "rest and be thankful" upon the comfortable seats under the sheltering old thorn-trees.

At the junction of Canynge road and Clifton Down stands the **Mansion house**, the official abode of the Lord Mayor of Bristol, also the gift of Alderman Proctor. The mansion is splendidly furnished, and contains many treasures. The western



The Reredos, All Saints' Church.

front of the mansion looks out upon Fairyland and its pretty fountain; its situation is peculiarly healthy and beautiful. Alderman Proctor gave generously to the city; his gifts, in addition to those named, including the north porch of St. Mary Redcliff, and the planting of trees on the New Cut to make a walk for the citizens who live in that district. At the bottom of the promenade stands an oak planted on March 14th, 1903, in commemoration of the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII. on August 9th, 1902.

We now wend our way southward under the limes to the **Observatory**, in the ancient camp upon Clifton Down. This is the highest point (from sea level) of Bristol and Clifton recorded on the Ordnance plans: "Bench mark 337·8 feet on the jamb of door, Clifton observatory." "In April, 1828, the Society of Merchants granted to Mr. Wm. West, a local artist, at a nominal rent, the ruins of an old windmill, known as the snuff-mill, on Clifton down, which had been destroyed by fire, October 30th, 1777. Mr. West built a dwelling house on the spot, and reconstructed the tower, which he fitted up in 1829 with telescopes and a camera-obscura, and styled an observatory. Some years later, at considerable expense, he excavated a passage from the building to the well-known 'Ghyston's or Giant's Cave.' This was opened in July, 1837."* The excellent and unusually large camera obscura embraces the whole of the surrounding scenery. The charge for admission is sixpence, and an additional charge of sixpence is made for admission to the subterranean passage leading to the Giant's Cave, which was very possibly once occupied by a hermit, and which overlooking the gorge of the Avon commands an extensive view. The view from this down is surpassingly lovely. Three hundred feet below the craggy precipice, upon whose verge we stand secure, the tall ships from every sea, dwarfed into cock-boats, come and go at each tide. The shrill whistle of the recurrent steamers, echoing wildly among the rocks, may startle but fails to check the ever-flowing song of the birds in their beautiful home, the woods of Leigh and Nightingale valley. These sylvan shades cover the bluffs and ravines of the opposite shore, and in summer are clothed in every hue of umbrageous green. Rock to rock, though severed far, the art of man with scientific skill has joined, and over the deep abyss we walk for a "copper." How strange it seems to be above the flying sea-gulls as they whirl about in mid-air,

* Latimer's *Bristol in the Nineteenth Century*.



The Old Hotwell House in the 18th Century.



Clifton Old Turnpike Gate and Promenade in the 18th Century.

whilst far below, like a ribbon fringe upon each side of the twisting river, two short (but for scenery unsurpassed) lines of railway lead to Avonmouth and Portishead.

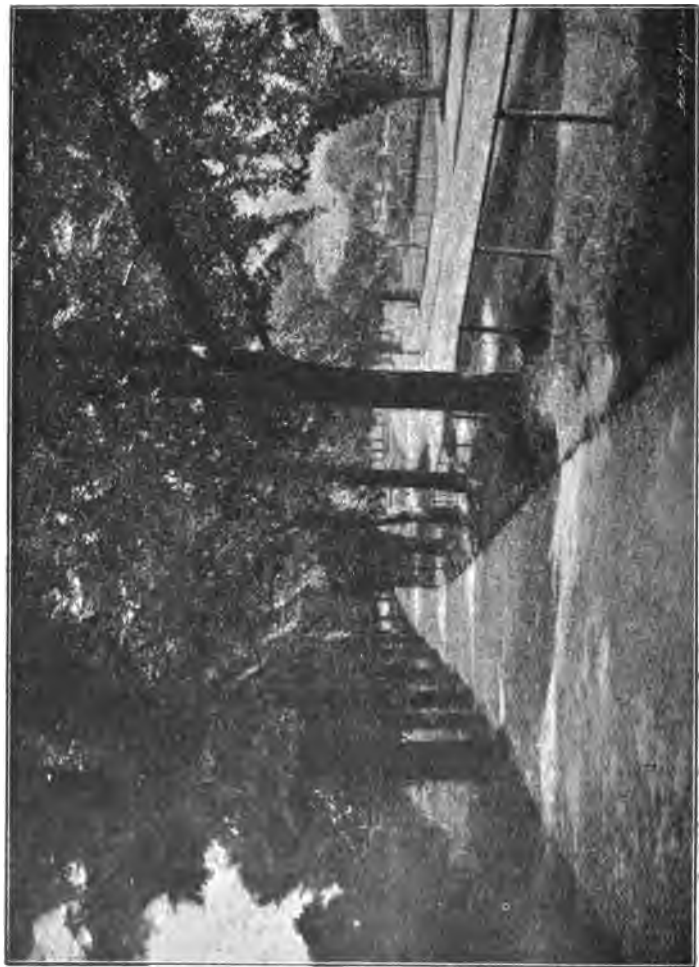
Airy as gossamer though the **Clifton Suspension bridge**, the strongest and handsomest suspension bridge in the world, appears to be, yet it weighs 1,500 tons, and will support a burden of 7,000 tons. Its span is 702 ft 3 in., and its height from low water is 287 ft. There are 4,200 links in its chains, each of which is 24 ft. in length and 7 in. in width. As these with graceful sweep rise over the towers, 73 ft. high, to fall more abruptly upon the land side and be anchored 70 ft. down in the solid rock, there drop at regular intervals 162 iron rods that vary in length from 3 to 65 ft.; these, though they seem light and fragile as threads, safely suspend the roadway. The total cost of this marvel of skill was over £100,000. It was opened in December, 1864. Tolls: Foot passengers, single journey 1d., return 2d.; bicycles 2d., return 3d.; carriages 6d., single or return.

From the bridge we now return Bristolwards. The fine building facing us is the Clifton Down hotel; a hundred yards lower down the road is the St. Vincent's Rocks hotel, the Clifton Grand Spa and Hydro, and the St. Vincent's Rocks railway, which is referred to more fully in the next walk.

Before us, over the splendid chestnut trees, rises heavenward the lofty spire of **Christ church**. The church cost something like £13,000, and the aisles were added at a further cost of £4,000 in 1885. It is an elegant structure in the Early English style, effectively situated, and dates from 1844; the tower and spire were added in 1859.

Ere we leave this beautiful part of Clifton, let us glance at its south-west angle, where stands **Clifton Down Congregational church**, in the Decorated style, but wanting its tower. Its groined tympanum bears three sculptures in bas-relief—Christ on the mount, St. John in the desert, and St. Paul at Athens. The interior is simple and chaste. The tower, when finished, will terminate in an open turret, carried on four flying buttresses—light and airy, like the celebrated tower of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

On the Downs, and facing the Congregational church, stands a **Sarcophagus** which commemorates the officers who fell whilst under the command of Sir William Draper. There is also an **Obelisk** to the memory of William Pitt, the great



The Promenade, Clifton Down.

Earl of Chatham. These formerly stood in front of Manilla hall, built by Sir William Draper, who was once a Bristol Cathedral Grammar-school boy. He was a military officer in the service of the East India Company, and when on sick leave he paid a visit to the Philippines. As a military man he was struck at once with the great commercial value and the great defencelessness of the Philippines. So impressed was he at his notion of seizing these islands that he hurried to England



Sir William Draper.

and laid his plans before the Cabinet. On the eve of a war with Spain the moment was opportune. With secret orders in his pocket to take Manilla in the name of King George, General Draper left Portsmouth early in 1762. Ten months later he appeared before Manilla. His force was composed of Europeans and a detachment of Sepoys from Madras. The Spaniards, although war had been declared against them for some months, were quite unprepared for this attack. But Manilla did not

surrender until after a fierce onslaught had been made by Draper, supported by Admiral Cornish. At the time of landing the monsoon was blowing, and the Spaniards saw in the terrible tempest that threatened to overwhelm the flotilla the saving hand of Providence. But Draper landed his men without a mishap; and, after entrenching themselves in a church, a series of skirmishes took place between the Spaniards, aided by some thousands of natives, on the one hand, and the British troops and Sepoys on the other. In the end the Spaniards capitulated, the archbishop, in the name of Spain, hauled down his colours from the forts, and the Union Jack was run up, and the British were masters of the Philippines. After a somewhat active life in the army abroad, Draper took up the pen against the celebrated *Junius* at home, and engaged in a wordy warfare which was afterwards published under the title of *The Political Contest*.

At No. 4 Harley place, facing Christ church, lived and died that excellent writer with a horrid name, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck.

A little to the left of Christ church, in Worcester avenue, Clifton park, is the **Clifton High School for Girls**, founded in 1877, to provide education of the highest class for girls. The building stands in a large piece of ground which allows ample space for school games.

In Rodney place is a most interesting house, for No. 3 has four historic names connected with it, and a tablet commemorating this fact was unveiled in 1905 by Signor G. Marconi, the famous inventor of wireless telegraphy. The great scientist Sir Humphry Davy lived here with a noted physician, Dr. Thomas Beddoes, an original thinker and ardent worker, who established the pneumatic institution for the purpose of carrying into effect his ideas with regard to the medical operation of certain gases. Dr. Beddoes' son, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of considerable merit, was born here in 1803; and Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, and aunt to Thomas Lovell Beddoes, visited here. At No. 8 Rodney place stands the office of the *Clifton Chronicle*.

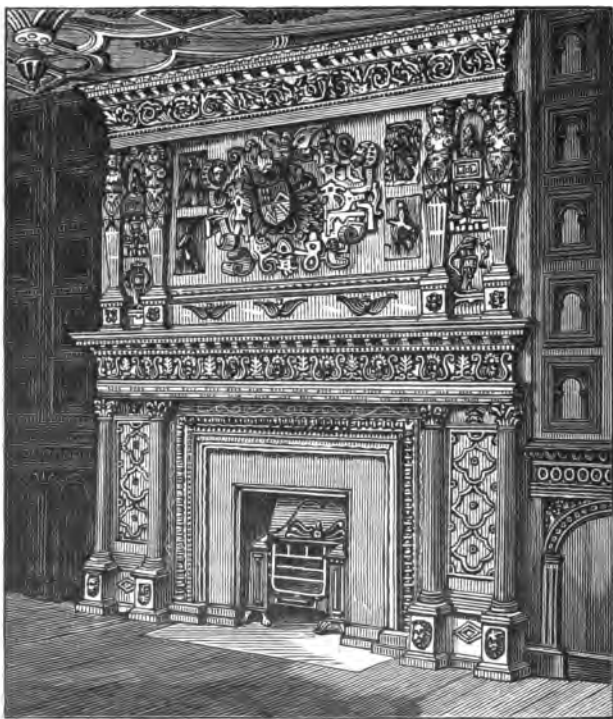
On the right, behind Rodney place, is the Mall, in which is the **Clifton Club**. The Club is sumptuously fitted up and will hold its own with any for compactness and comfort. Visitors to Clifton may be elected as temporary members. Still farther onward, Royal York crescent makes its grand sweep; for beauty of situation and variety of prospect it is as a terrace

almost unequalled. In Regent street is the **Clifton Post Office**. By Clifton church, Goldney house, Brandon hill, and the Deanery is a short route straight before us to St. Augustine's bridge; but we turn from Rodney place through a narrow avenue upon the left hand into, and pass diagonally through, Victoria square, which, if completed according to the original design, would have been unsurpassed in any city of the empire. On our right is the **Hensman Memorial church**, dedicated to St. James, a chapel-of-ease to the Clifton Parish church, and the avenue of limes leading to Clifton church. Passing down the road, we notice upon the left hand the florid Gothic front, with rose window, of **Buckingham Baptist chapel**, and at the corner of (No. 2a) Pembroke road the premises of the **Bristol Musical Club**, and in St. Paul's road, the **Church of St. Paul**, which, destroyed by fire in 1867, rose, like a Phoenix from its ashes, in 1868. The western porch has a sculptured representation of St. Paul preaching at Athens. The church possesses a beautiful reredos and chancel screen, and an elaborate altar-piece of teak-wood and mosaic.

A sharp turn to the right brings us to the open space in front of the Victoria rooms. Before us is the Royal Promenade, a broad and handsome shopping thoroughfare; through this we pass until we reach the Blind Asylum, opposite to which the troopers of Prince Rupert succeeded in forcing the defences and carried the outworks of the city by storm during the memorable siege in 1643. If we follow the course they took down Park row, *i.e.* by an acute angle on the left, we reach in about one hundred yards the **Prince's Theatre**, opened in 1867. On Boxing-night, 1869, the pit and gallery entrance was the scene of a terrible catastrophe, eighteen persons losing their lives through over-crowding. Just before reaching the Prince's Theatre we pass No. 58 Park row, corner of Park street avenue, where lived and died Bristol's greatest landscape painter, W. J. Müller, several of whose pictures are now in the permanent collection at the Bristol Art Gallery. Next to the Prince's Theatre, at No. 34 Park row, is one of **Dr. Barnardo's Homes** for waifs, established in 1903, and then comes the head-quarters of the **2nd Gloucestershire Royal Engineer Volunteers**.

On the opposite side of the road, about a hundred yards farther down, stands the **Certified Industrial School** for boys sentenced by the magistrates under the Industrial Schools'

Act. This institution, with an average of eighty inmates, has during its brief existence sent forth hundreds of lads, of whom 90 per cent. are known to be doing well. Open to visitors on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Next comes the **Jews' Synagogue**, bearing a Hebrew inscription over its entrance: "Let



Fireplace, Red Lodge.

us walk in the light of the Lord." Adjoining is the **Asylum for Hopeful Discharged Female Prisoners**, open on Thursdays from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Facing, at the upper corner of Lodge street, stands the **Red Lodge**, erected on the garden of the Carmelite priory

by Sir John Young about 1600, which contains a truly remarkable Elizabethan panelled room, with elaborate carvings and ceiling, and a richly-decorated fireplace. It was once the residence of Dr. James Cowles Prichard, the eminent ethnologist, and is now used as a Reformatory for girls. This was instituted by that benefactress to her race, Mary Carpenter.* It was the first in the kingdom certified for the reception of convicted girls, and the house was given to Miss Carpenter for this purpose by Lady Byron, the widow of the poet. The house is open for the inspection of visitors on Thursdays, from 2 to 4 p.m.

At the bottom of Lodge street is situated a commodious chapel founded by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. Re-erected in 1831. The roof forms a nave and side aisles without pillars.

Leaving Perry road, we slightly diverge downhill to the right; turn at an angle again upon the right down Colston street, passing the front of Colston hall to St. Augustine's bridge, which we cross, ascending Clare and Corn streets; and thus end our excursive walk, as most disputants do their controversy, just where it was begun.

The tramcars run over that portion of this walk lying between St. Augustine's bridge and Durdham down, the charge for the whole distance being twopence each way.

The distance, following the main route without divergence, is a little over four miles.

* " 'Twas she first drew our city waifs and strays
Within the tending of the Christian fold,
With looks of love for the averted gaze
Of a world prompt to scourge and shrill to scold.

" From seeds she sowed—in season mattered not,
Or out; for good all seasons are the same—
Sprang new appliances, of love begot,
Lost lives to save, and errant souls reclaim."

Punch, June 30th, 1877.


WALK No. 2.

Queen Square (Scene of the Riots), General Hospital, the Hotwells, Zigzag, St. Vincent's Rocks Railway, Suspension Bridge, Royal York Crescent, Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Brandon Hill, Cathedral, Abbey Gateway, New Central Library, &c.

"But see! the flames that throw their horrid glare
Around, and with the thick'ning gloom surcharg'd
Of lurid vapours, fill the troubled air.
Ah, weep my muse! and deprecate the flames,
Flames of a burning city! by the torch
Of vice and outrage fed. And hark! that yell,
The yell of an infuriated mob!
Misguided wretches! Now
Wash out the burning stain, and clear the face
Of the fair 'scutcheon that has e'er adorned
THE ROYAL AND FREE CITY. * * *

Let us view
Thy well-adapted harbour. Note the Port
By Nature form'd to suit th' expansive views
Of wide-extended commerce and by art
Still rendered more commodious. Here the waves
Of Avon and of From commingled form
The Floating harbour, where the ready Quay
Receives the merchandise from distant climes.
Here too thy Docks and Basins meet the eye,
With all the long detail of various arts
That tend on Mariner's advent'rous trade."

ANON.

E cross the road opposite Lloyds Bank, and enter the lane between All Saints' church and the Exchange. Note the conduit of water just by the church door. Previous to 1306 the widow of an ex-mayor granted to the Franciscan friary in Lewin's mead a spring of water rising on the slope of Kingsdown; and at a later date part or the whole of this supply was carried to the spot we now view. We pass through the retail flower and fruit market, peep into the arcades filled with farm produce, hastily run through the wholesale fish markets, and then descend by the steps under the shadow of St. Nicholas' steeple. Here we cross the end of



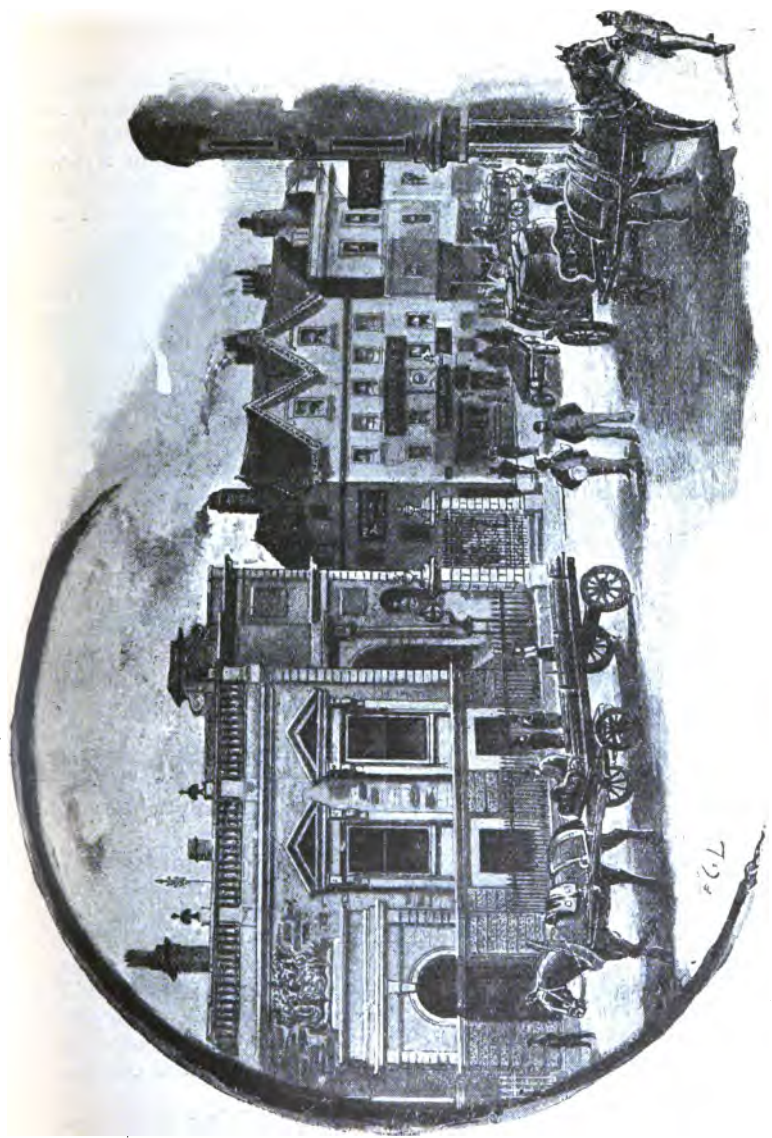
The Exchange, with All Saints' Church.

Baldwin street, and emerge on the Welsh back. Turning down King street, we note upon our left the quaint old Llandoger tavern, and upon our right at the corner of Queen Charlotte street the many-gabled **almshouse of St. Nicholas**. The lofty Corinthian façade is **Cooper's hall**, beside which is the **Old Theatre Royal**, one of the oldest playhouses in the country, and probably the only one in which during its early days such histrionic stars as Shuter, Young, Quick, Siddons, the Kembles, Macready, and Powell have appeared, and many other famous actors and actresses have graced its boards since then. Slightly recessed from the street we next observe the front of the **Old City Library**, founded by Robert Redwood in 1613, to which Tobias Mathew, the preaching Archbishop, gave many books. It was probably the first free library founded in the kingdom, and contained a finely-carved chimney-piece, formerly attributed to Grinling Gibbons, but now supposed to have been the work of Patey; one or two choice paintings, some rare old MSS., notably a Vellum Bible of the 13th century, and many worm-eaten tomes of the "Fathers." These have now been removed to the New Central Library in Deanery road. In the Old Library still exists the oak staircase trod by famous borrowers more than a century ago, amongst whom were Coleridge, Southey, Davy, Beddoes, Tobin, and Champion. Next door to the Library are the quadrangular **Merchant Venturers' almshouses**, begun in 1696, finished in 1698. Over the central building are these lines:—

"Freed from all storms, the tempest, and the rage
Of billows, here we spend our age;
Our weather-beaten vessels here repair,—
And from the Merchants' kind and generous care,
Find harbour here; no more we put to sea
Until we launch into Eternity.
And lest our Widows, whom we leave behind,
Should want relief, they too a shelter find;
Thus all our anxious cares and sorrows cease,
Whilst our kind Guardians turn our toils to ease;
May they be with an endless Sabbath blest,
Who have afforded unto us this rest."

Eighteen old salts and twelve sailors' widows are herein maintained. There are also four out-pensioners.

Not far distant from this spot stood an Elizabethan mansion in which Mr. Town Clerk Romsey lived, and in which he entertained Lord Chief Justice North in 1680. Thither to



Merchant Venturers' Hall.

them, all full of plots and perjury, came the infamous Bedloe to accuse the queen and the Duke of York of a conspiracy to murder the king. But a more grisly king was awaiting the villain; for death, with fever hand, seized him, and in a few days he was laid in a pauper's grave in St. Mark's. From this house went also the sanguinary Jeffreys to the Guildhall to deliver his famous and only meritorious philippic, in which he denounced the mayor and aldermen for kidnapping young people and selling them as slaves in the West Indies—a crime then of common occurrence.

The corner of the street is occupied by the **hall** of the **Merchant Venturers**, a body established in December, 1551, and the only one remaining of the ancient guilds. The Society possesses manors and lands of considerable value, and besides maintaining the large almshouse for old seamen, it has expended over £50,000 in the erection and equipment of a technical college. Many of the leading merchants are members of the Society. The Master and Wardens hold office for one year; and it is the laudable ambition of many a young Bristolian to attain to the dignity. The hall was erected in the 17th century, was enlarged in 1701, and newly fronted in 1790. It is richly decorated, and contains several notable portraits. It has been the scene of many brilliant gatherings, and has several associations with Royalty. There are a pair of fine iron gates ("golden gates" the wags term them), which were cast by the Coalbrookdale Iron Co., in front of the building.

Opposite the Merchants' hall are the imposing pile of buildings erected in 1905 for the **Co-operative Wholesale Society**. The dials of the clock surmounting it are the largest in Bristol.

We now turn to the left for about twenty yards, observing—a little distance on the right down Prince street—the fine front of the disused **Assembly room**. Through Excise avenue we enter **Queen square**. The Custom house occupies the left centre (*i.e.* the north side). Near the centre of the east side is the mansion (No. 16), with its rustic gate pillars, where David Hume, for professing to mend the English of his employer, Mr. Miller, got so snubbed that he gave up his office-stool, only to emerge at last as the fascinating, though far from correct, writer of English history.

Another house in this square has had a trifling connection with some of our pleasant hours; for where is he who did not,



Statue of King William III., Queen Square.

when a boy, revel in *Robinson Crusoe*? And if Woodes Rogers, the privateering captain, who lived at No. 19 (now the Docks office), had not discovered Alexander Selkirk alone in the island of Juan Fernandez, and brought him to England, that inimitable romance would never have been written. This house (No. 19) has also an added interest from the fact that Burke lodged there, with his friend Mr. Joseph Smith, during the famous election in 1774.

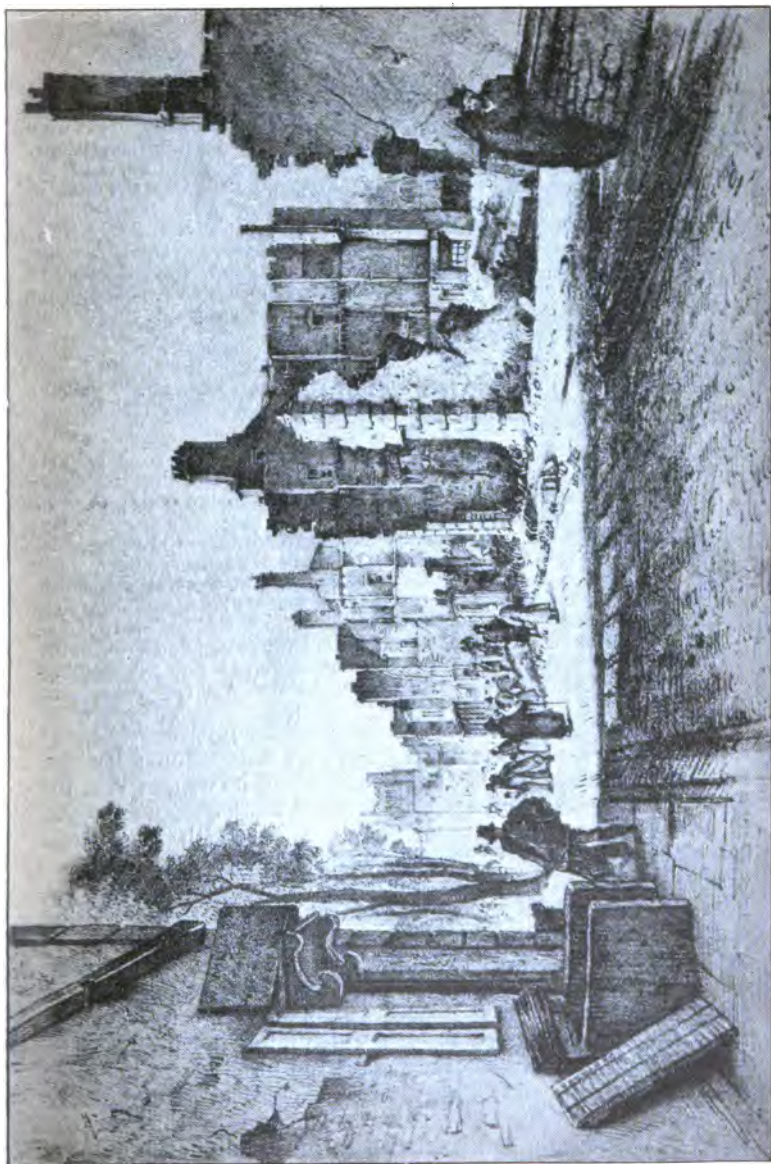
The Sailors' Home is upon the south side of the square. Here also, on the east side, is the fine building erected in 1886 for the **Docks office**. Surrounded by broad walks, with an outer belt of roadway, this square (over seven acres in extent) was formerly the rendezvous for Bristol's great religious, philanthropic, and political processions.

Its centre is occupied by one of the finest equestrian statues in England. It is by Rysbrach, and represents **William III.** in Roman costume, and was erected in 1736. From it radiate eight asphalted paths, dividing the green sward into as many angles, like a huge union jack.

To strangers who are at all conversant with Bristol history, this square is ever a central point of attraction—it having been the scene where the memorable Riots of Bristol began, on the evening of Saturday, October 29th, 1831. The houses on the northern and western sides, including three public buildings—the Mansion house, which stood on the site of No. 9, the Custom house, and the Excise office—were burnt to the ground, and the progress of the rioters was arrested only when they reached the house of Captain Caxton, No. 42. The two sides of the square formed a very gehenna of fire and fury. The stores of wine, spirits, and oil in the neighbouring warehouses raged like craters of a volcano, and the destruction extended into King and Prince streets. The killed and wounded who, when the fray was ended, were taken to the hospitals numbered 108; in addition to whom many perished in the flames, whilst others succumbed in secret to the injuries they had received. Including the Bishop's palace, the gaol, and two houses of correction, destroyed by the rioters, the loss of property was estimated at £200,000. Four of the ringleaders were hanged, one was spared on the ground of insanity, 26 had sentence of death recorded against them, one was transported for 14 years, six for seven years, and 23 were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The tragedy ended by the suicide of the military commander of the troops in the city during a court martial which was held charging him with neglect of duty.

We leave the square by the Grove avenue (centre south), and turn along the Grove to the right to Prince street swing-bridge. ↓

On the left is Bathurst wharf, and on the right Prince's wharf, where lie the grain-steamers and timber-ships from the Baltic and Canada.



North Side of Queen Square after the Riots of 1831.

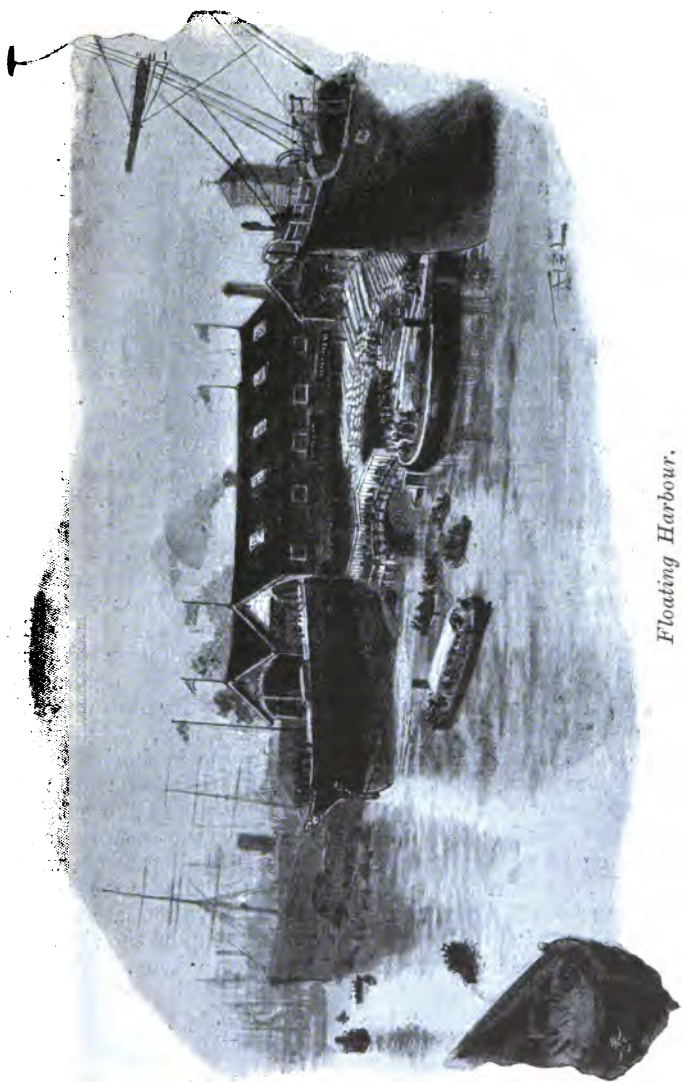
Upon our right we notice the Harbour Railway and an immense red-brick building, which does not boast of any architectural beauty. It is a granary, built by the city at a cost of about £80,000. It is over 200 feet long and nearly 100 feet wide, and, under certain conditions, will hold 15,000 tons of wheat. There are four elevators, and the grain can be distributed according to will. This was the site of Old Wapping Dock, in which was built the *Great Western*, the pioneer of ocean steam navigation. In the Great Western Dry Dock was built that triumph of early marine engineering, the *Great Britain*, which stood the hard pounding of Neptune's billows from September 22nd, 1846—when she was unfortunately run on shore in Dundrum Bay—until August 27th, 1847, when she was floated off, having sustained but little injury.

Facing us across the harbour is Canons' marsh, with its transit sheds and depot of the G.W.R. and the Gas works; and towering above them in the background is Brandon's conical hill, crowned with the Cabot Tower and Russian guns.

Further down the Floating harbour, by Mardyke wharf, is an old man-of-war hulk, used as a training-ship. One incident in this old ship's history has made her name familiar in the annals of science. In August, 1848, the great sea-serpent, 100 feet long, with head 16 feet wide, and jaws that when open would hold a good-sized man upright, came swimming at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and paid a passing visit to this good ship, the *Dædalus*, in the South Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps he thought her "very much like a whale" (some people thought he was). However, the ship carried too many guns; so his ophidian majesty politely made his bow, passed under the ship's beam, and went about his business. The *Dædalus* is now the training-ship for the Navy Reserve and the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.

We cross Prince street bridge and keep straight ahead until we near a second bridge. Here we see Bathurst basin—another entrance to the harbour—and along its eastern side the **Bristol General Hospital**, founded in 1832. The hospital is built in the Italian style, of blue lias with Bath stone dressings, and was completed in 1858 at a cost of £28,000, two worthy citizens—Joseph Eaton and George Thomas—having been the chief contributors. When the work of the institution was first commenced, accommodation was provided for thirty beds. In 1858 the original building was occupied, and provision made for 150 in-patients. In 1873 it became necessary to enlarge the out-patients' department, and to procure isolated wards for any contagious diseases which might be developed by patients after they became inmates of the hospital; at the same time the Museum and Library were enlarged at a total cost of £9,300. A new Nurses' Home was opened in 1891 by the Duke of Edinburgh, and is known as the "Edinburgh Wing."

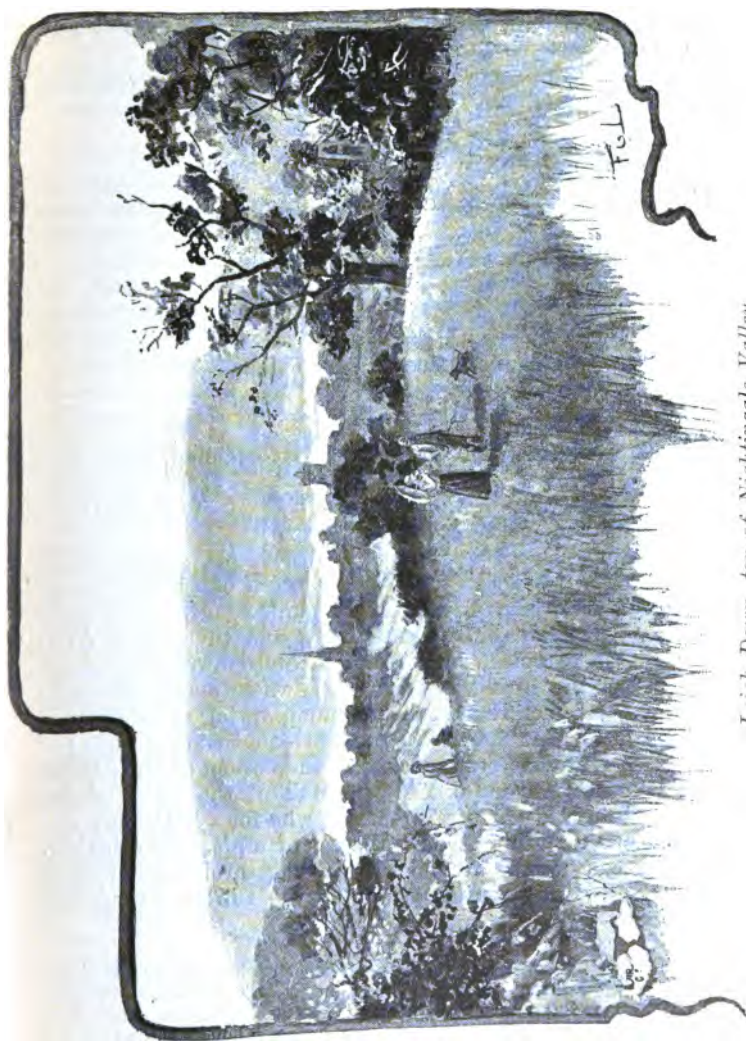
Floating Harbour.



The hospital now has 200 beds, and contains every convenience that modern science can devise for the comfort of the sick. Turning our backs on this building, we proceed down the New Cut for the tidal Avon, dug out, and finished in the year 1809, at an enormous cost. On our right is what was once the city gaol, built in 1820, at a cost of £60,000 (burned down by the rioters in 1831). The present city gaol is situated at Horfield, and part of the site of the old one is occupied by a branch of Fry's Cocoa Works. Next to it is the pretty little church of **St. Raphael**, and adjoining modern almshouses. In consequence of the high ritual, the license of the Bishop of the Diocese was withdrawn for many years, and the church remained closed until 1893, when it was converted into a parish church. Both the church and the almshouses were erected by the Rev. R. H. W. Miles, at a cost of £10,000. The building is Decorated Gothic. Upon the opposite side of the river is the church of St. Paul. The road between Bathurst basin and Cumberland basin is connected with the opposite side of the New Cut in three places—by a ferry near the old gaol, by a swing footbridge half a mile further down, and by the new double-decked (railway and road) swing-bridge near the entrance lock to the Floating harbour. This bridge is peculiarly interesting owing to the fact that it is the only one of its kind in the country, or indeed in the world. By either of the last two named bridges Bedminster park and the Bristol City football ground can be reached, and across the Ashton swing-bridge lies also the route for Ashton park, Clifton Bridge railway station, Leigh woods, Nightingale valley, &c. Just before reaching this bridge is the large new bonded warehouse, built for the use of the Imperial Tobacco Company, and on the right Cumberland basin and the entrance locks to the Floating harbour. Crossing over the entrance locks, we pass on along the quay to the floating landing-stage, which rises and falls with the tide, and is thus available for landing passengers from the steamers when they arrive too late to enter the harbour, which they can only do on the top of the tide.

We are now in the beautiful gorge of the Avon. There is seldom seen

“A more enchanting sight
Than the river of which I write,
But the loveliest spot by far
Lies beneath St. Vincent's Rocks
Where the heaven-ascending blocks
Overgreened with forests are.”



Leigh Down, top of Nightingale Valley.

Time your visit, if possible, so that you may be here at high water, when the scene is full of life and interest.

The lofty terrace above us which rises from the ivy-covered rocky bluff is Windsor terrace, the spot where—

“Mr. Watts, who a patent had got
So that only himself could make patent shot,”

rapidly lost the fortune he had thus acquired.

“For Mr. Watts, retired from trade,
To build it resolution made;
And found, to his chagrin,
That cash a great deal faster went
When 'twas on 'Brick and Mortar' spent,
Than ever it came in.
On MERE FOUNDATION went his all,
And 'Watts' Folly' still we call
This luckless spot of ground.”

It was at No. 4 Windsor terrace that Hannah More died in 1833.

Above this terrace is the Paragon, and on the right Royal York crescent sweeps away to Clifton hill.

The **Hotwells**, long famous for the tepid spring which gives a name to the lower part of the parish of Clifton, was in the 18th century a place of great fashionable resort. The pump-room and baths have now disappeared, and the yellow Avon flows where Macaronies lounged and fribbled away their days. The outlet of the spring is below high-water mark. Its temperature is 76° (much reduced at the pump, owing to its distance from the source), and its flow is said to equal sixty gallons per minute. A pump has been erected at the bottom of the Zigzag for public use. Anyone is free to drink of the water of the spring; but an attendant is in charge, who for a halfpenny will let any person requiring it have the use of a glass for drinking. The spring has now been tapped by boring through the rock to a great depth, and is used to supply the Clifton Grand Spa pump-room.

It was in Dowry square, Hotwells, under the auspices of Dr. Beddoes, that the afterwards celebrated Sir Humphry Davy made his *débüt* as a philosopher; and near the spring the famous milkwoman poet, Ann Yearsley, after carrying her cans from house to house, and winning a little fortune by the publication of her poems (through the influence of Hannah More), invested her money in a circulating library, stepped from nature into art, left rural unaffectedness for modish fine ladyism,

and made a mess of it. In addition to the above, Bishops Ken and Butler, Pope, Smollett, Combe (Dr. Syntax), Doddridge, Cowper, Lady Hesketh (who lies buried in Bristol Cathedral), Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Danby, and Turner, have each in their measure conferred celebrity upon the Hotwells.

In Hope hill, a turning out of Dowry square, is Hope Congregational Chapel, named after Lady Henrietta Hope, second daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, who was largely instrumental in building it, and whose remains were deposited in a vault beneath the chapel. Mrs. Jemima Luke, wife of the Rev. Samuel Luke, minister of the chapel from 1853—1866, was the authoress of that well-known hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old."

Just beyond the Zigzag, which we propose ascending, is the terminus of the railway running to Avonmouth and the Docks, and beyond this is the winding and picturesque incline of Bridge Valley road, that leads up to the Downs. A few steps further on is the new Zigzag, leading up to Proctor's fountain, at the bottom of the Promenade.

If we continue along the towpath we shall pass some disused quarries, in one of which is a short rifle-range constructed for the use of Clifton College and Merchant Venturers' College, and near the bottom of the Gully is **St. Vincent's Spring**, which in 1894 was brought to light after remaining in obscurity for many years, and a fountain erected for public use. The temperature of the water is about 70°. It is interesting to remember that this ancient spring proved of considerable benefit to John Wesley when worn out with ministerial toil.

A few yards further on, and almost immediately under the Sea Walls, there was erected by the Merchant Venturers' Society in 1845 an Engine-house for the purpose of tapping the springs of water near the Black rock. Previously to 1845 Bristol had officially been described as "worse supplied with water than any great city in England." (Nowadays perhaps it is the best.) In 1846, however, the present Water Works Company obtained a Bill for the purpose of supplying Bristol with water, and in the year 1864 the Engine-house was removed.

Returning to the **Zigzag** we turn

"Thro' sable woods
That shade sublime the mountain's nodding brow,"

and ascend by a winding path up the almost perpendicular

acclivity. Ere they reach the summit most persons are glad to rest themselves upon

“Th’ elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Cast an admiring eye.”

Those, however, who are unable to bear the fatigue of climbing the Zigzag can attain the summit of Zion hill by the easy method of travelling on the **St. Vincent’s Rocks railway**. This clever piece of engineering construction was promoted by Sir George Newnes. The length of the tunnel, which is bricked throughout, is 450 feet; the width is 27 feet, and height 17 feet. There are four lines of rail, and the motive power is water. The cost was about £20,000. The fare is 1d. down and 2d. up, but through tickets for tram and lift are issued on the Hotwells section of the tramways at 2d. from the Tramways centre to top of the rocks railway.

At the top of the walk we emerge on the plateau, upon which stands the Clifton Grand Spa and Hydro and the St. Vincent’s Rocks hotel, and resting beneath the trees get one of the finest views of the Suspension bridge, the Avon gorge, and the Leigh woods beyond. When

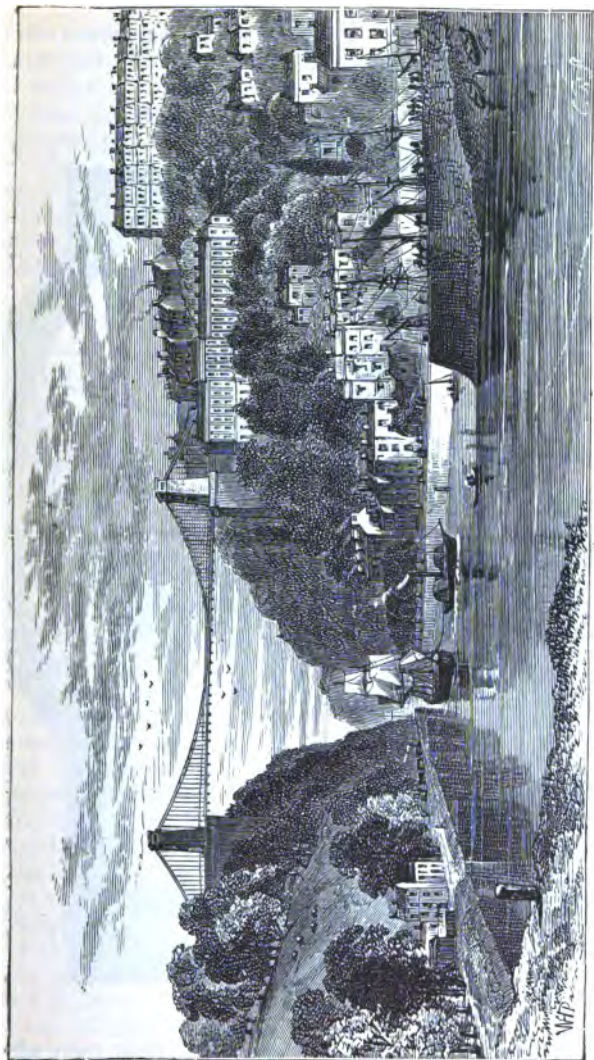
“Every vein of earth was dancing
With the spring’s new wine !”

we have often sat here until

“The stars came sparkling through the gorgeous gloom
Like dewdrops in the field of heaven ; or tears
That hang rich jewels on the cheeks of night.”

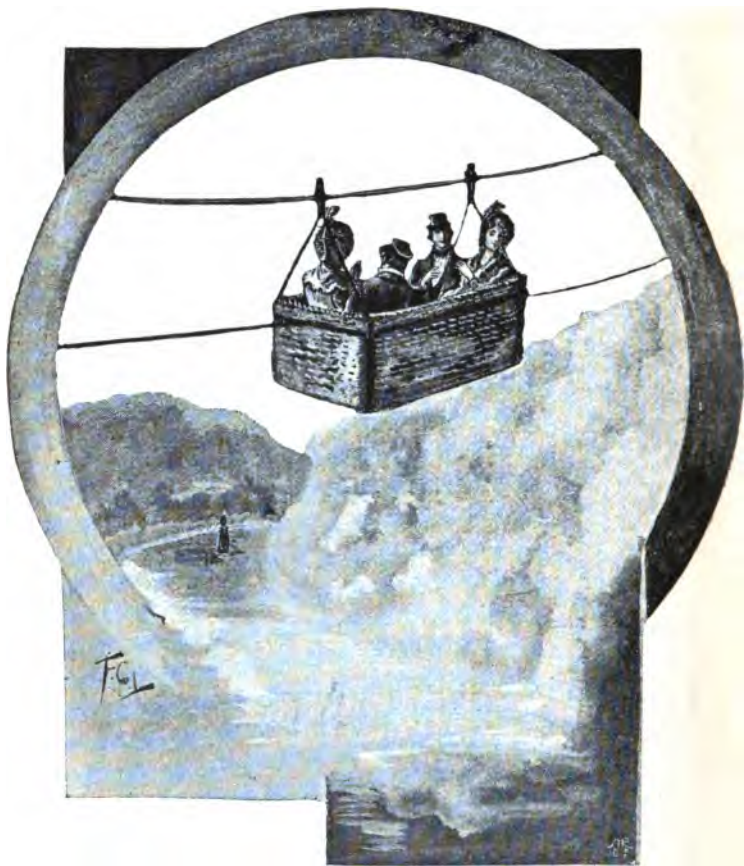
In September, 1830, Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, visited this spot on his way to see the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria at Malvern ; and so well pleased was he that a few weeks only elapsed before the Duchess herself and the Princess paid a visit to the spot. The remembrance of its beauty must have dwelt powerfully also in the youthful mind of Her Majesty ; for when her husband, Prince Albert, came in 1843 to preside at the launch of the *Great Britain*, he left his carriage and scampered like a schoolboy down the Zigzag that his queenly wife had admired so much in the days of her girlhood.

The **Clifton Grand Spa and Hydro**. This Hydro is one of the handsomest and occupies perhaps the finest site of any in the kingdom. The grand pump room is a most imposing apartment in the Corinthian style of architecture, having a frontage towards the beautifully laid out grounds and the river.



The Clifton Suspension Bridge.

The roof is supported by twenty massive Cipolino marble columns, with highly enriched capitals. A marble fountain is



placed in an ornamental alcove within the building, from which the mineral water from the Hotwells spring is obtained. ♥ The valuable medicinal properties of this thermal spring have been

well known and written on for centuries. The baths, which have been fitted up in the most elaborate manner, are believed to be the most complete in the kingdom for all kinds of physical, thermal, electric, and hydro-electric treatment. The baths are open daily to visitors.

The piers of the Clifton Suspension bridge were standing many years before the bridge itself was built; and an iron bar was stretched across the river, as shown in our illustration, from which a basket was suspended, and those who possessed sufficient courage were conveyed from side to side for a small fee.

After revisiting the Suspension bridge, we turn downhill in front of the St. Vincent's Rocks hotel, pass Caledonia place, which leads to the Mall. At No. 16 Caledonia place a tablet is erected, commemorating the fact that Lord Macaulay lived there, and in some measure recruited his broken health. It may be well to recall his famous lines on the "Armada" in which he refers to Bristol and Clifton:—

"Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down."

Continuing, we pass Victoria street, and at the end of Prince's buildings ascend by a steep flight of steps to the strikingly grand platform of **Royal York Crescent**.

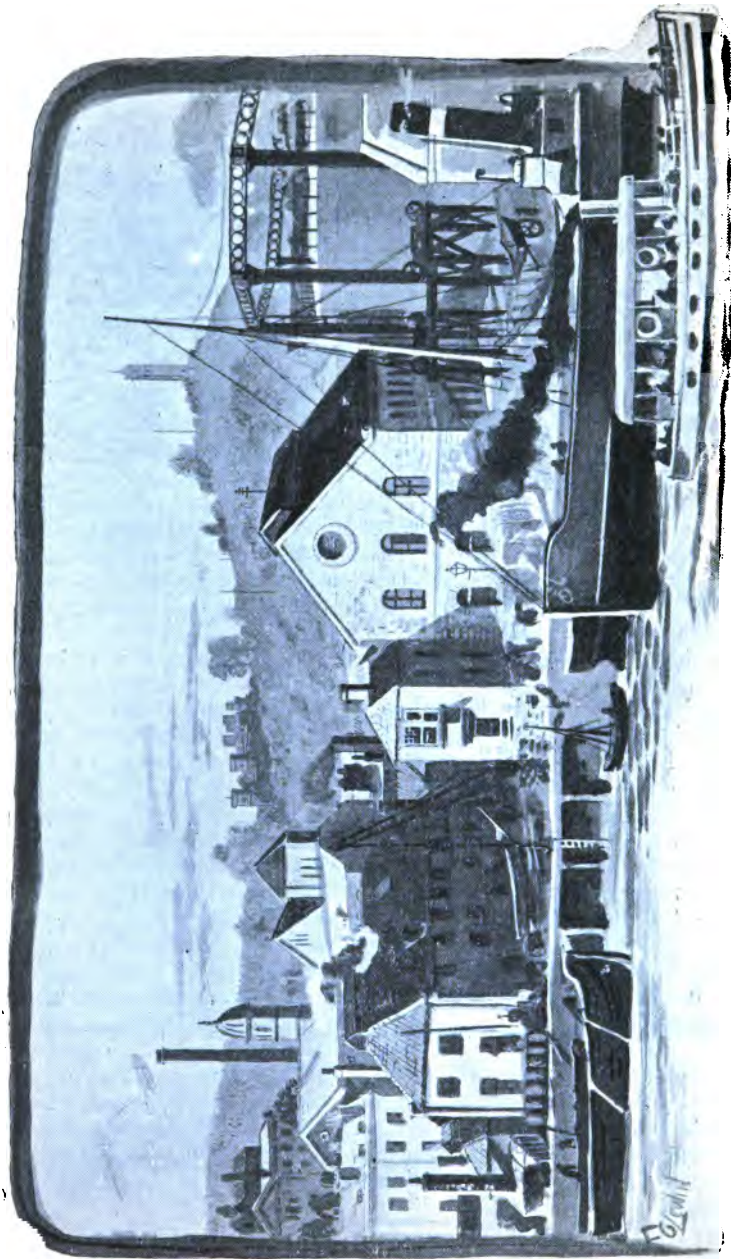
Pause at the top of the steps. The house before you (No. 2) once had a school-girl inmate, Eugénie Montiji, Countess de Teba, now ex-Empress of the French. The school was conducted by Mrs. Rogers, who rented Nos. 2 and 3 (with an internal communication, which was afterwards walled up). She was very proud of her pupil, who was an amiable, intelligent girl, and a favourite with all her fellow-students. On the visit of a lady from Clifton to the Empress at Camden House, she exclaimed, "Ah, how happy I was then! It seems like a dream—so happy! How well I remember the house, the broad terrace, and the distant hills!" It is said that whilst at this school a gipsy told her "she was born to wear a crown." At No. 25 Royal York Crescent General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., lived and died, and was buried in Clifton churchyard. His son, Earl Roberts, also lived there. At No. 45 Royal York Crescent is the **Clifton Ladies' Club**. The site of Royal York Crescent was at one time purchased by the Government, who thought of erecting barracks there, and indeed the gardens in front still belong to the War Office, who let the residents have



Tower on Dundry Hill.

the use of it on condition that it is kept in perfect order, especially in regard to the fences.

The view from this terrace is magnificent. The masts of the tall ships below in the harbour are dwarfed, and the busy hum of the distant city is hushed by the height; fir-topped hilly knolls crop up in the verdant Somerset vale that lies between us and the northern spur of the Mendips, known as Dundry hill, crowned by its light and beautiful tower, that stands like a watchman out-looking afar; whilst right away up the valley of *Nant Baddon*, upon the blue sky-line, we see Kelston Round hill, Combe Down, English Combe, and Stanton Bury hill. Turning on our right at the terrace end, and passing the Clifton head post office in Regent Street, we come presently to a segment of a crescent, recessed from the road (Saville place). We now ascend the hill, and see, crowning the summit of one of the noblest situations in the world for a temple of the Most High, the parish **Church of St. Andrew**, which was erected in 1822 on the site of a small 17th-century building. There are some interesting monuments to the Porter family in the interior, and there is a beautiful avenue of pollard lime-trees in the churchyard. Constitution hill, one of the steepest hills in Clifton, which leads directly down to the dock, or over Brandon hill to the city, is upon the right hand. We keep straight on, passing **Goldney House**, the residence of the Right Hon. Lewis Fry, the extensive grounds of which are tastefully laid out, and contain an elaborate grotto constructed in the early part of the 18th century, and **Clifton Hill House**, where resided John Addington Symonds, physician, and father of the more celebrated J. A. Symonds, the author of *The Renaissance in Italy* and other works, who was born at 7 Berkeley square, Clifton. We continue down Clifton hill to the neat little almshouses erected in 1867 by Mr. T. W. Hill, which occupy the corner of Eldon place, Berkeley place. The old burying-ground opposite these almshouses on Clifton hill belongs to Clifton Parish church. At No. 2 Bellevue, a turning to the right in lower Clifton hill, just before reaching Hill's almshouses, lived in their schooldays Lord John and Sir Henry Lawrence, the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, and a tablet commemorative of this fact has been placed on the house. We are now immediately in front of the entrance lodge and the handsome pile of Tudor buildings known as **Queen Elizabeth's hospital**, or the **City school**.



Brandon Hill and City School from the Harbour.

Founded in the 16th century, the school was removed to its present situation in 1847. The site is a healthy and pleasant one. The premises, which have 400 feet frontage, occupy a western spur of Brandon hill to the extent of four acres, and partly stand on what, 600 years ago, was a Cemetery of the Jews, whose gravestones having been used in the base of the building, it has been wittily observed "that the boys will always have a good Hebrew foundation." One hundred and thirty boys are here fed, clothed, and educated. £200 per annum is applied annually to enable scholars of merit to pursue their studies in some place of higher instruction, or to enter a skilled trade or profession.

We turn to the right down the hill until we reach the Clifton Police station (contiguous are the Jacob's Wells Public Baths and St. Peter's church), there ascend a few steps, and find ourselves upon the pleasant winding walks amid the ancient thorns of **Brandon hill**, ascending steadily until we reach the Cabot tower at the top of the hill. Here stood a great fort on the outer line of defence during the sieges of Bristol in 1643 and 1645, and part of one of the bastions remains intact. Brandon hill is 250 feet high and 25 acres in extent; from its summit we obtain a grand panoramic view of the city, which for three-fifths of a circle engirdles its base, whilst Clifton and Redland on their hill-tops complete the round. From this spot we may count twenty churches belonging to the Establishment. Nay, the very spot on which we stand was once sacred; for here stood a small chapel or hermitage with a lady hermit.

"Lucy de Newchurch here sat in her cell
A patching her soul, and stopping each hole
That the world or the devil could enter. 'Twas well
For a woman that knew no better.
But she'd *dout* the sun with a half-penny squirt,
Or mop up the sea with the tail of her skirt,
Convince all maids 'twas wick'd to marry,
Before she could outmanœuvre Old Harry,
Or before he alone would let her.
Had she handled a broom in some humble room,
Or crooned babe's '*Babel*' while rocking her cradle,
Or scalded her hand with the iron ladle
Whilst giving soup to some hungry group,
Or sopped a crust for some toothless gum,
Or kissed the blood from a child's cut thumb,
Or said to some fallen sister, 'O come!
This way of life abandon!'
She'd have been much nearer to kingdom come,
Than here by herself on Brandon."

Here, on the occasion of the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince

of Wales, March 10th, 1863, was planted the "Prince of Wales's Oak" by the Mayor, Sholto V. Hare.

The hill is the property of the Corporation; but the citizens have the right reserved to them of drying their clothes on the Hotwells side of it. Tradition avouches that good Queen Bess gave this privilege to the Bristol washerwomen to compensate them for their ugliness! As a matter of fact, however, a deed in the Council house executed in the reign of Henry VIII. declares that women had enjoyed that privilege from time immemorial.

At the foot of this hill are the commodious and comfortable Turkish baths, where the skilful hygeist sweats the ill humours out through the skin, in numberless cases restoring

("That chief good
Bestowed by heaven but seldom understood")

"health to the sick and vigour to the frame."

The building was formerly "The Royal Western Hotel," and was erected specially for the passenger traffic by the first line of steamers to America, of which the *Great Western* steamer was the successful pioneer. From hence through College green we reach the **Cathedral**, originally the collegiate church of the abbey of St. Augustine, founded by Robert Fitzhardinge, 1142, and the **Norman Gateway**. (For a full description of the Cathedral and Gateway see under "Walks for the Archæologist.")

Adjoining the Norman Gateway is the massive-looking building of the **New Central Library**. The library (the finest municipal library at the present moment in Great Britain) was built and equipped through the munificent bequest of the late Vincent Stuckey Lean (a great authority on proverbs and proverbial lore), who left £50,000 for that purpose. In designing the building an attempt was made to harmonise the new work with the old Abbey Gateway adjoining. The plainness of the front has been relieved by three large finely-sculptured panels over the central bays. They are the work of Mr. Charles Pibworth, a Bristolian. The central panel contains the figure of the Venerable Bede, having on his left St. Cuthbert, St. Paulinus, and Cadman with his harp, and on his right St. Augustine, St. Chad, and St. Aidan. The panel on the left of the central includes King Alfred in the centre, with William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, and Wace the Norman minstrel, on his left, and St. Gildas, Cynwulf the wandering bard, and a minstrel on the

right. The third panel on the right is the Chaucer panel, the characters being taken from the Canterbury Pilgrims. Chaucer is in the centre of the group, with the Prioress, the Knight, and the man of law on his left, and the wife of Bath, the merchant, and the miller on the right. The principal feature of the building is the large reference room on the first floor extending along the whole front of Deanery road. The entrance hall with its vaulted ceiling of sky-blue glass mosaic creates a pleasing impression. The walls and piers are lined with marble, Greek cippolias being used for the dado, Irish green for capping, and grand antique for skirting. The floors are laid with slabs of Piastraecia marble. Besides the great reference library the library also contains news and reading rooms and a lending library department. The library contains many valuable works, including several illuminated missals and early printed books. Amongst the treasures is a fine copy of the Complutensian Bible of Cardinal Ximenes, also the *Promptorium Parvulorum* of Richard Pynson, 1499. Leading from the reference library, is the Bristol "Room" or "Library," which is a reproduction of the interior of the old Central Library in King street, and contains the finely-carved mantelpiece and old oak book-cases.

Just past the Library is the Deanery road viaduct over College street. Looking over the balustrade, the second house on your right, with a big square flat window, is the house where S. T. Coleridge had his old bachelor lodgings.

We can now turn through the Abbey Gateway and come out on Canon's marsh. This neighbourhood has been greatly altered within recent years owing to the modernisation of the equipment of the docks by the building of transit sheds, railway sidings, &c. Immediately in front of us is the new G.W.R. Goods depôt, built of reinforced concrete. From here is opened out a good view of the south aspect of the Cathedral, the Deanery, and the remains of the Bishop's Palace, which was destroyed by the rioters in 1831. We see the Cathedral standing above us on the hill-top, giving us just an idea of how stately it must have looked there of old, with its precincts reaching down to the river.

Turning from Canon's marsh to the left, we reach St. Augustine's bridge, cross it, and passing upwards to the Council house complete this our second walk.

The distance is about three miles and a half.

WALK No. 3.

The Old Dutch House, High Street, Bristol Bridge, St. Mary Redcliff, Bedminster, Bathurst Basin, Chatterton's Monument, Thomas Street, &c.

“THEE, famed St. Mary Redcliff! I approach,
And scan thy tower with an admiring eye,
With ardent gaze and reverential care survey
Thy vaulted roof and ornamental aisles;
Here as in contemplation lost awhile,
Imagination, ever warm and strong,
Pierces the thickening gloom of former days.
Methinks I see thy Canynges with his monks
Tracing thy cloisters in procession proud,
While in loud pealing notes the organ swells,
Filling the full-charged choir, and rattles through
The fretted aisles of thy extended pile.

* * * * *

A halo bright of genius' purest ray,
From Bristol's sensitive but marvellous boy,
Still throws pathetic interest o'er thy walls.”—ANON.

THIS our third walk shall be down High street towards the south. The singular building upon our left, known as the **Old Dutch House**, is one of two structures that, having been framed in Holland, were taken down, shipped, and re-erected in Bristol. The site of these premises (supposed to be that of a church) and the house upon it belonged to Alderman Whitson, the founder of the Red Maids' school. The existing structure is the most ancient banking building in Bristol, John Vaughan, a goldsmith and banker, having lived there in 1718. This John Vaughan swore both in private and before the magistrates that his family were so terrified at the prospect of the old High Cross falling upon these premises in stormy weather, that he ultimately prevailed upon the Corporation to have it removed. For many years the premises were known as “The Castle Bank,” and were afterwards occupied for a considerable period by



The Old Dutch House.

Stuckey's Banking Company. The opposite corner, under the shadow of All Saints' (now in the occupation of Hayward & Co., booksellers), was the site where Roger le Turtle lived, who was nine times Mayor of Bristol in fifty-two years, so our annalists say. The probability is that there were two, if not three, men of the same name. Oddly enough, Turtle reminds us of turtle soup, for which Bristol has ever been famous; and in those days this corner and All Saints' court were inhabited by cooks, and were known as The Cookery. On the site of Hayward's was the shop of Joseph Cottle, the friend and publisher of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. In that shop Wordsworth committed to paper his noble poem, *Lines Written Above Tintern*, whilst Coleridge wrote a part of his *Religious Musings* there. High street Market arcade is on the right, and quaint beetle-browed St. Mary-le-port street, with its church, upon the left hand. The next opening upon our right is that into Nicholas street and the market. Separating Nicholas and Baldwin streets stands the **Church of St. Nicholas**, being the third of the name erected upon this site.

The first is supposed to have been founded about 1030. The second stood upon the ancient wall, with its east end over the south gate of the borough. In 1200 Richard Wombstrong, on receiving 30 marks of silver, bequeathed to the churchwardens his house and bakehouse (reserving the cellars) for a chapel to the Virgin; which may have been the site of the present crypt. The church was taken down when the bridge was rebuilt, in 1763 (the parish of St. Leonard's being about the same time consolidated with that of St. Nicholas). The new church was opened in 1769, and beautified in 1813. At the latter date a florid Gothic cenotaph was erected under the tower, after a design by W. Edkins, to the memory of the great and good Alderman Whitson, whose bones rest in front of his monument in the crypt.

The spire is 205 feet in height; though not an architectural church, the extensive alterations carried out since 1882 at a cost of over £4,000, make it as handsome internally as any in the city; the crypt was restored to its pristine beauty, and is now used for daily prayers. From St. Nicholas church the curfew is still rung daily.

At the east end of the church is a good ornamental fountain, opposite to which is the end of Bridge street. Baldwin street, on the right hand, one of the finest modern improvements, is now the great artery for the traffic from Clifton. Standing in the centre of the large open space formed by the junction of so many roads is the **statue** of the great philanthropist, **Samuel Morley**, who represented the city in Parliament



Bristol Bridge (showing St. Nicholas Church).

for eighteen years. This statue, which was unveiled by Sir Joseph Weston in October, 1887, is the work of Havard Thomas, a Bristolian, whose "Lycidas" caused such a sensation in the art world in 1905. Towards the cost, £1,208 8s. 9½d. were subscribed by no less than 5,044 persons. The figure, which is 8 feet high, was cut from a block of Carrara marble originally weighing 16 tons. On the front of the statue, facing Bristol bridge, the inscription reads thus :

"SAMUEL MORLEY,
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THIS CITY
FROM 1868 TO 1885.
TO PRESERVE FOR THEIR CHILDREN
THE MEMORY OF THE FACE AND FORM
OF ONE WHO WAS AN EXAMPLE
OF JUSTICE, GENEROSITY, AND PUBLIC SPIRIT,
THIS STATUE WAS GIVEN
BY MORE THAN 5000 CITIZENS OF BRISTOL."

On the opposite side, facing St. Nicholas church, the following sentence, found among Mr. Morley's notes of his speeches, is inscribed :

"I BELIEVE THAT THE POWER OF ENGLAND IS TO BE RECKONED,
NOT BY HER WEALTH OR ARMIES,
BUT BY THE
PURITY AND VIRTUE OF THE GREAT MASS OF HER POPULATION."

The quay here is known as the Welsh back. We cross the bridge, completed in 1768, which has since been twice widened. At No. 2 Bristol bridge, on the further side to our left, Chatterton was a frequent visitor to the credulous and vain-glorious partners, George Catcott and Henry Burgum, who then occupied the premises. Being "over the water," we turn on the right down Redcliff street, passing, at the junction of Redcliff and Victoria streets, the factory and warehouses of Messrs. E. S. and A. Robinson Limited, wholesale stationers. About half-way down Redcliff street, on the left hand, we see the premises of Messrs. Edwards, Ringer and Bigg, a branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. Limited. Ferry lane, upon the right hand, leads to Redcliff back, the mills of Messrs. Spillers and Bakers Limited, and the ferry to Queen square. At the

corner (No. 97) is "**Canynge's house**," an old 14th-century mansion, where the merchant prince feasted Edward IV.; in the inner shop are the remains of a fine Perpendicular hall, said to have been Canynge's chapel; down two steps in the rear of this is a little room with a (modern) Jacobean fireplace. This room was greatly damaged by a destructive fire in 1881; the flooring of mediæval encaustic tiles was fortunately unhurt, and is carefully preserved. The banquetting chamber was burnt, and the hall was with difficulty saved.

Portwall lane intersects; then we begin to ascend Redcliff hill; here on the right is Jones's (John's) lane, down which if you venture you will see part of Redcliff's loop-holed wall, and, in the Friends' burying-ground, an ancient hermitage, cut in the sandstone rock. At 28 Redcliff hill is the shot tower, originally belonging to Mr. Watts, the inventor of patent shot, and at 24 Redcliff hill was the house where Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., Secretary to the General Post Office, was born. Redcliff parade is on our right, and upon the left—

**"Thou seest this mysterie of the human band,
The pryde of Bristowe and the Western Londe."**

Queen Elizabeth termed **St. Mary Redcliff Church** "the fairest, the goodliest, and most famous parish church in England." A modern writer remarks: "The view of this towering fabric, elevated on the brow of a natural terrace, is singularly impressive and prepossessing. * * * The rich decorated tower, west front of the church, unique north porch and transept, with flying buttresses, pinnacles, and perforated parapets, all unite to constitute a mass of architecture which cannot fail to delight the artist and astonish the common passenger. * * * As compared with the cathedral and conventual churches of England, it surpasses most in symmetry of design, in harmony and unity of character, in rich and elaborate adornments, in the picturesque composition of exterior forms and parts, and in the fascinating combination of clustered pillars, mullioned windows, panelled walls, and groined-ribbed ceilings of the interior. I know of no building to compare with it in all these features in Great Britain, and I feel assured that there is none superior in graceful design and beauty of detail in all civilised Europe."



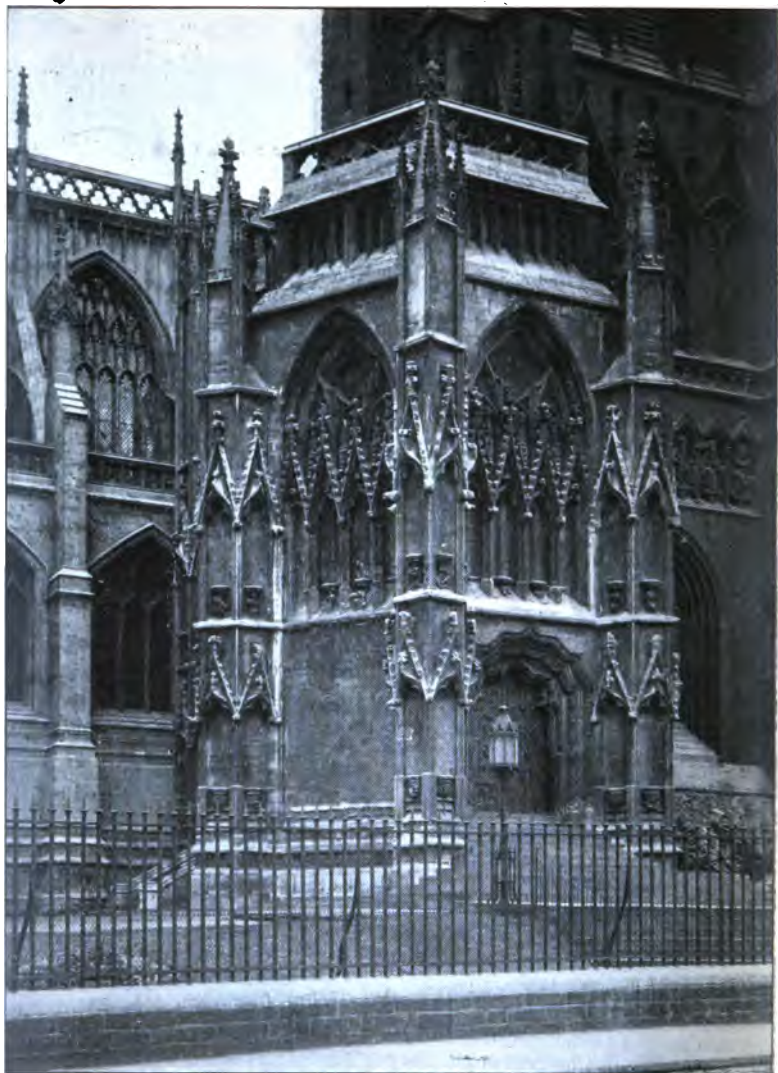
St. Mary Redcliff.

Popular tradition ascribes this magnificent erection first to Simon de Burton, about 1300; then to William Canynges, the elder, six times Mayor of Bristol; and lastly to William Canynges, his grandson, who was five times Mayor. As usual, tradition has a modicum of truth with regard to each; but archaeology and history have of late years considerably varied the proportions that have been assigned to the so-named founders.

For instance, Robert de Berkeley granted a conduit to the church of Redcliff in 1207; hence it is proved to demonstration that there was a church here at least fifty years before Burton was born. We know also that it was Early English in style, and that only the inner vestibule to the north porch and a few fragments remain of that building. Between the years 1232 and 1246 indulgences were granted to all persons who made a pilgrimage to the church of St. Mary Redcliff or aided in its restoration; a ten days' indulgence from purgatory was granted by the Archbishop of Cashel in the year that William of Bristol was Lord Mayor of Dublin (then a sort of colony to Bristol), "to all who should pray at the grave of Helen de Wedmore, whose body is buried in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliff." The old church, then ruinous, was being rebuilt in the 14th century, and to this de Burton very probably was a large contributor. Hugh le Frances, on the day before the exaltation of the holy cross, in 1337, left "a tenement in Redcliff street, and a messuage, with cartileges, crofts, &c., in Stephen street, to provide a chantry chapel in the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Redclyve, for the good of my soul." That year John Botiler, Thomas de Uphill, and Geoffrey Feltere were guardians of the works. This was twenty-five years before the name of Canynges occurs in our corporate annals. During his sextuple mayoralty, William Canynges, assisted by the voluntary contributions of the affluent, carried on the work; the lower part of the body of the church, from the cross aisle downwards, and the whole of the south transept, with its grand windows and plain exterior, are of this date, being in the Decorated style. We apprehend that the work was continuous also during the fifty-six years that elapsed ere another William Canynges sat in the civic chair. Five times was he elevated to that dignity, and we gather from the arms that are sculptured in the bosses in the nave or blazoned in the windows that he had many men of repute as his assistants in the work.

This Canynges, who ended his life as Dean of Westbury, finished "the covering and glazing of the church." The steeple, which was destroyed by tempest in 1445, between his first and second mayoralty, was not re-erected until our own time. The south porch to this day bears marks of the fall, and so does the south aisle of the nave. The latter work is in the Perpendicular style of architecture.

The church is cruciform, with its massive tower in the north-west angle. It has north and south porches to its naves and aisles, a chancel with aisles, a Lady chapel at the eastern extremity, two chantry chapels outside the north aisle, with divers priest-rooms in different parts of the building. Its lofty transepts, with pillared east and west aisles, are a unique feature. No church, save the abbey of Westminster and



North Porch, St. Mary Redcliff.

the cathedrals of York and Ely, possesses the like. Its length to the end of the nave is 240 feet; of the transepts, 117 feet; breadth of ditto and aisles, 44 feet; breadth of nave and aisles, 59 feet; height of aisles, 25 feet; height of nave, transept and chancel, 54 feet 9 inches; the height of the open-work parapet of the tower is 120 feet; total height from the ground to the weather-cock, 285 feet. The exterior north porch—restored through the munificence of *Nil Desperandum* (Thomas Proctor) at a cost of £2,500—with its elaborately elegant doorway, is without a parallel; the sculptural mouldings are bold and beautiful in the extreme. "Twelve distinct varieties of groining exist in this church, but that in the vaulting of the transepts is the most remarkable for its lightness, richness, and beauty of construction." The bosses display an amazing fertility of invention; they are 1,220 in number, yet it is said that no two are alike! The old font stands close by the south-west pier, near the west door; the second, of marble, is in the Lady chapel; a modern font, adorned with alabaster figures and inscriptions, stands at the west end of the church. All three are in use. The crypt is now used as a choir vestry. After the defeat of the Dutch under Van Tromp, fifty Dutch prisoners were kept in captivity in the crypt for fifteen years. They became an intolerable nuisance and were removed to Chepstow Castle. The electric lighting arrangements have been lately improved by the addition of candelabra of a similar pattern to those in this church in the seventeenth century. One of the original candelabra, date *circa* 1650, is in the Lady chapel. The bells are twelve in number, and can be heard for miles around the city.

Hogarth painted three altar-pieces for this church. These pictures have been appropriately removed to the Fine Arts Academy, and their place is supplied by an elaborate reredos by G. Godwin, F.S.A. This reredos is of Caen stone, with four small shafts of red marble, and a Greek cross and circle of mosaic work in the central gablet, by Salviati; the capitals of the columns and the ornamentation are from nature, by W. Rice. The reliefs in three panels, representing the miracle of the loaves and fishes, are by Forsyth, and are well designed and executed. This reredos cost above £800. The vaulting of the Lady chapel behind, but seen above the reredos, is effectively decorated in colour and gold, by Clayton and Bell, at the cost of the Freemasons of Bristol. The organ, removed from the extreme west, contains 2,110 pipes, and occupies the two first arches on either side of the chancel. Time has played sad havoc with the ancient coloured glass. Some few fragments are inserted in the windows of the north aisle, and the charming quatrefoil lights of the clerestory in the south transept glow with rich hues; but the greater part has been judiciously arranged by Bell in two windows in the lower belfry. Of these, the one facing the north contains a vast number of arms, monograms and devices of those who contributed to the erection of the building, and of whose memory no other trace remains. This window is valued at 1,000 guineas.

The modern memorial windows are very fine, and from their number and the variety of the artists employed they form a veritable school for the study of this branch of ecclesiastical decoration; we simply

enumerate them, leaving the description to the vergers, who in showing these will conduct the visitor to the best points of view in the church that he loves. Beginning in the north aisle at the tower going east, the first stained window is one in memory of Richard and William King, the next is by Clayton and Bell, erected to the memory of James Palmer by his niece, and the third was erected by C. Wills; in the west aisle of the north transept is one to the memory of Edward Colthurst and his wife, and one by Bell, of Bristol, to W. H. Wyld. The central one is by Clayton and Bell; it was erected by subscription to Edward Colston, the Bristol philanthropist. In the east aisle is one to Samuel Lucas, by the St. Helens Glass Company, and one in memory of Stephen James and his wife.

We now turn into the north aisle of the choir and chancel. The first is known as the "Mary" window, being subscribed for by ladies of the parish having the name of Mary. The ascension window is by Hardman, erected by the widow of Mr. Edwards to the memory of her husband. Underneath it is the stand for the chained Bible of the olden time; as we look we thank God for these days of unfettered Bibles and freedom of thought. Over the canopied tombs of the Medes is a window by Clayton and Bell, erected by A. Baker, in memory of his father-in-law; adjoining this, in the east end of the aisle, is the Handel memorial window, by Clayton and Bell, erected by subscription. The incidents are from the *Messiah*; the toned lights are very fine. Handel was an intimate friend of the Rev. Thomas Broughton, the then vicar, and several of his oratorios are said to have been perfected in this church and the neighbouring one of St. Thomas. Entering the Lady chapel, upon our left is a memorial window to E. T. Lucas, and one to his sister Jemima, the subject of the second being the raising of Jairus's daughter. The grand east window of adoration is, like the two preceding ones, by Wales, of Newcastle; it is to Thomas Lucas, son of the Samuel before named, and father of E. T. and Jemima Lucas. Christian gratitude has appropriately remembered a man who for forty-four years laboured among the little ones as a Sunday-school teacher, by erecting an *In Memoriam* window to William Hall. The cost was defrayed by small subscriptions. This showy but beautiful specimen is by O'Connor. Next to it comes a very fine window in memory of Constance Powell.

The east window of the south aisle is the gift of James Broad in memory of his father. Over the south chancel door is a subscription window—"The last supper"; the next are one to Richard and Sarah Randall and one to the Ven. Archdeacon Randall; and as we turn into the east aisle of the south transept we observe another, a thank-offering by the Randall family for the recovery from sore sickness of one of its members: these three are by Clayton and Bell. The next, in the eastern angle, was given by Lady Haberfield in memory of her husband, Sir John Kerle Haberfield, who was, in the fourth and fifth decades of the last century, six times Mayor of Bristol: this and the adjoining window, to the memory of the Rev. Benjamin Spry, as well as that in the western aisle of this transept to the memory of William Powell, are by Bell, of Bristol. That in the centre is by Wales: it is a subscription

window; the moneys were gathered for its erection by the ladies of the parish. In the west aisle of the south transept are two windows, one being in memory of S. W. Lucas. From the angle of this transept note the beautiful quatrefoil windows in the upper story, in one of which has been recently inserted a stained-glass window, representing the figures of St. George, St. Michael and St. Alban. It was the gift



Interior of Redcliff Church—looking towards South Transept.

of a "wayfarer" in memory of a young officer who was killed in South Africa; note also the great east window above the reredos. This was erected in memory of Sir George Edwards, and represents "The Crucifixion"—the figures on the right of the Saviour represent the three Marys, and those on the left are St. Joseph, the Centurion and Joseph of Arimathea. In the south aisle of the nave, the first window

is in memory of W. C. P. Beloe and his wife, the next in memory of John Lucas, and then comes one representing the story of Ruth and Naomi, and one in memory of John Barry. W. Proctor Baker has in the south-west angle of the nave erected a superb window, by Clayton and Bell, in memory of his father; the west window of the south aisle is by Eaton and Butler, erected at the cost of Cruger Miles to the memory of his father, Philip John, once M.P. for Bristol. Within recent years there have been added several fine windows in the clerestory, notably six giving the *Te Deum*, erected as a thank-offering by Arthur Baker and his wife, and one in memory of Ann Randall. The last, and in more senses than one far from the least, of these charming adjuncts to the sacred edifice is the great west window, by Hardman; it was given by Sholto Vere Hare, for many years one of the churchwardens of the parish. At the east end of the chancel aisle is a neat little model of the church, which was cut out with a penknife by the national schoolmaster of Nailsea. The brass lectern, dated 1638, was the gift of a pious pinmaker. The fine wrought-iron gates of the 18th century, properly removed to the belfry arch, are worth inspection.

Undoubtedly the most ancient monument in the church is that which, after various shiftings, now reposes in the east aisle of the north transept. It is ascribed to Lord Robert de Berkeley, who died in 1221. If this be correct, it is older than any existing portion of the church. Pryce conjectures that it was removed hither from his chapel, a St. Catherine's, upon its demolition. The effigies of William Canynges (the second) and his wife have been restored to their niche-tombs in the south aisle of the nave. Barbarous hands dragged them away from covering the bones of those they represented in the seventeenth century. The canopied altar-tomb (which some have termed elegant) that stands in the south transept was probably then erected to receive them.

At the end of the eastern aisle of the south transept is another recumbent effigy of Canynges, in ecclesiastical dress, trampling under foot the "old man." On a board above this monument is an inscription setting forth some of Canynges' deeds, and followed by a list of his ships. At the end of the west aisle is a less finished statue, which is traditionally said to be Canynges' almoner, simply because—

"a gibciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel * * * *"

This purse, and the shape of the "becca," however, prove this effigy to be some 30 or 40 years earlier than the statue of Wm. Canynges in the nave, which undoubtedly covered his bones. It is more probable that this was John Canynges, or some other merchant who, *ad interim*, had supervised the work. Canynges' cook lies in this transept; his implements are graven on a flagstone with inscription. There is a fine brass of Sir John Inyn in the north-east corner of the Lady chapel, standing on which you get, perhaps, the finest view of the interior of the church. In the chancel there is a brass to John Jay, his wife, and their fourteen children, in head-dresses of the end of the 15th century. (Note John's merchant's mark.) Parallel with this is the brass of John Brooks, of a later period.

High up in the nave, at the tower end, is a monument to Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the famous founder of Pennsylvania; the cuirass, helmet with rampant lion-crest, iron gauntlets, sword, and tattered banners, make it an object of interest. Here is another proof that man is not degenerating in size, as few ordinary men could squeeze themselves into this armour. Some contend that the admiral's pennant now in use is derived from this son of the old city. They say that when Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, affixed a broom to the masthead of his ship to imply that he had swept the channel of the English fleet, Vice-Admiral Penn, then serving under Blake, sent up his riding-whip to his masthead to let the braggart know that they were going to flog him back to Holland; and after three days' fight they did so. Passing through the exquisitely-proportioned lancet arch into the belfry, we see the celebrated rib of the dun cow that Guy, Earl of Warwick, encountered and killed (such was the nursery tale when we were boys). It is, we believe, the bone of a whale brought by John Cabot from Labrador, at the time of the discovery of the American continent. Here on our left is the coffin-tomb of John Lavington. When discovered, the form of the body was entire; it subsided into dust at a touch. The coffin is about 500 years old.

The canopied tombs of the Medes, which are in the style of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster Abbey, have been restored by W. Rice. The altar steps in the church are of Irish marble, the floor of encaustic tiles. In the Lady chapel the steps are of Devonshire marble, and amid the tiles is a gem of modern mosaic work, containing about 1,000 pieces in its two square feet. Above the north porch is the famous muniment room where Chatterton found, so he said, the poems of Rowley. Chatterton's parents and relatives lie on the south side in the churchyard, just opposite the south-east angle of the chancel. Through the thoughtfulness of Sholto V. Hare and others, a stone with inscription marks the spot. The work of the restoration went on in this church for over thirty years, and the cost nearly reached £50,000.

Leaving Redcliff church, we continue down the hill. Guinea street, with its parochial hall, and at its further end the Bristol General hospital, is upon the right. At the foot of the hill we come to the New Cut. **Canynge's Almshouses** are on the right; a furlong up Clarence road on the left are the baths and washhouses for Bedminster, where one may get a delightful swim in either tepid or cold water with every comfort.

We now pass over Bedminster bridge. This (which took the place of one built in 1808) was formally opened by the Mayor, J. D. Weston, on February 1st, 1884.

The broad front of Zion Congregational chapel is now before us; whilst away up in the centre of the curve of the Cut, to the left, we see **St. Luke's Church**, where the late Dr. Doudney

officiated; there is also a chapel belonging to the Bible Christians.

Proceeding down Bedminster parade, we pass on our right the new Police station; the Bedminster branch of the Bristol Free Libraries (opened in 1877); the Temperance hall; and on the left Philip street Baptist chapel. Soon afterwards we cross the invisible Brightnee, or Brightbow bridge. Nothing now remains of the hospital for travellers and pilgrims, established in honour of St. Catherine about 1220. Noticeable is the very fine range of buildings in which Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills (Imperial Tobacco Company Limited), of Bristol "bird's-eye" fame, partially carry on their extensive business. On the other side of the road, at the corner of Mill lane, is the Ford Memorial hall, erected in memory of James Ford, who for many years was the leader of the Conservative party in Bristol. The hall will accommodate 500 people, and there is a club attached. The buildings, which were opened in 1892, cost about £5,500.

Through a region redolent of tan and coal-dust we press onwards, passing Essex street Primitive Methodist chapel upon our right, Bedminster Y.M.C.A. on the left, Victoria park and Windmill hill Congregational church at some distance off on the hill upon the left, and nearer to the road the parish church of **St. John the Baptist, Bedminster**, erected on the site of an earlier church. It is handsome and roomy, and has some good stone carvings by J. Norton in the tympanum, pulpit, and reredos; the latter contains the story of the birth, crucifixion, and ascent of our Lord, effectively treated. The east window, and one in the north aisle, are good specimens of O'Connor's work; several others in the church are by Hardman. The vicar of Bedminster can trace his succession back further than anyone else in Bristol; indeed, his office existed in the days of the Conqueror. The three parish churches of St. Mary Redcliff, St. Thomas the Martyr, and Abbot's Leigh were, till 1852, chapels of Bedminster.

At the end of East street stand the East Street Baptist chapel, the Bedminster depôt of the Tramways Company, a large modern factory of Messrs. E. S. and A. Robinson Limited, the National schools and the St. John's House of Charity; behind these are the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, Hebron Methodist Free church, and the British schools. West street runs on the left, and leads to Bedminster down and



St. John's Church, Bedminster.

Dundry. Passing Sheene lane, which leads to the Bedminster burying-ground of St. John's and the Volunteer Rifle ranges, and also to Knowle, there is a little Primitive Methodist chapel at the corner of the lane. Close to the London inn is the **Bedminster Townhall**, erected in 1891; the room is adapted for seating about 750 on the ground floor and 450 in the gallery, besides standing room for about 350 more. Nearly £6,000 were expended in the erection of these premises. We turn upon the right in front of the London inn, but instead of continuing our route onwards through North street, which would lead us to Ashton park, Ashton gate (Bristol City) Football ground and Long Ashton, we now return by a nearly parallel course to that by which we came, through Dean lane, past a colliery, the new schools belonging to St. Paul's church, and Alpha road to the New Cut, gaining by the tunnel under **St. Paul's Church** the ferry, where for one halfpenny we cross the river in a boat, exactly opposite what was formerly the gaol. Casting one look (neither a longing nor a lingering one) at its gloomy gateway, we turn to the right, skirting Bathurst basin (the upper entrance into the harbour) and over the balance-bridge of the Harbour railway (which is so nicely adjusted that it can be tilted in thirty seconds to allow a ship to pass through the entrance which it spans) we step on to the eastern quay, under the wing of the Bristol General Hospital.

Instead of ascending Guinea street, we cross the railway to the left, and close by the ferry to Queen square we ascend the steps on the right to Redcliff parade, whence we get a comprehensive view of the eastern branch of the Floating harbour. Below us is the Midland Railway wharf. As we leave the parade we note the Redcliff Endowed schools. We emerge on Redcliff hill under the shadow of the magnificent tower, and facing the ever beautiful north porch. We cross the hill, curving round the north side of the church, through Phippen street to Pile and Thomas street. At the junction with Pile street stood the school of which Chatterton's father was, ere his son's birth, whilom master, and in which the marvellous boy picked up the rudiments. Behind the schoolhouse he was born.

Facing Thomas street, within the railings that enclose the church, but not upon *consecrated* ground, stands the mean **Chatterton Monument** erected to the memory of this



"The Death of Chatterton" (In National Gallery).

extraordinary youth. The bitter pen of the satirist wrote —

“ Oh, ill-starred youth ! how luckless was thy birth,
Where never friend was found to foster worth.

* * * * *

To thee the posthumous applause they poured ;
When living starved thee, and when dead adored.”

A more mendacious libel was never written. London starved Chatterton, not Bristol. His patrons here may have been pedantic and ignorant of the value of the gems which the Colston's blue-coat school boy brought to them as “findings,” but they seem honestly to have *paid in cash* what they thought was their worth. London recognised his genius, but *paid him with promises*, and left him in the agony of hunger to die a suicide. Lovell, the author of the above lines, was the brother-in-law of Southey and Coleridge, both of whom were, when unknown, introduced to the public, and were treated most liberally by Cottle, a Bristol publisher. (Both Southey and Coleridge, who married sisters, were married at St. Mary Redcliff—Samuel Taylor Coleridge on October 4th, 1795, and Robert Southey on November 14th, 1795.)

The monument, which is in the Perpendicular style, with a representation of a Colston school boy for a finial, originally stood under the north porch, a most appropriate site. Bigotry removed it from consecrated to unconsecrated ground, and expunged the inscription, which, perhaps, was as well. Of Chatterton, as of Wren, it may be appropriately said, *Lector si monumentum quaeris circumspice*.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of *The Sphere* for permission to republish the picture of “**The Death of Chatterton**,” by Henry Wallis. Accompanying the picture was the following short notice:—

“This picture, painted by Henry Wallis, and bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. Charles G. Clement, tells the sad story of the ‘marvellous boy,’ Thomas Chatterton. Born in Bristol on November 20, 1752, he published verses at the age of ten. In 1762 he gave the world a curious antique poem which he said he had copied from Canynge's Coffin in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe. Bristol was astonished one morning by reading in a local newspaper a description of a mayoral ceremony in 1242 which was said to have been copied from an old manuscript. After hacking with an attorney he came to London in April, lodging first in Shoreditch and then in Holborn. His pen was tireless. He turned out poem after poem, and worked

at fever heat. The summer passed, and Chatterton grew poorer and poorer in his garret off Holborn, and at last on August 24, six months after his arrival in town, he was found dead in his bed with an empty phial of arsenic still grasped in his hand. They laid him to rest in the burial-ground of Shoe Lane Workhouse, while his poems, supposed to have been written by Thomas Rowley and others in the 15th century, began to appear after his death, and for eighty years the critics fought many a battle over his 'literary remains.' Many poems and several plays have been written about Chatterton, who is certainly entitled to a place among the immortals. Professor Masson has written a 'Life of Chatterton.'"

We now turn to the left down Thomas street, passing upon our right hand Price's noted Bristol potteries. In the Seven Stars inn, in Thomas lane, the celebrated Thomas Clarkson got much important evidence which he used for the overthrow of the slave trade. This lane is between the Wool hall and **St. Thomas's Church.**

The present church of St. Thomas was opened in 1793, on the site of an older church, said to have been conspicuous for its beauty, and to have ranked second only to St. Mary Redcliff for spaciousness and elegance. The only portion of the ancient structure remaining is the tower, which was thoroughly restored in 1896. Over the Grecian altar-piece is a large picture of the incredulity of St. Thomas, which has been much admired; it was painted by the late John King. Some members of the Canynges family were interred in the older building, and Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania, was baptised there. Handel is said to have frequently played on its organ and to have composed parts of some of his oratorios there.

We are now at the junction with Victoria street; before us is Bristol bridge, and through the High street we wend our way to the Council house. So ends our third walk; distance, two and a quarter miles.

WALK No. 4.

Victoria Street, Temple and Temple Meads, Hillsbridge Parade,
Totterdown, Arno's Yale Cemetery, St. Anne's, Brislington,
the Cattle Market, and Factories of St. Philip's.

"BEYOND the bridge a second city grows,
And thousand scenes of wealth and beauty shows ;
There lies the spacious street* where London wares
Display the tawdry pageantry of fairs ;
Temptations offer'd to the virgins there
To choose a marriage dress of modish air.

Observe the flippant sparks in smartness nurs'd,
With *Fleet street* style and *Ludgate* language versed,
O'er glossy silks, in glossy words explain,
And, like the tongue-paid lawyers, talk for gain.

As here the showy toys the eye delight,
Next Nature's pride presents a finer sight,
Lo ! Florio's happy spot† in verdant dress,
Trees, modell'd forms, and flowery sweets express ;
Methinks I feel the jasmine and the rose
A fragrant breath in rich perfume disclose ;
The orange plant indulged with warmest rays,
High-flavoured scents and golden fruit displays :
Here pruning art redundant beauty crops,
And shapes the spiral yews in conic tops,
Whilst silver hollies wider compass spread,
And guard, with native spears, a globlar head."

1712.

W. GOLDWIN, M.A.,
Master of the Grammar School, Bristol.

N.B.—Nothing is left of the above description save the "high-flavoured scents."
PRINTER'S IMP.

MERRILY we trot again down High street and over the bridge ; but now we keep straight on through that magnificent entrance to the city, **Victoria Street**. Critics may carp at the street's winding curve, and also at the great diversity of its styles of architecture. We beg to differ : with Hogarth, we look upon the serpentine waving line as the line of beauty and of grace. Uniformity of style, however good, would pall upon the eye

* Temple street.

† Avon street, Great gardens, &c.

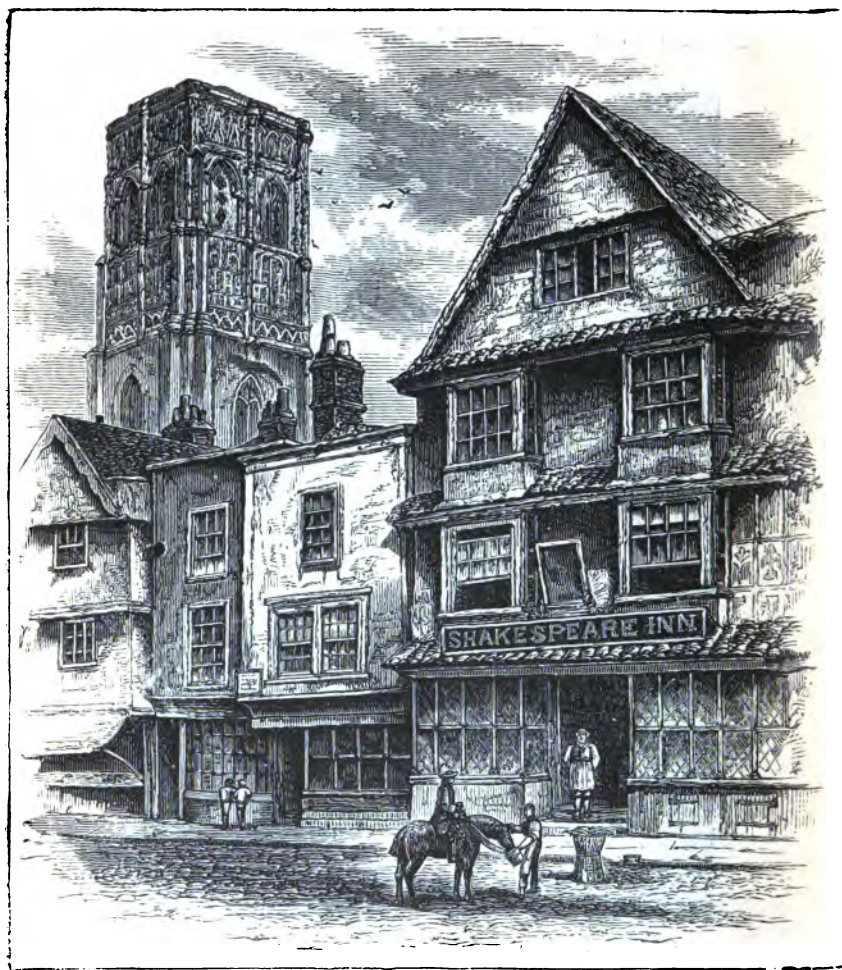
and become wearisome ere one got a third of its length, driving us perchance into narrow alleys for a change of scene.

Perhaps no street in the kingdom can show such a variety



Entrance to Mary-le-port Street, from High Street (18th century).

of styles and architectural novelties. That they should all be in perfect or even in good taste is too much to expect; but, like the fair sex, which embraces some to suit every fancy, so



Temple Church from Victoria Street ("Shakespeare" Inn).

this street may offer specimens adapted to every business, and become a sort of seminary to embryo architects. These thoughts have brought us to old father **Neptune**, who, after skulking about in all sorts of corners for many years, emerged in 1872 with his dolphin and trident all radiant in colour, and took up a new and final post in his native parish with his "face to the foe." According to a tradition fabricated early in the last century, this figure was the gift of a patriotic plumber of Temple, who cast and erected it in thankfulness for the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, when—

"Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down."

This fiction is now perpetuated by an inscription on the pedestal. As a matter of fact, the figure was erected in 1723, when Temple conduit was rebuilt.

This statue stands in the centre of Old Temple street, which here intersects the new street.

Immediately opposite on the left is the entrance to **Temple Church**.

"The Temple church of Holy cross,
Founded by Templar Knights who glowed
In chivalric crusades where loss
Of life was held the soul's salvation,
And butchering Turks regeneration.
This Temple tower, like Pisa's own,
Doth lean, and bend, and seem to fall;
It swings to its own chimes' loud tone,
And the wind rocks its mouldering wall."

The first erection is ascribed to the Knights Templars, who had a manor here in the reign of Stephen, about 1145; it was small, and is alleged (though on doubtful authority) to have been circular. The present edifice, with the lower portion of the tower, dates from about 1385 to 1400. In 1387 a hermit on Brandon hill bequeathed money to carry on the work. The upper stage of the tower, which is built to counteract the leaning over of the previous structure, was finished in 1460. The tower is now 4 feet out of the perpendicular. In the gap made by its falling away from the church, Ortelius, in the 16th century, put a stone the size of an egg, which was crushed to pieces by the vibration of the tower whilst the bells were being rung. The popular notion is "that it was built upon woolpacks." This arises from the fact that nearly all the eminent men in the parish at the date of its erection were connected with the wool trade. At the extremity of the north aisle is the Weavers' chapel, granted in the reign of Edward I., 1299, to the Company of Weavers for ever. A side-door from this, leading to the high altar of the church, was recently unplastered. It

was through this door that Richard Sharp, a weaver (who had previously recanted through fear of death), issued in April, 1557, and denounced the Mass as an idol before all the congregation, for which he was burned to death on the site of the present Highbury chapel. Four of the martyrs who in Bristol suffered for their faith during Mary's reign are said to have belonged to Temple parish.

There are sundry brasses in the floor worth inspecting, also a unique and exquisitely wrought candelabrum of brass, of very ancient workmanship. Great excitement hung round the church in 1788, when the vicar and seven godly men met to pray the devil out of George Lukins, a professed demoniac. The church was in 1873 carefully and judiciously restored. Its dimensions are: Length, 159 feet; width, 59 feet; centre aisle, 50 feet; tower, 114 feet. John Wesley preached in it, and Edward Colston was baptised therein. When Charles Wesley was refused access to the Communion table in this church, he forthwith repaired to Kingwood, and himself administered the Sacrament to the rugged colliers who had joined the Methodist Society.

The upper part of Temple street still contains some quaint specimens of the gabled overhanging architecture of the 16th century. On the right hand, half-way up this section of the ancient street, is the long parallelogram of White's almshouses.

Near here once stood a famous old tavern, the Rose. In a large room behind it, the "Stone kitchen," the *bon vivants* of a past generation used to meet on certain nights in each week to a tripe and beefsteak supper, washed down by port wine and punch *ad libitum*. The following extract is an exaggerated account of actual facts:—

Hither came at the beginning of the last century, drawn by its notoriety as a "wet house," Charles, Duke of Norfolk, one of the biggest of men, and the best bottle-holder of the day, i.e. he could drink and carry off more liquor than any living man. A few of the best-seasoned toppers of Bristol awaited his coming. The steak was peerless, the tripe savoury; and these being the regular were also the only edibles provided for the "potative duke." His Grace was delighted. He ate like an Ajax, and drank with twenty-aldermanic power till all his *confrères* were under the table. Sallying forth by the side-door in the morning, all unwashed after his symposium, his corpulence caught in the fish-wife's oyster-stall and upset it. The choleric old woman—who for many years had sold at the door of the Rose "natives" for sauce in the kitchen—could do a little Billingsgate, and his Grace's obese corporation caught it in the vernacular. Nevertheless, the Duke posted away up to the house of Mr. Matthew Wright in Park row, and found the merchant at breakfast. "How many pipes of that port have you?" "What port?" "Such as I had in the 'Stone kitchen.'" "So many." "I will take them all." "How dost thou propose to pay for them, and what is thy name?" said Wright, looking over from top to toe the huge, ungainly, filthy, and far from sober mountain of

flesh. "I mean to pay cash, and my name is Charles Howard, commonly called the Duke of Norfolk." Need we say the port was sent in? His Grace hated water externally almost as much as he did internally. He never washed himself or put on a clean shirt; but when he was dead drunk his servant used to strip him and perform on his body the necessary ablutions, at the same time changing his linen. "Under the rose" is a proverb of secrecy. Bird, the artist, painted the flower upon the ceiling of the room in which the carouses used to take place.

Temple street fair, celebrated in the poem at the head of this chapter, was the fashion-setter for Bristol 250 years ago; and later than that by 50 years all the dark purlieus down upon the left, into which Cart lane, Church lane, and Avon street lead, were laid out as beautiful nursery gardens, having originally been the gardens and grounds of the Augustine Friars.

On our right hand is the Counterslip Baptist chapel; the brick building with the playground upon our left is the Temple Colston school; before us on the opposite side stand the Roman Catholic schools and church of the Holy Cross. At the lower end of Temple street, where the street joined Temple mead, stood until 1808 Temple gate, outside of which site are two old hostelries, the George and the Saracen's head.

Passing under the Harbour railway viaduct, we are immediately in front of **Temple Meads Station**, the terminus of the Great Western and Midland Railways. The railway station, which was rebuilt to its present dimensions in 1875, is a handsome edifice, erected from the designs of Mr. F. Fox, then engineer to the Bristol and Exeter Railway Company. The station gives an arched covering to each of the main lines. Its covered length is over 2,000 feet. The original cost of the station, which is in a late Gothic style, was over £200,000, including the main shed roof. The convenient refreshment-stalls and dining-rooms, waiting-rooms and accessories, are handsomely and comfortably fitted. When this station was first erected it was considered in every way commodious; but enormously increased traffic caused very great inconvenience. Recently a loop line was opened for the carriage of goods, and one or two other improvements effected, by which means the congestion of traffic was partially remedied, but calls for a larger station are still to be heard.

Before us is the New cut; the road on the right hand, known as Hillsbridge parade, leads to the Baths, Bedminster

bridge, Bristol General Hospital, and Cumberland basin. At No. 13 Hillsbridge parade Wm. Müller, artist, was born on June 28th, 1812. We cross **Bath Bridge**. Here upon the left are the oil and colour works of Messrs. Hare & Co.; then on both sides of the way the goods sheds of the Great Western Railway Company, next to which upon the left are the extensive repairing works of the same company. Pylle hill rises now upon the right hand. Here are the Pylle hill goods depôt and provision stores of the Great Western Railway Company. This was formerly the site of an extensive receptacle for French prisoners of war. Coming to the junction of the Bath and Wells roads, we take the right up the hill through the rapidly-growing suburb of Totterdown. At the Bush hotel we continue on towards Knowle, passing Totterdown Y.M.C.A. and Bushy park Wesleyan Methodist church on our right, and Holy Nativity church on our left; and on reaching Sydenham road we turn upon the left, close to the new Baptist chapel, and soon find ourselves at the upper entrance to the really beautiful **Arno's Vale Cemetery**. An hour or two may be well and profitably spent in this spot, in which lie sleeping the ashes of Bristol's dearest and best—"not lost, but gone before."

" Oh, let me lie in a quiet spot, with the green turf o'er my head,
Far from the city's busy hum, the worldling's heavy tread;
Where the free winds blow, and the branches wave, and the song-birds
sweetly sing,
Till every mourner here exclaims, 'O Death, where is thy sting?'
Where, in nothing that blooms around, about, the living e'er can see
That the grave that covers my earthly frame has won a victory;
Where bright flowers bloom through the summer-time, to tell how all
was given
To fade away from the eyes of men and live again in heaven."

CARPENTER.

Amongst the variety of monuments take notice of at least two—Robert Hall's and Rajah Rammohun Roy's. In Chatterton's day Arno's Vale was the site of a public-house.

" The cits walked out to Arno's dusty vale
To take a smack at politics or ale."

As we emerge from the Cemetery we see before us the Lich gate of the small new **Cemetery of St. Mary Redcliff**. Beyond which, across the meadow to the right, rises **Arno's Castle**, the singular structure that Horace Walpole, in derision,



Gate at Arno's Vale Castle (showing two of the figures removed in 1898).

named "The Devil's Cathedral," from its material, copper slag, and its nondescript architecture. When an old gateway at Newgate was taken down in 1766 part of it was removed to this hybrid building. The inner face of the entrance gate contained the statues of Godfrey, Bishop of Coutances, and Robert, Consul of Gloucester; in the outer face were niched two statues taken from Lawford's gate, demolished in 1769.



Cottage in St. Anne's Wood.

These statues were removed in 1898, and will ultimately be preserved in the Bristol Art Gallery. On the Brislington side of the Cemetery, the Roman Catholics have their quiet resting-place, and beyond this is their convent and reformatory for girls and the Bristol Tramways Company's Brislington depôt. About one mile from hence across the fields to the left is the beautiful little **wood of St. Anne's**, which once contained a chapel

and a shrine, to which England's monarchs have made pilgrimages. A site, 16 acres in extent, including the southern portion of St. Anne's wood, which adjoins Newbridge road, and is close to the St. Anne's Park railway station, has been laid out as a nature study garden in connection with Bristol University College. About half a mile on the Bath road, down in the vale, is the picturesque village of **Brislington**, in whose church may be seen a tombstone which states that Thomas Newman, who lies there, died at the age of 153 years. Some people maintain that the stone *lies* there, and the first figure was doubtless an interpolation.

Now, like Prince Charlie after reaching Derby, "'tis time to get back again," so we turn to the left and via Brislington crescent pass several mineral oil stores on the river bank and reach the Blue Bowl at Totterdown, the spot where the first groan of the Bristol mob reached the ear of the startled Sir Charles Wetherell, upon the morning of the memorable 29th October, 1831. We retrace our outward course as far as over Bath bridge, which is the second erection, the first having been knocked down by the *John* on the 20th March, 1855. The said *John* was an empty steam-coal barge which, being recklessly steered against one of the bridge piers, caused the whole structure to collapse; two lives were lost.

Over the bridge we turn to the right, pass under the railway, and are abreast of the **Cattle Market**, opened in 1830. Originally this market would accommodate 8,000 head of stock; it has since been enlarged by arrangement with and at a cost to the joint railway companies of £15,000. We now pass over Totterdown lock, and ere we turn to cross the bridge over the Feeder cast a glimpse along its banks. On the left are the Marsh Soap Works, the Galvanised Iron Works, the Great Western Cotton Works, the United Alkali Works, &c. Upon the right are St. Silas's church and schools, St. Philip's Marsh public pleasure ground, Evans and Co.'s Avonside Tannery, &c., whilst between it and the river are the Bristol Corporation's Avonbank Electricity Works, the Avon Manure Works, the Petroleum Magazine, &c.

Over the Marsh bridge we run the gauntlet of all kinds of pungent smells from the factories of St. Philip's; this is the veritable hive where the working bees of Bristol have for ages gathered their honey. We can but name a few as we pass down through Avon street and Cheese lane. The Gas Works, Midland

Railway Co.'s Avonside goods sheds and wharf, Powell and Ricketts' Glass Works, Christopher Thomas and Brothers' Soap Works, Bristol Distillery, Sheldon, Bush and Co.'s Patent Shot and Lead Works, &c.

At the end of Cheese lane we turn to the left, leaving **St. Philip's Church** and schools upon our right. After crossing St. Philip's bridge, let us turn to the left down Temple backs, and glance at the Corporation Electric Lighting Station. As far back as 1883, the first committee to consider the lighting of Bristol by electricity was formed; but the important step was not taken until 1891, when the Council determined to spend over £66.000 on the new system of lighting. It so happened that the Corporation owned a suitable site on Temple backs, and this was determined upon as the place for the Central Station. Retracing our steps into Bath street, there will be noticed on the right an immense stone building, on the site of which was formerly the largest sugar refinery in England. It is the very fine Electric Power Station where is generated the electricity needed for the Bristol Tramways Company. Continuing to the end of Bath street, we turn to the right over the river by Bristol bridge, via High street, to the Cross.

“The Cross Bristolians call it still,
Though the geese gave away or sold
Their ancient cross, which on that hill
Once stood, more precious far than gold.”

Distance, three miles and three-quarters.

WALK No. 5.


**Mary-le-Port Street, Castle Street, Castle Ditch and Castle Green,
Old Market Street, Trinity Church, Lawford's Gate Prison,
Traitor's Bridge, Milk Street, St. James's Church, The
Bridewell, &c.**

“BEHIND this tower, whose ancient stones
Now form the mass of Castle street,
Where people tread on dead men's bones
With careless and unconscious feet.

* * * *

Rose strong walls of the fort,
That flank'd the Weir or Castle ditch ;
Those palace halls, whose stones are seen
In fragments still in Castle green.
That moat, whose walls still circle round
The compass of the Castle ground,
Whose bridge still stands in that most mean street,
Ennobled by the name of Queen street.”

BARHAM.

E turn to-day out of High street, upon the left, through the narrow thoroughfare of **Mary-le-port Street**, which represents the normal aspect of the chief thoroughfares of Bristol in the 15th century. Crowded within the narrow confines of the city walls, with houses chiefly built of framed timber, the only way in which the citizens could increase their needed accommodation was by building upwards and outwards, overhanging the street until the upper stories of opposite houses approached so closely to each other that the denizens of the attics could shake hands from their casements. Above these, yet higher, shot up the flat-roof towers, forcing their way heavenwards in such numbers as to make the old city appear as if it had through overcrowding run to seed.

At the higher end of Mary-le-port street a little modicum of light might, and we suppose did, struggle down to the pavement, where the sun's direct rays for centuries never could pierce, until some years ago, when fire widened the entrance from High street. There are still some fine old specimens of

gabled architecture left in this quaint old roadway. The fronts of Nos. 38 and 40 still bear their original cement armorial bearings, the Guild of the Brewers' Company, blazoned in heraldic colours. In an avenue upon the right is an entrance to the **Church of St. Mary-le-port**: close by it in a past age stood an old mooring-post, to which Oliver Cromwell is alleged to have fastened his barge; but inasmuch as the church stands sixty yards from the water, and upon the summit of an ascent some fifty feet above high water (the highest ground in the ancient city), the length of the rope that must be given to fasten the said barge will just serve to hang another mythical Cromwellian legend. The post was a last remnant of the market held round "St. Mary de Foro" (or the market so called).

This church was founded about the latter end of the 12th century; William, the good Earl of Gloucester, granted it in 1170 to the canons of Keynsham priory. During the restoration in 1877 a Decorated crucifix was discovered in the wall over the site of a south door. The present building is of 15th-century work, and contains nothing notable save a fine lectern of brass in the shape of an eagle, weighing 692 lb., which once belonged to the Cathedral, being a gift to it in 1683. After standing therein for 119 years, it was sold for £27 (just about 9½d. per pound) by Dean Layard. The purchaser, Mr. Ady, gave it to this church for ever, as may be seen by the inscription. Later dignitaries in College green made, at sundry times, overtures to recover their lost bird, but in vain. "They could not put salt upon his tail," so were left to the consolation of the old proverb that

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

At the end of Mary-le-port street we enter upon the cross line of Dolphin street, once the "defence lane" where in 1313 the burgesses built a wall to defend themselves from the attacking forces of the castle. In a recessed corner in Peter street stood until recently St. Peter's pump. Anciently its position was under a castelletto, dedicated to St. Edith, in the centre of the four ways. This choice bit of old Bristol was given away by the authorities in 1766 to Mr. Henry Hoare, who acquired the High cross about the same time, and was re-erected by him at Stourhead. The picturesque gabled mansion on the right, behind **St. Peter's Church** (for a description of which see "Walks for the Archæologist"), with its bold brackets and arabesque barge-boards was for a short time a royal Mint; it is now **St. Peter's Hospital**, wherein the meetings of the Bristol Board of Guardians are held. The fine old 15th-century chamber which was used for Board meetings from 1698—1901



was in the latter year vacated in favour of a newly-erected and larger room. The house is one of the most perfect specimens of domestic architecture in the West of England.

Originally built by John Norton in the 14th century, this house afterwards became the abode of several notabilities. In the 15th century another Norton—

“ Thomas Norton of Brisétowe,
A perfect master ye may him trowe.”

* * * *

“ I made the elixir of life
Which me bereft a merchante’s wife.
The quintessence I made alsoe,
With other secrets many moe,
Which sinful people took me froe.”

This man was an alchemist, and the most skilful of his age. In 1478 he accused the mayor, Spencer, of high treason. Stalking into the Council chamber, Norton threw down his glove and delivered a challenge in writing, inviting the mayor to personal combat; or “if for exiguity of his wretched body he was fearful,” then he, Norton, would fight his proxy, &c. As a Norton of this age was the master-mason or architect of Redcliff church, it is possible that he and the alchemist were one and the same person; hence the connection with Canynges.

Robert Aldworth rebuilt the western portion from the first three gables in about 1608, and turned the building into a sugar refinery, one of the first in Bristol. Then, in William III.’s time, it became a mint; £455,628 14s. were coined in it in the seventh and eighth years of his reign. Becoming next, in 1698, a workhouse for the poor, it must have been a very paradise for Bumbledom. Amongst the pleasant instruments for recreation were two blocks with iron chains for the disorderly, a whipping post and a pair of stocks, with dungeons dank, dark, and damp. On the south side of St. Peter’s church, facing the hospital, is a monument to the poet Savage, who, when driven by his dissolute habits from the *beau monde* of London, sought shelter in the west. Having worn out his welcome at the tables of the city magnates, whom he first spunged upon and then satirised, he died in Bristol gaol of fever, and was buried at the expense of Mr. Dagge, its keeper.

Bristol Castle. Castles were the inevitable outcome of feudalism. Bristol had one from the Conquest. Robert, the great Earl of Gloucester, rebuilt this, and

“ Rered here a castle with a nobel toure,
That of all towers in England is said to be the floure.”

The walls ran round from Peter street by the Castle ditch, crossing Old Market street, down Tower hill, and then bent



Caryatides at the Mint.

round, intersecting Queen street just where the opening of the deep, dark moat is still to be seen. Its area was six acres or thereabouts. Its great tower stood near the east end of Narrow Wine street, where the well was discovered a few years ago. It measured 60 feet by 45 feet, and the thickness of the walls at its base was about 20 feet. In appearance and impregnability against the weapons of that age it ranked only second to the Tower of London and the Castle at Colchester. Not one relic of this, and but a few fragments only of the other buildings, remain; the entrance to the state apartments in Tower street, and a few arches, &c., in cellars, are all that can be verified. On the site of its northern wall stand the Dispensary (an admirable institution supported by voluntary contributions) and Castle green Congregational church. We turn from the green upon the right, then once again to the left into the broad expanse of Old Market street from the precincts of the castle, thinking as we walk of the prisoners who wept within the weary walls. The riotous Curthose, who attempted, when but a cub, to rend half the prey from his sire, who pawned his dukedom to crusade against the infidels, who might have been "an he wold, kyng of the holy londe," who was robbed of his birthright by his own brother, was kept here "in free custody with plenty of jollities and dainty dinners" until he was remitted to Cardiff. King Stephen, with the yellow mane, raged like a caged lion for months behind its loopholes. The fair maid of Brittany, snapt up on her way to her bridal, many a time and oft from its tower looked out, but in vain, for the coming of her Llewellyn. Edward II. fled from it one early morn in the year before his fatal visit to Berkeley. Here (not at the High Cross, Walsingham says) Hugh Despencer, that old man of ninety, was hung up in his armour, his body cut up and given to the dogs. From its gateway issued an ill-fated trio in the last days of the reign of Richard II., and Shakespeare makes *Aumerle* ask the question—

"Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?"

Scroop: "Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads."

Here grave Puritans turned the hour-glass twice in a sermon; here rollicking Prince Rupert may have trolled out many a merry catch; and here—or rather outside, down under its walls—rode, dressed in hodden grey, the future Charles II.,

after the Battle of Worcester, on his way to Leigh court. Behind him on a pillion was Miss Lane, his ostensible mistress, and this was the last sight he had of the royal building; for while "Charlie was over the water" Oliver Cromwell demolished the castle.

The unusually wide street that we next reach was anciently the market place of the castle and "barton" of the king, distinct from the markets of the townsmen, and is hence named **Old Market Street**. The spot where we enter it is the station of the electric tramway for Fishponds, Staple Hill, St. George, Hanham and Kingswood, the now populous districts over which in olden time and down to the days of the Commonwealth hundreds of wild deer roamed over the royal chase of Kingswood. About fifty yards up the street, on the right-hand side of the road, is the open colonnade of the Stag and Hounds, where for centuries was holden the **Pie Poudre** (or dusty foot) **Court**, in which judgment was given instanter, before the thief could bolt or the debtor abscond. This relic of an early age is now incorporated with the Tolzey Court. Technically, however, it still exists, and once a year a proclamation is made in the Old Market declaring the court open, and all business is at once adjourned to the Tolzey. On the left side of the thoroughfare is the **Empire Palace of Varieties**, commenced in 1892, and on the opposite side is the hall belonging to the Ancient Order of Shepherds. The Wesleyan chapel, though invisible, is upon the left of the street, so also are Stevens's almshouses. It was in Redcross street, which runs parallel with Old Market street on the left, that Sir Thomas Lawrence, the famous painter, was born. The chapel on the right, by the corner of the Batch (or Midland road), the handsome red-brick quadrangle, and the queer old parallelogram opposite are all portions of Trinity hospital, founded by John Barstaple.

The Batch is upon the right, down which is the main access to St. Philip's; as we enter on the left, within little more than a furlong we have the **Midland Railway Station** (for Bath, &c.), the Goods station, Emmanuel church, Kingsland Congregational church, and the Shaftesbury hall and institute; and upon our right Unity street chapel, belonging to the Plymouth Brethren, and Orchard street Primitive Methodist chapel. The old Bull Paunch lane opposite Midland road, to the left of Old Market street, is now converted into a fine new street, down which in the old Bull-ring stands the church of



The Pie Poudre Court, Old Market Street.

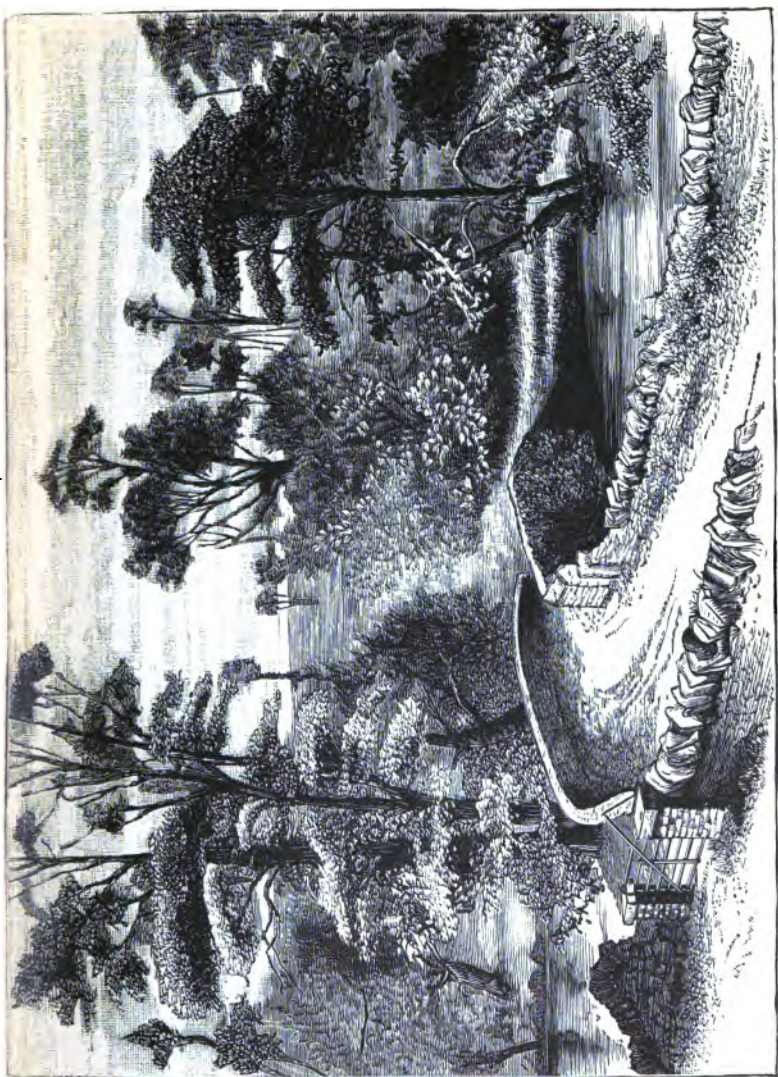
St. Jude; at the bottom of the street is the new Mission hall and the Friends' Infant schools. Here at this crossways stood Lawford's gate. Continuing down West street, the next turn upon the left is the notorious Gloucester lane, and just before it stood until recently the old hostelry of the Lamb, famous for the witchcrafts of Malchi, who was said to be the "familiar" of Molly and Dobby Giles in the year 1761. Naylor slept in this inn on his visit to Bristol in 1656.

The road on the right of **Trinity Church**, which stands in front of us at the end of West street, bifurcates at a short distance, the right-hand branch leading to Lawrence hill, St. George, Kingswood, Hanham, Bath, &c.; the left hand to Easton, &c. We, however, leave it, turning upon the left, having Trinity church and the new St. Philip's branch of the Bristol Public Libraries on the right, and the Hannah More schoolrooms and the Police station upon our left. At the bottom of this short piece of road we could follow on the right the road to Stapleton Union workhouse (used a hundred years ago as a French prison); passing the Congregational church and schools and the new Kensington Baptist chapel and schools, and so on also to the Barton Regis Union workhouse, Greenbank cemetery, Eastville park, Fishponds branch Public Library, Fishponds Training college, Lunatic asylum, &c. A pleasant walk may be taken from here in the summer up through Stapleton road; after crossing Stapleton bridge we may follow the course of the Frome through Stapleton glen to Frenchay, passing some delightful bits of scenery. We turn, however, to the left between **Lawford's Gate County Prison** (one of those burned by the rioters in 1831, and now surrounded by a pleasure ground) and the Roman Catholic chapel and schools of St. Nicholas. These latter stand at the junction with Pennywell road, a short distance down which are new parochial buildings. We pass on, and, taking the next street on the right (Wade street, in which is St. Jude's National school and the new Municipal Common lodging-house), cross Wade's (or Traitor's) bridge. Upon our left is the Weir, the bank of the river Frome; here are situated the Public baths and washhouses and the church and schools of St. Matthias.

Continuing our course down Houlton street, we pass on our left some vinegar works, and note on the right the church and schoolroom of St. Clement's; before us we see Gideon Congregational church. Some short distance along the road

is the church and institute of St. Agnes. These handsome buildings are the outcome of a mission started by the boys and masters of Clifton college. However, that is not our way, for we turn to the left through Newfoundland street into Milk street: we have Portland, Brunswick, and St James's squares, and the Milk street Free Methodist chapel upon the right, and Ridley's almshouses upon the left. We now cross Old King street and so into St. James's churchyard, with the Upper Arcade upon the right and the Lower upon the left hand. **St. James's Church**, on the right, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. James the Apostle, originally belonged to a Benedictine priory, and was built and consecrated in 1130, and a tower added in 1374. It is recorded that Robert, Earl of Gloucester, when building the castle, set aside every tenth stone to be employed in the original structure of the church. Some further particulars will be found under "Walks for the Archæologist." The road from Union street via Maudlin street and Perry road to Clifton here intersects, having taken with it the last of the old bulkheads upon which as counters our ancestors used to exhibit their goods under overhanging pent-houses and in front of windowless shops. Here the blue caps, the 'prentice boys of Bristol, arranged the wares, and stood before them crying out to the passers by—"What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack? Come buy! Here is the new herb from Chaney, only 5s. an ounce, and the foreign Bohee Thee, 50s. per pound! What d'ye lack, mistress? Oranges of Seville? Spices from the Indies? Come buy! Here, pretty sweethearts, are raisins of the sun cheap! cheap!" &c.

Down on our left tower the colossal premises of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, of world-wide renown as manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate; in front of us to the right, upon the site of **the Bridewell**, which was burned by the rioters in 1831, stand the warehouses and offices of the Messrs. H. H. & S. Budgett, descendants of the "successful merchant," and on our left the **Central Police Station and Magistrates' Offices**, built at an expense of about £31,000. Nelson street intersects—on the left of Broadmead, on the right to what was known before the harbour was covered over as the Stone (or St. Giles's) bridge. Before us curving round to the left is All Saints' street, leading to what is still known as the Pithay; we make as though we would enter it, but pass up abruptly on the right by a narrow passage, and then through the arch (now



From Glen.

threatened with demolition) in the ancient wall of the city, on the top of which once stood Dove tower; Bell lane to the right and Tower lane to the left, are portions of the ancient way behind the first city wall. Passing up John street we emerge into Broad street, turn to the left, pass the Grand hotel, formerly the White Lion, and lo! the Council house.

Distance of this walk, one mile and a half.

WALK No. 6.

Wine Street, Broadmead, Portland Square, Ashley Hill, Hook's Mill Orphan Asylum, Ashley Down Orphan Houses, Montpelier, Stokes Croft, Royal Infirmary, &c.



PILGRIM-LIKE, to-day we turn our faces to the east, and enter **Wine Street**, an ancient and venerable way, whose shops are palaces whence goods are sent to all parts of the globe.

In the centre of this street once stood Bristol's Corn Market, perched up on pillars like a rickety wheat-stack, yet holding the weekly supply for the city. Just in front of it was another relic of the "good" old days. A high circular building of stone, upon the top of which was a frame of timber beams—this was the *collistrigium* (the neck-stretcher) or pillory, in which for divers offences, but chiefly for perjury, the victim was stuck with his head and hands through holes in the boards, a cockshy for every urchin that could hunt up an addled egg, a rotten turnip, or, failing those delicacies, a handful of mud from the gutter. Even up to early in the 19th century placards were stuck up by the tradesmen on the morning of market days, "No pillory to-day," to disperse the nuisance arising from the congregated roughs. Robert Southey was born at No. 9 Wine street, and a plate on the outside of the house records the fact. The ball over the projecting clock is in communication with Greenwich, and it falls daily at one o'clock p.m. A street upon the right runs into quaint, narrow Mary-le-port street.

We turn at the end of Wine street upon the left and descend Union street, passing the steps that lead down into the old city fosse, now called Fairfax street, where you may yet see a few bits of the ancient wall. Fry's cocoa and chocolate factory, a gigantic building, towers grandly above us on our left. Upon our right is the Wholesale Meat market. At the bottom of the hill Broadmead intersects. We turn to the right, and upon the left hand is the entrance to **Broadmead Chapel**. This is one of the earliest dissenting places of worship in Bristol, being established by the Baptists in 1671. Ere the 17th century

ended its congregation was subjected to great persecution—so much so, that the women used to throng the narrow entry and sit about upon the stairs to prevent the constables rushing in to arrest the preacher. The present building was erected about 1690. The chapel is indelibly associated with that prince of preachers, Robert Hall. His was an age of pulpit giants—Hall, Foster, Ryland, Lowell, Thorp, Roberts, Estlin, Sydney Smith, &c.

Shortly after passing Broadmead chapel we come to the



Interior of First Wesleyan Chapel, Broadmead.

Lower arcade; adjoining this, down a passage, is the **Welsh Calvinistic Chapel**, sacred to Wesleyans all over the world as the earliest Methodist chapel. It was founded in 1739 by John Wesley, who added to it a small room for his own residence when in Bristol. Turn we now to the left at the end of Broadmead and enter Old King street; upon the left hand is the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, whilst the **Old King Street Baptist Chapel**, which claims to be the oldest Baptist place

of worship in Bristol, dominates the right. At Milk street corner, upon the right hand, are Ridley's almshouses and a chapel in connection with the United Methodist Free churches; the street upon the left is the Horsefair, leading to the ornamental space, once the part of St. James's churchyard in which the victims of the plague were buried. St. James's fine old church and the neat kirk of the Presbyterians are at the top of this space. We continue straight on through Barrs street into the Barton of St. James's; the **Young Men's Christian Association**, with its comfortable rooms, gymnasium and hall, in St. James's square, is accessible by the narrow avenue upon our right hand, passing which and All Saints' almshouses, we turn to the right through Cumberland street, and thence into Brunswick square, close by the Congregational chapel. Just beyond this is a quiet graveyard belonging to the Unitarians, in which Wm. Müller, artist, and John Latimer, Bristol's greatest historian, lie buried. Through Surrey street we enter Portland square, which we cross diagonally to the north-east, leaving its **Church of St. Paul**, with its peculiar tower, which can be seen from many parts of the city, upon the right. It was at 29 Portland square that Emma Jane Porter resided, the authoress of *The Scottish Chiefs*, which tradition avers was the pattern upon which the immortal Waverley Novels were based. At some thirty yards along Bishop street we turn down upon the left, finding ourselves at the bottom in Grosvenor road: this we follow until the road forks; we then take the left-hand branch and ascend Ashley hill.

Down in the meadows below, just behind the Orphan Asylum chapel, is Hook's mill, upon an affluent of the From. The beautiful **Church of St. Werburgh** which stood in Corn street has been re-erected here; it forms a charming feature in the valley. Not far from it are the new Gas works. The **Hook's Mill Orphan Asylum** for fifty girls, a Church of England institution, founded in 1795, is the next building. Passing up the hill, we cross the line of railway connecting the Great Western and Midland Companies with Redland, Clifton, and Avonmouth. Over on the hill to the right are the supposed terraces of a Roman villa, and close by these, in the valley between them and us, is the copious well that supplies the Quay pipe under the Tontine warehouses.

Here, on the top of the hill, healthily and pleasantly situated, are those marvellous instances of answered faith which rebuke

the scepticism of the present time, and belong not so much to Bristol as to the whole world.

Upon the left are Nos. 4 and 5, the two latest of these noble erections—the **new Orphan Houses**. No. 3 is upon our right; Nos. 1 and 2 come next upon the left. No. 1 being the most distant, and, in a sense, the parent institution, contains the stores, and also children of both sexes, infants included. The visiting day for this house is Wednesday at 2.30, 3.0., and 3.30 p.m.; but from November 1st to March 1st, 2.30 and 3.0 p.m. only. No. 2, for girls only, is open at the same hours on Tuesdays; No. 3 on Thursdays; and Nos. 4 and 5 on Fridays and Saturdays respectively. It takes about an hour and a half to go round one of the houses.

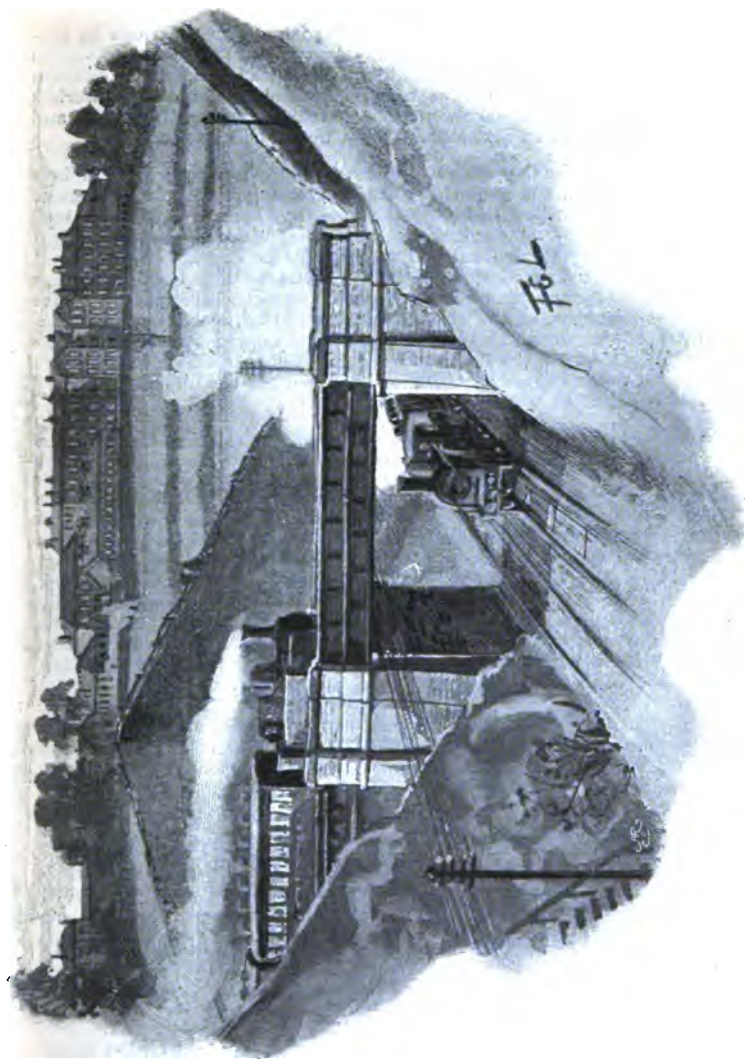
This beautiful and notable example of a Christian's child-like faith in his Heavenly Father began practically in the heart of Mr. George Müller in November, 1835. In April, 1836, a house in Wilson street was opened for female orphan children: within the year an orphanage was added for infants; this was followed in 1837 by one for boys; and in July, 1843, a fourth was opened. These were houses neither specially built for nor properly adapted to the use to which they were thus applied; nevertheless, the results were most encouraging, and the work progressed in a marked and marvellous manner without the slightest personal solicitation. God in His providence then opened up a new situation, and these, His little ones, were in June, 1849, removed to a home specially built for them upon the healthy height of Ashley down. Here 300 of both sexes, including infants, were domiciled. This house, with its appurtenances, cost about £14,000. Scarcely had they settled down when the increasing number of applicants, for whom there was no room, convinced Mr. Müller that the work was only begun. Another home was projected; God-sent, the funds came in, and No. 2, for female children, was built and opened in 1857.

But the cry was, "Still they come, these helpless little ones!" No. 3 was then erected and opened. These three houses will accommodate 1,150 children. Warm-hearted Christian people thought that the maximum results had now been attained.

Not so, however. The monition "Feed my lambs" was as powerful as ever; the applications were so enormously in excess of the falling vacancies, and the moneys sent so palpably pointed to further extension of the work, that more land was purchased, and No. 4 was opened in 1868 and No. 5 in 1870. These two houses combined will accommodate 900 children.

There is now accommodation for 2,050 children and 110 helpers. The conditions are simply that each child must be born in wedlock, be bereft of one or both parents, and be destitute.

Any person may make application on behalf of a child so situated. The children are kept in the home until the boys are fit to be apprenticed



Müller's Orphan Houses, from Ashley Hill.

and the girls for service, after which as soon as situations can be procured for them they leave. Care is taken to place them out in families who will watch over their religious welfare; and many dear children who would otherwise have been waifs and strays on the world's inhospitable shores have won their way to comfort in this world, and others to "the rest that remaineth," through this institution.

The situation of the Orphanage is pleasant and salubrious; the buildings are neat, solid, and somewhat alike, but are all destitute of ornament. The cost of the five, including the land, has been £115,000. In 1892 Mr. Müller said: "For fifty-eight years and nine months this institution has been carried on, and we have never appealed to man, but simply prayed to God. Without anyone having been personally applied to for anything by me, £848,588 3s. 6d. has been given to me for the orphans, as the result of prayer to God, since the commencement of the work. That sum includes the amount received for the building fund for the five houses." Besides this vast amount, there has been received nearly £50,000 in support of the Bible, missionary and tract funds.

Each child costs about £15 per annum, including salaries, &c., and the inmates average nearly 1,600 persons.

Since the foundation of the institution a million and a half sterling has been received in the form of voluntary contributions for the orphanages and the cognate agencies. There has been no organised staff of collectors, &c., no published list of annual subscribers' names, and not one single personal application. Faith has been sorely and often tried. Debt was never incurred, even when they rose in the morning literally penniless and without sufficient bread for the day. Yet God's little ones never hungered. He sent them day by day their bread, and *always in time*. There is no invested fund for future need. This, indeed, would be contrary to the living faith that has characterised the whole movement. The brethren believe that He to whom belong the treasures of the hills, the corn of the valleys, and the cattle of the plains, who has hitherto influenced His stewards in all parts of the globe to aid this work, will sustain it throughout the future. In Him they trust. To Him be all the glory!

We should advise those who can pay this institution but a passing visit to time it so that it shall fall on a Wednesday, when the old house, No. 1, which contains the store-rooms, bakery, &c., as well as boys, girls, and infants, is open for inspection. It is useless to seek admission at any other than the days and times above specified. Ere you leave remember Christ hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these *my brethren*, ye have done it unto me," and as you go down the hill lighter in pocket you will also grow lighter in heart.

Close to these houses is an entrance to the **Gloucestershire**

County Ground, which has been provided by the Gloucestershire County Ground Company Limited. It is one of the largest and finest grounds in the country, being 15 acres in extent; and, besides being used by the County club, there are several other cricket clubs which have pitches here. The grand stand is 91 feet in length. There is a refreshment room connected with it, and rooms are also provided for the various clubs. The pavilion, with a clock tower, presents a very handsome appearance, and the balcony is capable of holding 300 persons. Besides these buildings, there are scoring and reporting boxes. There is a cycling track one-third of a mile in length, which cost £1,000, and was constructed on the most approved principle, and cyclists therefore, as well as cricketers, benefit from the public spirit shown by those gentlemen who formed the company. The Bristol Rugby Football Club have their playing ground here, and parts of the ground are laid out for tennis courts; there is also an excellent bowling green. On the west side also is an entrance to the ground and a groundman's lodge, access being gained to this by taking the turning on the right by St. Michael and All Angels' church. To the south of the ground is St. Andrew's park, a prettily laid out pleasure-ground, about eleven acres in extent. At the top of St. Andrew's park is St. Bartholomew's church.

If you choose, as you return you may enter a field-path upon the right hand opposite to No. 3 house, which, in about half a mile, will bring you out upon a grassy hill, now nearly all built over, overlooking the railroad and facing Prior's hill. Here, until recently, were to be seen some of the earthworks of Fairfax's batteries from which he bombarded the fort upon Prior's hill in the siege of 1645. We continue down the hill by the way we came, cross the railway bridge, and then leave that route by the first road upon the right, through Fairfield road (passing Fairfield Road Municipal Secondary School), and York road, descending into Picton street, passing the church of St. Andrew's, Montpelier, two streets distant upon the right hand. Picton street leads into Stokes croft at the Seven-road junction under Nine Tree hill. Mr. Samuel Brodribb, Sir Henry Irving's father, lived and died at No. 1 Wellington place, Ashley road, also known as No. 1 Picton street, the corner house at the top of Picton street, and Sir Henry himself lived there in his youth. In Ashley road, almost facing Picton street, is the **Salvation Army Citadel**, the provincial headquarters at

Bristol, erected in 1896. In Ashley road, also, is situated the Voluntary Lock Hospital, and St. Barnabas' church. On the right hand side of Stokes croft, at the distance of about a furlong, at the foot of Arley hill, stands Arley Congregational church. Beyond this is the church of St. Nathaniel, also a new chapel belonging to the Wesleyans. In Cheltenham road is to be found the **Colston School for Girls**, built by the Merchant Venturers' Society, nearly opposite to which is a branch of the Bristol Public Free Libraries, excellently fitted up and arranged, which was opened by the Lord Mayor on February 13th, 1901.

The steep Nine Tree hill leads up to St. Matthew's church, Cotham; also to Cotham grove Baptist chapel and the fine old elm-arched Lovers' walk.

We keep down Stokes croft, bearing to the left in front of Perry and Turner's coach factory, until we reach an unsightly, barrack-looking building, the **Baptist College**, dating from 1679: judge not by outward appearances; it has done and is still doing good work for God and His word. In its valuable library are many fine editions of the Bible, some of them of great age, the most notable being a unique copy of Tyndale's first New Testament, 1526. The museum, among other curiosities, contains a miniature likeness on ivory of Oliver Cromwell; for which the Empress Catherine of Russia offered in vain 500 guineas. A site has now been secured in Tyndall's park, facing University college, to which in due course the Baptist college will be removed. Below the college, a building formerly used as a skating rink has been converted into a meeting-room for the Brethren in association with Bethesda; at the next corner stands City road Baptist chapel. We, however, bear to the right into Jamaica street, and pass through King square. Passing several immense boot and shoe factories, in Dighton street, at the intersection with Montague street, we see upon the right the convent of "Our Lady of Mercy," or the Home and School of the Little Sisters of Mercy, as the inmates are familiarly termed. In Charles street, running parallel on the left with Dighton street, is still to be seen the home of the world-famous hymn-writer, Charles Wesley, 500 of whose hymns are still in common use. One of the most popular—"Jesu, lover of my soul"—was inspired by the touching incident of a little bird flying for shelter into his bosom during a thunder-storm. At this house John Wesley often stayed on his numerous

So. cccij.

The Epistle off the Apostle Paul / to the Ro/ maynes.

The fyrst Chapter.



Paul the servaunte
off Iesus Christ / called
vnto the office off an apostle /
putt a parte to preache the gos-
pell of God / which he promys-
sed afore by his prophety / i the
holy scriptures that make men-
tion of his sone / the which was
begotten of the seede of David /
as pertaynyng to the fleshe /
and declared to be the sonne of God with power
of the holy goost / that sanctifieth / sence the tyme
that Iesus Christ oure lord rose agayne from
deeth / by whom we have receaved grace and as-
postleshippe / thatt all gentiles shulde obeye to
the fayth which is in his name / of the which nos-
umbre are ye also / which are Iesus Christes by
vocation.

To all you of Rome beloved of God / ad sanc-
tified by callinge. Grace be with you and peace
from God oure father / and from the lord Ie-
sus Christ.

Fyrst verely I thanke my god thorow Iesus
Christ for you all / because youre fayth is public-
ly shewed throughout all the worlde. For god is my
witness

*Facsimile of a page of Tyndale's Testament
in the Baptist College.*

visits to Bristol. The neighbourhood of King square was ever a favourite preaching haunt of his.

Down Whitson street on the left are the almshouses of St. James's. In Marlborough street stands the **Bristol Royal Infirmary**, instituted in 1735, one of the earliest asylums in the kingdom for the relief of suffering and the poor, and the first attempt (out of London) to support such an institution by voluntary contributions.

John Elbridge (Comptroller of Customs) was one of its chief founders. He devoted to its establishment the last two years of his life, and at his death left it £5,000. Altogether Mr. Elbridge bequeathed £58,000 to public charities in Bristol.

This amount had nearly fallen to his next of kin, for he kept his will by him for years unsigned, through a very common superstition "that signing one's will accelerates one's death." The fact was discovered so late that he was just past writing, and could execute it only by making his mark.

The present building was begun in 1781, the east wing in 1788, and the west wing in 1805. Two new wards were added in 1868 at the sole cost of the late T. W. Hill, besides which considerably increased room was obtained by raising the roof.

In later years two detached buildings have been erected for infectious cases arising in the house, and special wards have been erected for ophthalmic and obstetric cases and for young children. A Nurses' home and institute in Bedford place, Terrell street, opposite the Infirmary, with accommodation for ninety nurses and sisters, was added in 1900 at a cost of over £7,000 for the provision of trained nurses for private cases. During 1905 a still further addition was made, giving accommodation for 117 nurses. In October, 1901, a bacteriological laboratory, equipped at a large outlay, was opened by Sir Frederick Treves. A laundry was erected in 1894 at a cost of £3,500, in which over 10,000 articles are washed per week. In 1850 Queen Victoria graciously ordered the affix "Royal" to its title. In 1876 the institution was rendered more complete by a thorough reorganisation of its sanitary arrangements at a cost of about £20,000. During 1888 £11,000, and during 1905 £15,000, was specially raised to clear the institution of debt; during 1906 £35,000 is being raised, and is nearly completed, to carry out needed extensions of the out-patient department, and so bring the external and various internal parts of the huge fabric thoroughly abreast of the modern requirements of medical and surgical science.

270 in-patients can now be accommodated; the average annual number exceeds 3,200, besides about 42,000 out-patients. The museum was bequeathed by the late Richard Smith, for many years surgeon to the institution.

The new road connecting Union street, Broadmead, and the

city with Perry road and Clifton now runs down through what is known as Lower Maudlin street. At the corner stands the church of St. James-the-Less, and a few yards down the street is the **Bristol Eye Hospital**, which has been considerably enlarged, the tax upon its accommodation being increasingly great. It provides accommodation for forty in-patients and large numbers of out-patients. There is a very efficient operating theatre and an electro-magnetic installation to assist in the extraction of pieces of metal from the eye.

The Protestant Episcopal Moravian church and Welsh Baptist chapel are on the left in Upper Maudlin street, and the Guardian-house on our right hand. At the cross-roads stands, upon the site of an ancient nunnery, the King David inn. St. Michael's hill runs up steeply on our right under the church of St. Michael, past Colston's almshouses, to the Children's Hospital in the Royal Fort grounds, Highbury Congregational church, and Redland. Before us is Perry road, with its tramway to Durdham Down; but we bear down the hill on the left, passing Christmas steps, with their curious old *sedilia*, the picturesque chapel of the Three Kings of Cologne attached to Foster's almshouse, and so by Colston hall and St. Augustine's bridge to the Council house.

Distance, three miles and a half.

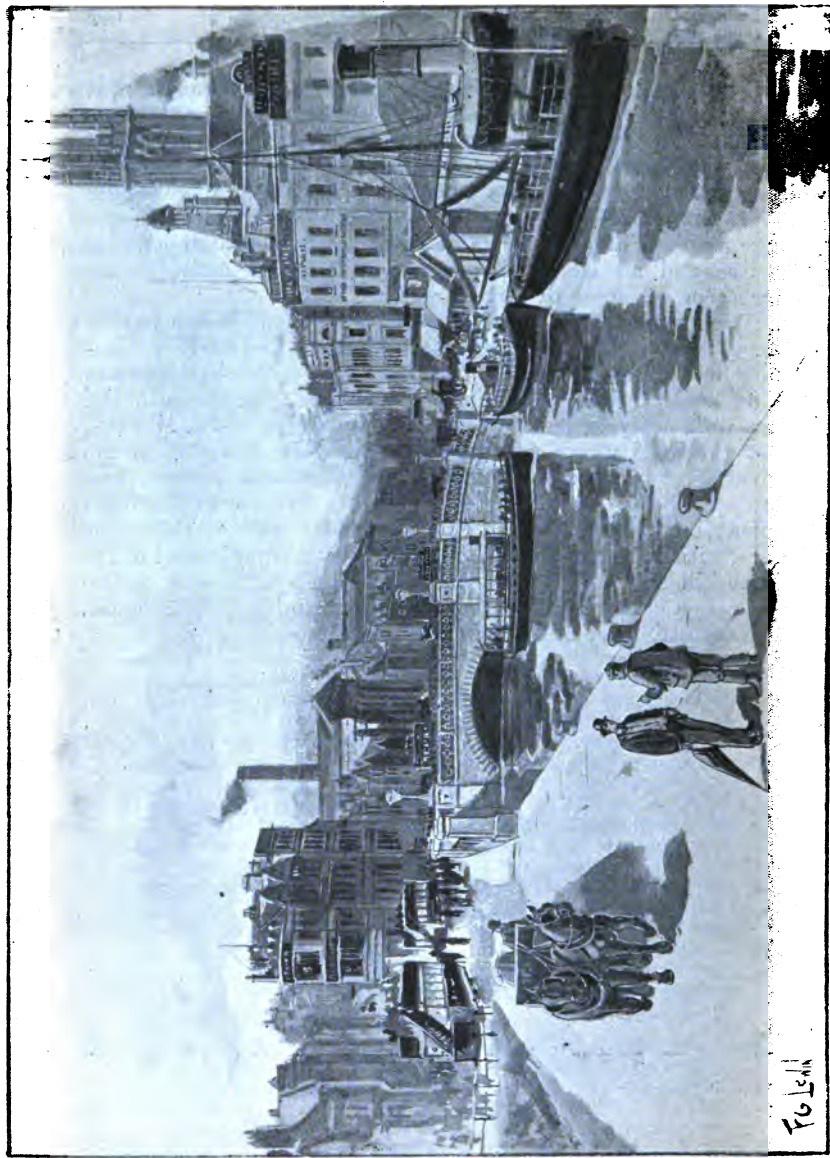


Fig. 124

WALK No. 7.


St. John's, Christmas Steps and the Bartholomews, St. Michael's Hill, Highbury (the site where the martyrs suffered), Redland, Lovers' Walk, Cotham, Kingsdown, Christmas Street, &c.

"Nor must the muse in haste pass by and turn
An eye reluctant, Redland ! on thy charms,
Thy charms of sober hue, domestic charms !
Richer, more lovely than the blaze of art ;
The ample mansions that adorn thy fields,
Thy green retired, and hills of verdant hue,
With well-spread lawns, or fragrant gay parterre ;
Crowning the glade with an imperial air,
In classic form is thy fair Temple seen.

* * * *

Now let us through the avenue of elms,
Surrounded by an affluent display
Of scenes luxuriant, take our devious course ;
And after glancing at the green retreats
And pleasing homes of Cotham, once again
Revisit Kingsdown."

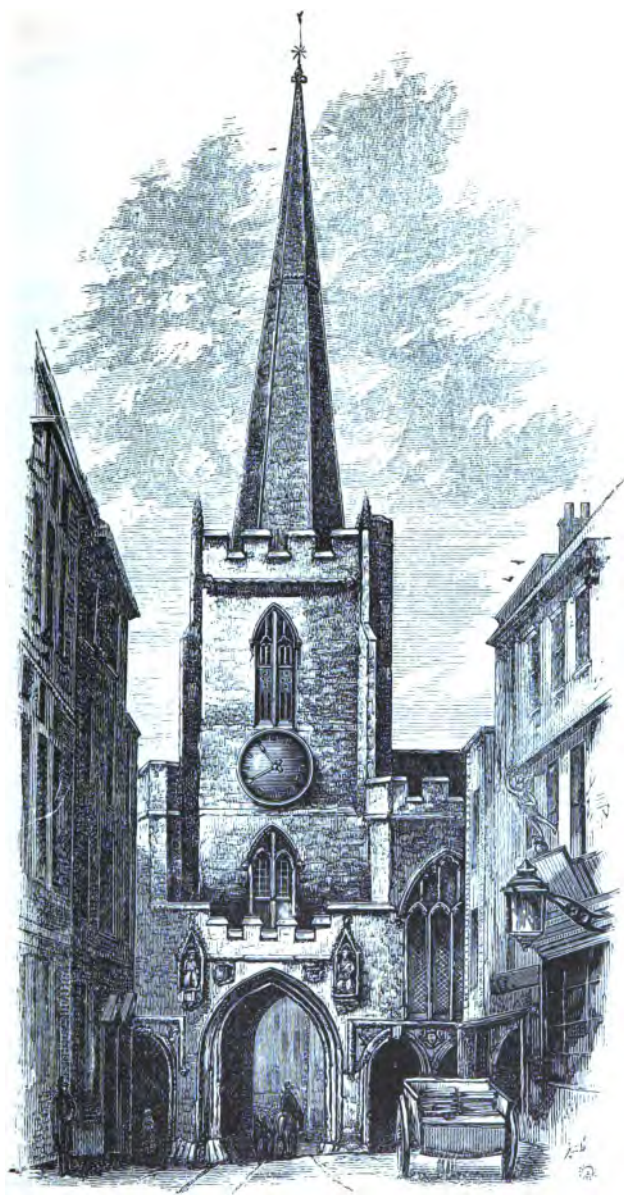
ANON.

ILLIAM WYRCESTRE tells us that in his day there were old men who remembered a "haw" tree growing at the High Cross. We leave its former site to-day crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, and, turning our face to the north, begin our route down Broad street. Upon our right is **Christ Church**, originally dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and founded about 1000. The present structure was opened in 1790, and recently has been much improved and redecorated. Robert Southey was baptized in the old church. The palatial edifice adjoining is the Grand hotel, once the old White Lion, scene of many a civic feast, dating from 1606. The present building was erected in 1869, and has 500 windows and 200 rooms. On the left hand is the Bristol branch of the Bank of England ; closely adjacent is the façade of the **Guildhall**, a building in the Tudor style, with statues, by Thomas, of Victoria, Edward III., Foster the Recorder, Colston, and Dunning the Recorder. In this building are the offices of the Bristol Education Committee.

Entering the narrow entrance to Tailor's court upon the right, opposite to the Guildhall, abstainers will find a building that was formerly used as a Temperance hall. The hall originally belonged to the Merchant Tailors' Company, once a wealthy guild. Below this and St. John street is noticeable E. Everard's printing works, the front of which is built entirely of Doulton Carrara ware, with illuminated slab mosaics; then come the Guildhall hotel and the offices of the *Bristol Mercury* and *Echo*.

Immediately before us is the old gateway arch in the city wall under the tower of the church of **St. John the Baptist**. The church itself occupies the width of the wall and fosse, and has a large and beautiful crypt once containing chantry chapels. The two side arches for pedestrians were constructed in the last century. Smiling benignly upon us from above the gate are two old stone statues, Brennus and Belinus, Bristol's tutelary deities we had almost termed them, their names (more especially that of the former) are so mixed up with old local legends. Tradition avers that they were removed from an older church to their present niches when this tower was built, about the middle of the 15th century.

Bell lane upon our left was the scene of the fires that "Jack the Painter" lit up in Bristol (for incendiarism in Portsmouth dockyard he was afterwards hanged). Upon our left as we emerge from under the arch is Quay street. Nelson street runs away to the right. Under the north side of the church is another of the old conduits; the water came from a spring on Brandon hill. Before us is Christmas street, anciently known as Knivesmith street. A street on the right leads past the Oddfellows' hall into Lewin's mead, where stands, near the site of the old **Franciscan Friary**, Lewin's mead Unitarian chapel. (The dormitory of the friars will be found at the end of the first lane after passing the chapel.) The turn to the left leads to Colston avenue. Passing over a hidden bridge, we enter a narrow alley, noticing upon our right the ancient gateway of the **Hospital of St. Bartholomew**, one of the antique bits of Bristol's monkish days (see also "Walks for the Archaeologist"), and before us Queen street, better known as **Christmas Steps**. At the top on both sides are some curious stone *sedilia*, wherein some folk fancy the monks sat when they wrote those marvels of calligraphy, the vellum missals and Bibles. This is another Bristol myth. There is a tablet at the top of the steps which bears the following inscription:—



Gateway, St. John's Church.

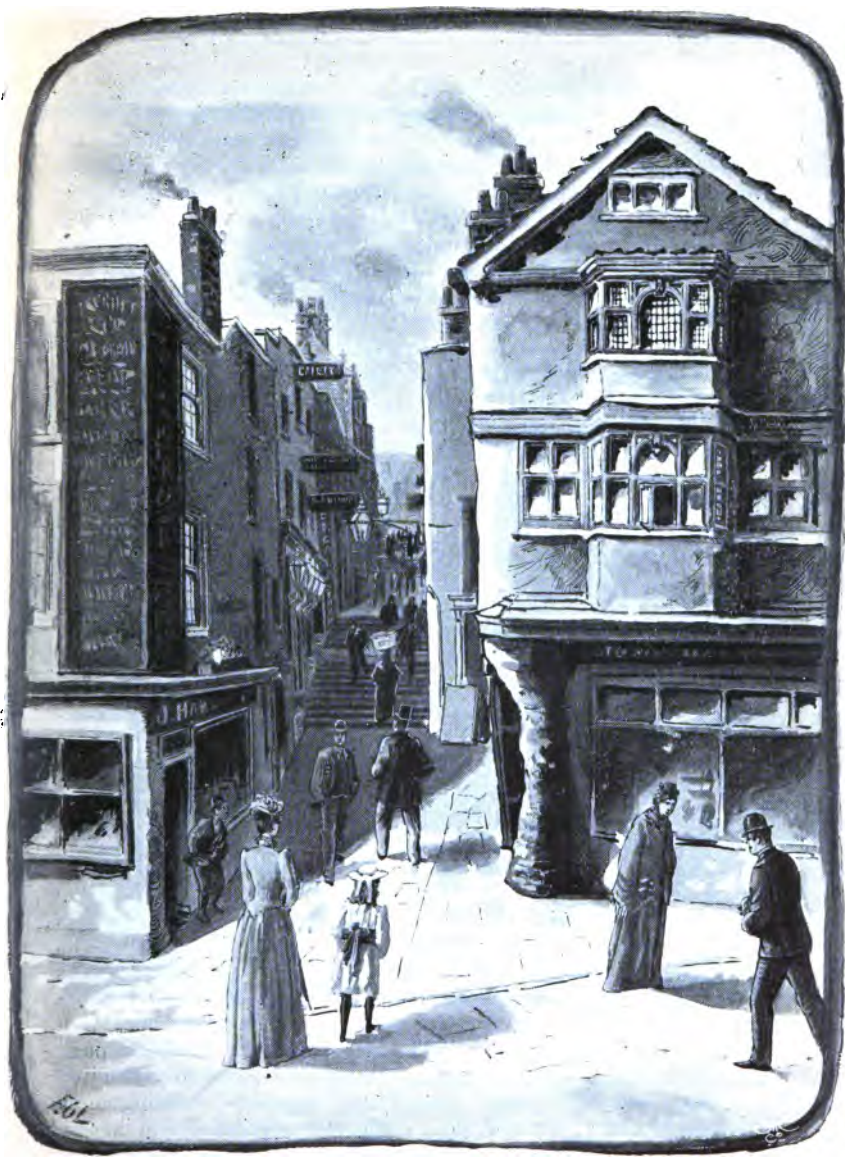
THIS STREETE WAS STEPPERED DONE
& FINISHED, SEPTEMBER, 1669.

THE RIGHT Worp^d. THOMAS STEVENS,
ESQR. THEN MAYOR, HUMPHRY LITTLE,
AND RICHARD HART, SHERRIFFES. THE
RIGHT Worp^d. ROBERT YEAMANS,
KNT. & BARRONET, MAYOR ELECT, CHARLES
POWELL AND EDWARD HORNE, SHERRIFFES
ELECT OF THIS CITY.

BY AND AT THE COST OF IONATHAN
BLACKWELL, ESQR. FORMERLY SHERRIFFE
OF THIS CITY, AND AFTERWARDS
ALDERMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON
& BY YE SAID SIR ROBERT YEAMANS, WHEN
MAYOR AND ALDERMAN OF THIS CITY,
NAMED, QVEENE STREETE.

This does away with the romance of the monks; in fact, when these seats were placed here the monasteries had been dissolved 130 years, Tyndale's New Testament had been printed in English 134 years, and the authorised version of James was in its seventh decade.

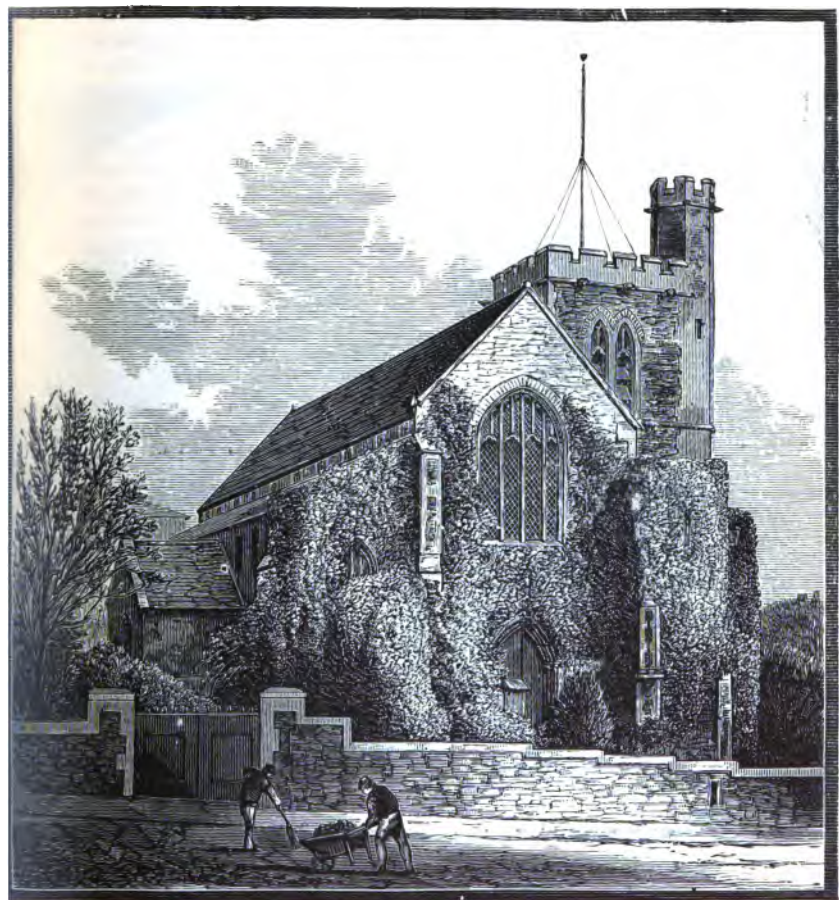
It is possible, certainly, that these *sedilia* may be more ancient, and were removed to their present situation, having, as some think, originally belonged to the Bartholomews, or to the little **Chapel of the Three Kings of Cologne**, against which those on the western side are built. In Trenchard street, a turning out of Colston street on the left, was buried deep down in the rock, beneath the Roman Catholic schools, the remains of Patrick Cotter O'Brien, the Irish giant. His stature was 8ft. 4in. He died on September 8th, 1806, aged 46. Some relics of his—his boots, gloves, &c.—are preserved in the Bristol room at the Art Gallery. Passing Foster's almshouse, we ascend the steps, which pass over the depôt of the Bristol Tramways Company, to **St. Michael's Church**; look over into the quadrangle of **Colston's Almshouses** upon the other side of the way, and, with "a stout heart to a steep brae," climb the hill of St. Michael. Up in the avenue on our left, that leads to the site of the Royal fort, was that most admirable charity, the **Children's Hospital**, famous for having been the first medical institution in the kingdom that had the wisdom to appoint a woman to minister to the diseases of women and



Christmas Steps.

children. This developed such an "unknown quantity" in modest-minded medicos that they struck work, and for a while left the hospital to its fate. The building was found to be utterly inadequate to the demands made upon it, and a site at the top of St. Michael's hill was purchased; and here, in April, 1883, the Duchess of Beaufort laid the foundation-stone of the new hospital. While, architecturally considered, the building is ornamental, its internal appliances are in accordance with the most modern ideas of hospital arrangement, and with the most approved principles of sanitary science. The style of architecture is Late Perpendicular, and the hospital is constructed on the pavilion system, affording light and air to three sides of the wards. The cost of the land, building, and equipments was over £20,000. Visitors are admitted to view the hospital daily between the hours of two and four, excepting on Wednesday or Sunday. There is a convalescent home in connection with the hospital at Weston-super-Mare. Facing the Children's Hospital are the **Head-quarters of the 3rd V.B. Gloucestershire Regiment.**

We now skirt Tyndall's park, leaving it on the left, until we gain the vicinity of a high mound (probably an ancient tumulus) within Cotham house grounds, and see opposite us **Highbury** ivy-covered **Congregational Church**, upon the spot where, in Mary's days, five martyrs at the least perished by fire for their faith. This was the site also of the gallows in a later age. Cotham hill, leading down to Whiteladies road, and Cotham road, leading to Stokes croft, here intersect. On Cotham hill is **St. Joseph's Home**, where the "Little Sisters of the Poor" take charge of about 120 old, poor and infirm people. They possess about three acres of land and an extensive building, with a convenient chapel, costing over £10,000. Opposite Highbury chapel, in Cotham road, are to be seen the handsome new buildings of the **Western College**. This college trains ministers for the Congregational body, and was removed from Plymouth in 1901, so as to enjoy the advantages offered by University College, Bristol. We still keep on down a slight hill, through Hampton road, over the railway, and then steadily ascend again towards the Down. Passing Redland park and Clyde road, full of beautiful villas and pleasantly-situated mansions, we still press onward and upwards, bearing now slightly to the right, and thus come out upon Redland green. Here we see a bit of an old Roman road, also a huge stone



Highbury Congregational Church.

boulder, and under the churchyard wall formerly stood the wishing steps: "Go up on the right side and down the other, pausing only for one moment on the top to wish, and you will



Redland Green Episcopal Chapel.

find what you desire under your pillow next morning, or else you will not get it for the next seven years." So ran the legend.

Redland Green Episcopal Chapel is an unusually good specimen of the classical work of the 18th century. It was built and endowed for the convenience of the inhabitants, in 1740,

by Mr. Cossins, whose bust is on one side of the entrance and his wife's on the other, executed in marble by Rysbrach. The altar-piece is half an octagon wainscoted into compartments, highly finished, with carvings of trophies and festoons, and ornamented with an excellent painting of the embalming of Christ, by Vanderbrank. The cupola or dome contains one bell, which has the following inscription: "John Cossins, Esq., sole benefactor to this chapel and bell.—W. E., 1742." In Redland green churchyard lie John Taylor, one of the best and most interesting writers on Bristol's history and associations; the Rev. T. E. Brown, the famous Manx poet, author of *Fo'c's's'le Yarns*, long a master at Clifton College; and the Rev. Charles Clark, the famous Dickens reciter and lecturer. Here may be seen the lately-erected **Bishop's Palace**, occupied in the first instance by Dr. Forrest Browne, the first Bishop of Bristol after the reconstitution of Bristol as a separate diocese. The total cost was over £14,000. The chapel is unique among private chapels, and is singularly effective: it has twenty-four raised stalls around the walls, including the bishop's canopied stall; the stalls have above them cartouches for the arms of future bishops; several of them are already filled with the arms and names of former bishops—Lake, Trelawney, Butler, &c. There are several notable portraits at the palace, including one of Bishop Trelawney and of Dr. Lake, at one time Bishop of Bristol, who like Trelawney was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower for conscience sake in the time of James II. The road on our left leads to Cambridge park, Redland, and to Durdham down.

We jog along downhill to the right until we see the Italian front of the **Redland High School for Girls** (formerly the mansion of Mr. Cossins), with its magnificent cedar tree and pleasant gardens. Then under the avenue of old elms upon our right, known as **Lovers' Walk**. Before the recent mutilation of the trees, it was nature's grand pillared cathedral aisle lifting a Gothic crest to the white clouds through which we get a peep at the azure sky.

"Who can tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above
Edged round with dark tree-tops?"

This lovely walk—from which we see the church of St. Nathaniel on our left, and on our right the populous suburb of Woolcot

park, with its handsome chapel of the United Methodist Free church, and the church of St. Saviour's—brings us out by Cotham grove Baptist chapel, erected in 1873, from which we pass on close by the site of **Prior's Hill Fort and Dame Pugsley's Well.**

Prior's hill fort stood on the verge of the high hill which here overlooks the city. Ere the grey dawn of morning on September 10th, 1645, about two a.m., the guns from Fairfax's army on the hill of Montpelier, gave the signal for a general storm of all the lines held by the Royalists around the city. Montague and Pickering with their regiments dashed at Lawford's gate, stormed it, and seized twenty-two guns. Waller and the General's own regiments broke the line between the gate and the Froom, shouting hoarsely in the murky morn, "David!" Skippon's and Pride's regiments crossed it close by the river, and whilst the pioneers everywhere made gaps for the horse, the foot dashed forward, changing now their storm cry, "David!", for the shout of victory, "The Lord of Hosts!" Pride and his men (the stout hearts who four years afterwards "purged the Long Parliament") rushed up Nine Tree hill, where Prior's hill fort was "playing fiercely upon the assailants with great and small shot." Up went the scaling ladders, but too short were they to reach the embrasures; lash them together, lads, now in at the portholes, and amid a tide of reeking blood the fort and Bristol were won. There fell young Royalist Pugsley, just at the corner of Nugent hill and Somerset street, on his own land. Just below the spot, and about forty feet from the top of the hill, a double spring issued from the daisied turf, the lesser fountain being specially famed for its healing qualities. Hither came daily, when peace was restored, the hero's young and beautiful widow to mourn her lost one, and by deeds of Christian kindness and words of wisdom to benefit many a young beginner in life. Rejecting repeated offers of marriage, she lived on thus for five-and-fifty years, dying in August, 1700, and leaving in her will money to buy bread for ever for sixteen poor women inmates of St. Nicholas's almshouse in King street, a sixpenny and a ninepenny loaf each at Easter, and a twopenny loaf on Twelfth day. Her wedding garment was to be her shroud, her wedding sheet she had kept for her winding sheet; and thus, borne on a bier, coffinless, and covered with flowers, with two young girls strewing herbs and flowers on her path, and a musician preceding the procession playing upon the violin, whilst old St. Nicholas rang out a merry wedding peal, she was carried through the streets of the city to the field which bore her name, and there, in the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, was laid in the grave which held all that was dear to her.

"St. Nicholas' bells are ringing to-day,
Some great folks or other are wed, I dare say;
Merrily, merrily, do they ring,
It isn't the birthday of queen or of king.
I wonder whatever on earth it can be,
Look! how the people are running to see;

Some wonderful sight
 Must surely invite
 Their attention, and cause such excessive delight ;
 And hey diddle diddle,
 Do hark ! There's a fiddle !
 The thing is an incomprehensible riddle.
 But here comes a crowd, and Oh ! what upon earth
 Can that corpse, on that bier, have to do with such mirth ?
 And as true as I live, on each side there's a maiden,
 Dressed all in white with the sweetest herbs laden,
 Which they strew as they go,
 What a singular show !
 Whose funeral is it ? I *should* like to know.
 Who is it wound up in that sheet so snugly,
 Without coffin, or pall, or the like ? *Gammer Pugsley.*"—DIX.

Retracing our steps to Cotham road as far as the obelisks at the entrance to Cotham park, we there diverge to the left, crossing over Montague hill (once the property of the Montagues). Here stands the tavern once famous all the gastronomic world over for its turtle soup and civic feasts. On our right we pass **Portland Street Wesleyan Methodist Chapel**, one of the most historic and interesting in the Wesleyan connexion. One of the founders of the chapel was Lieut. Webb, of the 48th Regiment of Foot, who is said to have been also the founder of Methodism in America. He often conducted religious services in his regimentals, and a coloured window on the east side of the chapel represents him preaching in a scarlet uniform with his sword beside the open Bible. He died in 1796, and was buried in the crypt of the chapel. A mural tablet to his memory is in the south-east corner, and is often visited with interest by Americans and Colonials. The communion apse contains a large wall painting, part of the original scheme of the chapel, which is well known by Methodists throughout the country, and is unique. Horfield road's incline—about half-way down which we see on our right the almshouses built out of an endowment by Henry Bengough—brings us once more to the foot of St. Michael's hill, and here again are Christmas steps. As we pass on through Christmas street we think of the scheme that, in March, 1642-3, was here hatched by Yeamans and Boucher, all but successfully, to deliver Bristol into the hands of the Royalist party.

Boucher lived in Christmas street ; he had filled his house with partisans and arms, and had broken open the door of St. John's crypt to serve as a prison for the Roundheads. Yeamans had got his commission

from the King ; and Prince Rupert, with a squadron of horse, was lying perdu on Durdham down, ready to rush down as soon as St. Michael's and St. John's bells rang out the signal of success. But the babbling tongues of the women betrayed them ; forty musketeers surrounded the house ; over the roof, out of the windows, scrambled many ; but the doors were at last opened by Yeamans, and he, Boucher, and twenty-one others were taken.

On May 30th Yeamans and Boucher, having been tried by court martial and found guilty, were hanged at the end of the Corn market penthouse in Wine street, nearly opposite the door of Yeamans's dwelling, which was the house west of the narrow passage to the Grand Hotel restaurant.

We ascend Broad street, reach the Council house, and thus end our seventh walk, the distance being just two miles and a half.

WALK No. 8.

**Stoke Bishop, Penpole, Shirehampton, Kingsweston, Coombe Dingle,
Blaize Castle, Henbury, and Westbury-on-Trym.**

IN this walk we propose to wander further afield, and to take such of our readers as have time and energy at their disposal on an excursion through some of the immediate surroundings of Bristol. The recent extension of the boundaries has included within the city Westbury, Stoke Bishop, Shirehampton, and portions of Henbury, and consequently we shall for the greater portion of the way be still within the limits of the borough. The time required for the walk, which is some eight or nine miles in length, will be about three hours, but the invigorating air of Kingsweston and Penpole and the beauty of the scenery will more than repay those who are willing to undertake the journey.

Instead of following the route to the Downs set forth in Walk No. 1, our quickest way will be to proceed from the Council house down Corn street to the Tramway centre, where we take a car, and are conveyed for a twopenny fare to the top of Blackboy hill. We now begin the walk proper, and set off along the Stoke road. A few hundred yards along it we pass the Reservoir and pumping station, a curious-looking structure erected by the Bristol Water Works Company for the supply of water to houses in Clifton and Redland. Just beyond this, Stoke road is crossed by the old *via Julia*, constructed by the Romans as a means of communication between Bath and their station at Sea Mills. Portions of this road can still be traced.

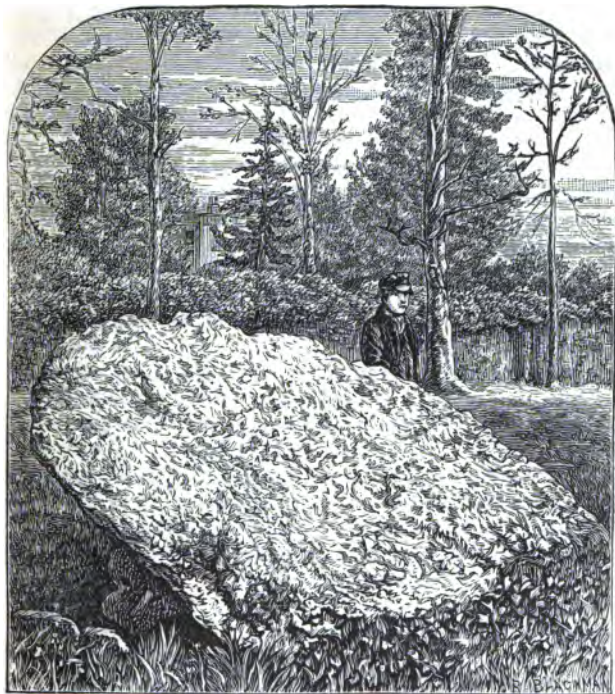
Before leaving the Downs we notice away on our left, on the edge of the cliff and immediately overlooking the river, what is now known as **Sea Walls**, and away on the right of it the tower of **Cook's Folly** (see p. 50). Why should old names be lost and good old benefactors be forgotten? About the beginning of the 18th century a Bristol gentleman, named Wallis, built a wall along the dangerous edge of the lofty cliff at the south-west corner of the Down, for the protection of the frequenters of this beautiful spot. For fifty years it was known as Wallis's wall; but now it has become converted into Sea

walls, utterly ignoring the man who conferred upon society so great a boon. True, from thence one catches a view of the Severn.

Still following the Stoke road, we leave the Downs and pass down the hill, leaving on our right hand Stoke house, a fine old mansion, which was for generations the seat of the Canns and the Lippincotts. Its founder, Sir Robert Cann, one of the old-fashioned justices, whose every third word was an oath, and who could stow away three bottles of port below his belt every day after dinner, was member for Bristol, and so far forgot himself as to swear in the House of Commons, in the hearing of the Speaker, for which breach of privilege, refusing to apologise, he was committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. The knees of the stubborn old knight were too stiff to bend, and declining to kneel and ask pardon, he was kept in durance until the Parliament rose. The old road used to run down between the back of the mansion and Grove house, and still exists as a narrow footway. Below Stoke house we turn on the left hand to Pitch and Pay. This name was given to this and also to other spots because in the time of the great plague the country people used to bring their produce so far for the use of the citizens, and, pitching it down, take the cash, fumigated or from a basin of vinegar, to avoid infection, and so retire. Facing us stands **Stoke Bishop Church**, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, a picturesque building.

Following the path on our right hand, we cross the stile at the bottom, and following the road round to the left we leave the ancient **Cromlech at Druid Stoke** away to the right and find ourselves down by the little brook Trym, as it gurgles along towards the ruined dock where it joins the Avon at **Sea Mills**. During the early part of the 18th century earnest attempts were made at an immense outlay to make these docks a rival of the old city of Bristol. In building them the old Roman foundations were uncovered. Large warehouses were erected on the site of the mills where says or serge was manufactured; but litigation ensued, ruin followed, and the spot has since been remarkable for nothing save a sentimental suicide in September, 1797, by a man named Doe, a china-worker from Staffordshire, who had for four days hidden in the ruins, unable to make up his mind to take the final plunge. He used up his black-lead pencil in scribbling moral and religious sentences on the walls, and then scratched his despair with a nail upon the plaster. The first writing bore the date of September 11th, the last the 14th,

his body was found in the mud on the 19th. Ten thousand copies of his lucubrations, in six editions, were sold in less than a month. An ascending footpath through the fields brings us to **Kingsweston Park**. Some years since a fierce hurricane prostrated a large number of its finest trees, near to Penpole,



Cromlech at Druid Stoke.

scattering them in every direction. We descend into the snug little village of **Shirehampton**, embowered amidst orchards and elms. In the village we may notice the recently-erected Village Hall and Library, towards the construction of which Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave a large donation. **St. Mary's**, the parish church of Shirehampton, is an unpretentious Gothic

building of the date 1827, and replaced a small chapel-of-ease to Westbury-on-Trym, built in 1727.

Reascending from the green by a field path, we reach after a walk of half a mile **Penpole Point**, a tongue of carboniferous limestone, about 100 feet high, that stretches out over the alluvium towards Avonmouth. We rest on a seat by the pedestal of an ancient sundial, and admire the prospect. Below us lies the busy and rapidly-increasing district of **Avonmouth**, with its docks and shipping. Avonmouth dock was constructed by a company, and opened in 1877, passing into the hands of the Corporation seven years later. The dock covers a water area of 19 acres, and will accommodate vessels of 475 feet in length. On the seaward side of this dock we see in process of construction the new great undertaking of the Bristol Docks Committee. The **Royal Edward Dock**, as this vast basin is to be called, is designed to accommodate the largest vessels afloat. When finished it will have cost between two and three millions sterling, and will, it is hoped, go far to re-establish Bristol in her old proud position among the ports of the kingdom. Across the mouth of the river and some little way down the coast lies Portishead dock, which was opened in 1880, and acquired by the Corporation at the same time as the one at Avonmouth. It has a water area of 12 acres, and will accommodate vessels of about 450 feet in length. Away on the right lies the anchorage of Kingroad and the broad estuary of the Severn, with the island of Denny standing out midway from the surface of the water. Away in the distance rise the bold outlines of the Welsh hills, and below them on a clear day may be seen the smoke of Newport and Cardiff. The sheen of the Avon glitters amidst its windings through the deep foliage of the trees below us. Portbury, with its little camp-crowned hill, is on our left; from it an amphitheatre of rich pasturage is shut in by the higher elevations that reach round to Cadbury and Clevedon. The healthy breeze from the Atlantic fans your cheek as it comes off the channel. It is a beautiful and a salubrious spot, commanding one of the finest prospects in the kingdom, and the delicate wife and sickly children of the hard-working artisan may get within a ten minutes' walk of it by the Port and Pier Railway for fourpence halfpenny. Now that Saturday half-holidays are the order of the day, to such we would say, "Throw physic to the dogs," and try Penpole point for a change.

Retracing our steps, we now re-enter the park by the gate of the rustic lodge, and presently are before Kingsweston mansion. It is one of the simplest and best of the buildings erected by Sir John Vanburgh, and is by some greatly admired for the arcade that connects all the chimneys and carries them over the centre of the roof. William III., on his return from Ireland, landed at Shirehampton, and visited his friend Sir Robert Southwell at this his ancestral home.

We skirt the quickset hedge that bounds the inner park, and, bearing to the left from the roadway, ascend slightly, and cross by a light iron bridge the turnpike road to the old Kingsweston Inn—a melancholy instance of departed greatness. Hither, in the palmy days of the Hotwells, crowds of visitors used to walk or drive, whilst every available room was tenanted by lodgers, who appreciated its healthy situation. Passing round it to the right hand, we come upon the short, sweet herbage of **Kingsweston Down**. Just before us is a limekiln, down in a deep quarry, whose rugged crags and coloured pinnacles offer many a study for an artist's portfolio. Flocks of pheasants lazily run under the shelter of the hedge, and slowly disappear in the adjoining preserve. The wood-pigeon coos a soft welcome, the tap of the woodpecker resounds from the copse, whilst butterflies of gaudy hue flutter before us at every step. Here, on a rocky knoll, is an ancient ash, smitten by the lightning's blast. Presently, at the angle of the road, we see the remains of a round tower in ruins, perchance a summer-house in days of yore. Half a mile further on is the outer ditch and vallum of an old camp, Romanised British. Note well as you pass the horn-like second defence: within the first area the cattle of the natives were driven in emergency; the second held their families, till the hour of actual storm, when they all gathered within the inner vallum into the keep. This camp occupies the end of the promontory, along which we have for the last two miles been walking, and overhangs a beautiful and well-wooded ravine, down which a tiny brook creeps slowly through the enchanting **Coombe Dingle**. Come when you will, this gorge is a most lovely spot; but, perhaps, in spring, when the primroses and harebells abound, and the sweet-scented hawthorn that covers the hedgerows is in its very prime, it is most beautiful. To get down into the Dingle there are two ways; give preference to the one on the right side of the camp

looking west, descend through the wood of pines, then pass through a hanging meadow, in the centre of which is a well, fenced in and covered with rustic woodwork. Deliciously cool and clear is its water. Now pass through a kind of tunnel bridge, on to a plateau, and at the cottage of the miller's man, who works down in the dell, you may be accommodated with tea out on the green sward under the walnut trees, whilst the feathered choir make sweet harmony around you. By all means go down into the dell and explore it, 'tis well worth a visit: though, unless you be limited for time or wearied with your walk, we shall ask you to retrace your steps and remount with us. Should you, however, be anxious to get home, hence is your shortest cut to Bristol. We climb the hill together, and, at the top of the pine wood, turn sharply to our right. What a magnificent view! the deep woody gorge tumbles away almost perpendicularly from our position for perhaps 120 feet. Trees of every shade of green cover the valley, as with an embossed carpet of tapestry; to our left hand the ravine bifurcates around the precipice upon which stands **Blaize Castle**, the grey rocks crop out here and there, thick curtains of ivy mantle their front, creeping plants festoon the rugged rifts adorning them with loveliness, whilst high over all, lifting its head proudly above the trees that fringe the tableland, is the summer tower, erected in 1768, on the site of an old chapel of St. Blasius, by Thomas Farr, Mayor of Bristol, in 1775. This hill has indeed an ancient history, the very name by which the village below it has been known in all historic time is Hen-bury, the ancient burgh. It was a powerful fortress ere the Romans invaded Britain; was occupied and strongly fortified by them. Two at least of the bastions and part of the inner wall which they added are traceable amid the tangled mass of underwood that creeps to the summit. From it all the elevated stations and camps in the neighbourhood are visible. Caerleon, Caerwent, Sudbrook, Caldecot, Knole, Elberton, Wick, North Stoke, Stantonbury, Maes Knoll, Clifton, Burgh walls, Stokeleigh, Portbury, with other stations are plainly discernible, and all within signalling distance. Deep double ditches with three lofty ramparts protected it on three sides, whilst the fourth was an inaccessible precipice. Take it altogether, this green bluff is the veritable Koh-i-noor of landscapes, a priceless gem in a setting of emeralds and sapphires. The grounds are open to visitors every Thursday. Application should be made by letter, not later.

than the day previously, to Mrs. Harford, Blaize Castle, who will instruct the lodge-keeper.

But that is a digression, let us return to the argument, as that Admirable Crichton, John Henderson said (when a vanquished Oxford graduate threw a glass of wine in his face). Right opposite, then, to our seat at Pleasant view, at the top of the wood of pines, on the other side of the ravine, is Giant, Goram's chair—

“He hewed for himself a great arm-chair,
Wherein he might sit with an easy air,
As oft as the weather was hot, to cool
His porpoise toes in the river below;
For already the water began to flow
Through the rocks that have formed our theme,
And 'twas pleasant to sit with his feet in the stream.
You who have roamed with favoured feet
Through the enchanted grounds of Blaize,
(Know ye a scene that's half so fair?)
Have seen the Giant's stony seat
Such as 'twas formed in ancient days;
Still do they call it 'Goram's chair.'
Now o'er the top ashes gracefully bow,
Evergreen ivy-trails climb up it now;
Grass, moss, and woodbine, its cushions have made,
Festoons of roses hang over its arms;
Foxglove and nightshade are around it arrayed,
And soft scented clematis adds to its charms.”

Sealey, the author whom we quote, has finely recounted (in an old Bentley) the popular tradition of the twin giants, Vincent and Goram, who resting one fine summer's evening on the down overlooking the huge lake where Bristol now stands, on whose muddy banks mammoth *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus* were crawling and turning and twisting and twining, talked over what great thing they might do to be remembered in future ages. Goram, who was idle and gluttonous, wished to build a lofty mountain of big rocks and the bones of the said animals, on which they daily dined, and apportioned the labour thus—

“So do you pull some rocks from this craggy hill side
And I will take measures new bones to provide.”

To which the brother objects.

“‘Then new people would say,’ Vincent made him reply,
‘Mark the pride of the giants of old;
They rear'd up great pillars of rock to the sky,
And exalted the bones of their creatures on high
But their own have sunk into the mould.’

They worked with no wise or beneficent aims,
And therefore renown hath forgotten their names.'
'Let us hear your own plan then,' said Goram,
'No doubt thou art wiser than I.'
But though he said this with a view to decorum
He thought he was telling a lie."

Vincent then proposes that they should cleave through the rocks a passage for the waters to the sea. This didn't suit Goram, who let his brother work alone upon the gorge of the



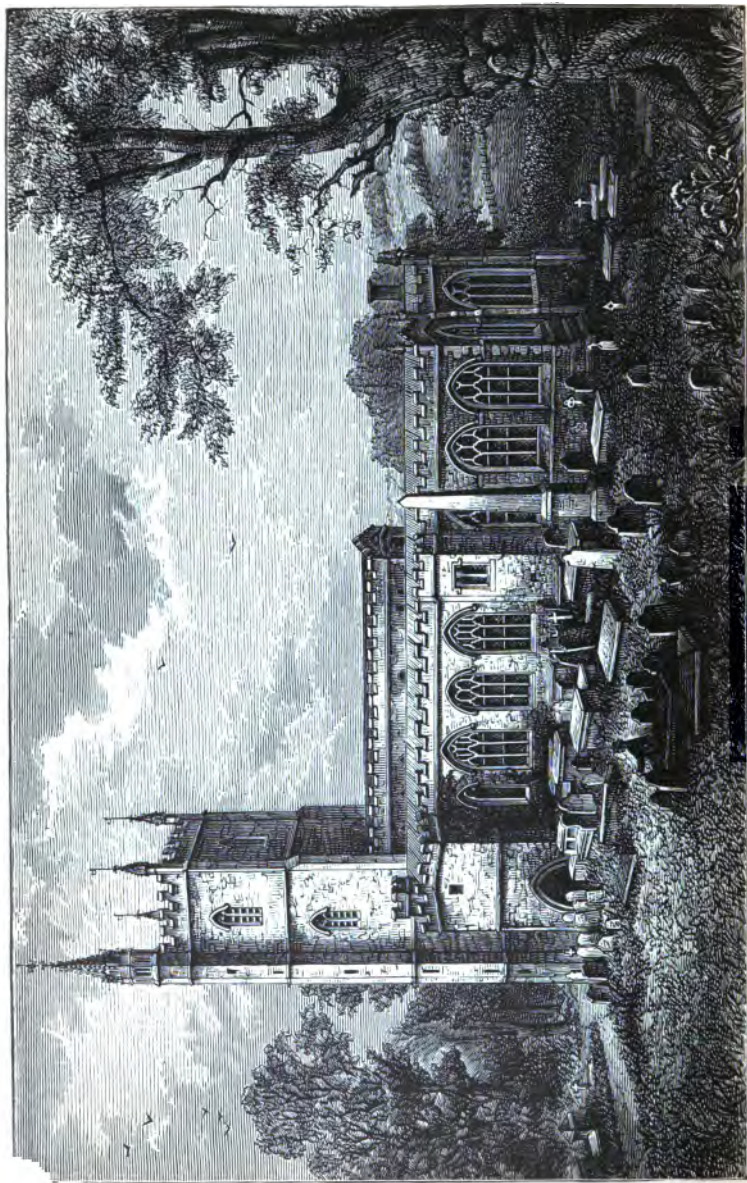
Henbury Church.

Avon. Seeing, however, how the work progressed, in very shame he determined to rival him; so three miles off he too on this very spot began to dig, borrowing his brother's pickaxe. To save leg labour, they used six times a day to throw the implement to each other after a warning shout; but Goram sitting comfortably in his chair after dinner one day taking his forty winks, neither heard the cry nor saw the whirling tool, which came crash upon his skull and killed him. Vincent, filled

with remorse, finished his work, and buried his brother out in the Channel, rearing a tumulus over him that stands to this day, and is known as the Denny island.

Leaving Pleasant view with regret, we skirt the ravine by a terraced walk under Kingsweston camp towards Blaize, pass through a wicket between the hills, wind round two verdant meadows, the Mount on our right, literally walled in by beeches and oaks; cross another meadow, and get a peep at the house. This is beautifully situated, its gardens, conservatory, and especially its choice collection of paintings, are well worthy a visit if you can get admission. From the lodge-gate amid the trees we catch glimpses of the thatched gabled roofs and clustered chimneys of **Henbury Cottages**. This group of ten picturesque cottages was built by the late Mr. Harford, A.D. 1811, for the benefit of all servants of the Blaize Castle Estate. Covered with flowers, exquisitely neat, and thoroughly rustic, they are so set in the close-shaven greensward that from no one doorway can be seen the door of any other, and the combination of picturesque rusticity within a limited space is unequalled in the kingdom. Note also the Manor house, with its avenue of quaint shaven yew trees, the ancestral home of the Sampson-Ways. **Henbury Church of St. Mary** dates from the end of the 12th to the beginning of the 13th century, and stands upon the site of an old Saxon church. We visit it in the gloaming, with its low, massive, ivy-covered tower, its quiet graveyard and mural tablets, hung like a picture gallery on its west wall, amid the ivy. Here the early bishops of Worcester must have worshipped during their frequent residences at Henbury. And now we hurry home through **Westbury-on-Trym**.

“The duteous river laves
Fair Westbury thy convent’s mouldering walls,
And flows complaining by. O ye who dwell
Around yon ruins, guard the precious charge
From hands profane! O save the sacred pile
O’er which the wing of centuries has flown
Darkly and silently, deep shadowing all
Its pristine honours—from the ruthless grasp
Of future violation! Warble on
Pellucid Trym, and fling upon the breeze
The music of thy waterfall; but where,
O where is he, the monk who loved to list
That melody, and stray upon that bank
At musing eve, what time that shatter’d fane
Arose in its magnificence!”



Parish Church of Westbury-on-Trym.


We thought on the above lines of Carrington as we saw that the hand of the innovator was busy in Westbury. Dear to every Bristol man is the home where our great Canynges, that prince of merchants, found a quiet resting-place from the troubles of the world, for William Canynges, who was five times Mayor of Bristol, and also represented Bristol in Parliament, was Dean of the College of Westbury from 1469 to 1474. Westbury college, if not the very first religious house built by Monachism in Britain, was certainly among the earliest, and we confess we should be sorry to see its site occupied by a terrace of modern architecture. It would probably be quite true to say that no parish church in England has so long and so varied a history as **Holy Trinity**, Westbury-on-Trym. It was in existence as far back as the 8th century as the church of a small monastery. In 1288 Bishop Godfrey Gifford replaced the monastery by a College of Secular Priests, and the church became collegiate and parochial; and the college was refounded and greatly enlarged and the church nearly rebuilt by Bishop Carpenter in 1447. Since the Reformation it has been only parochial. The earliest portion of the existing building, the arcade on the south side of the nave, dates from about 1200, and the fine south aisle with its western triplet of lancet windows is probably Gifford's work; most of the rest of the fabric dates from the period of Carpenter's restoration. The church is a stately edifice, chiefly in the Perpendicular style, and consists of a lofty nave of three bays, a north aisle, a south aisle of unusual width and grandeur, a long and spacious apsidal chancel with two large aisles or chapels, and a simple but graceful western tower which contains six bells. The Early English sedilia in the south aisle are worthy of attention, as is the parvised porch with its graceful doorway and niche, and its evidence of the former existence of that rare feature a porch gallery. There are, too, some good monuments, notably those of Bishop Carpenter and Sir Richard Hill. The church was thoroughly restored during the second half of the last century, when the sculptured reredos was added. The collegiate buildings were burned by Prince Rupert in 1643, but traces of the earlier college exist on the north side of the churchyard, and much of Carpenter's college remains hard by, including its fine gate tower.

The poet Southey resided some time in this parish, and many of his shorter poems are dated from Westbury.

Passing Cote house, once the residence of John Wedgwood, son of the potter of Etruria, where Humphry Davy, Macintosh, Coleridge, and Southey were wont to meet, we find ourselves at the top of Westbury hill, on the edge of the Downs, where we may take a motor bus to the top of Blackboy hill, and so home

WALKS FOR THE ARCHÆOLOGIST.

“TIME's gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which when it frowned with all its battlements
Was only terrible.”

 **PAY** a passing visit to **All Saints' Church**. Several massive Norman pillars remain at the west end, and two supported the vicarage house in the south aisle: this feature is unique. The rest of the building is of various periods, dating from about 1420 to 1430. Present tower commenced 1716. The font is Norman. There is a fine monument of Colston, the philanthropist, by Rysbrach. An old Bible—Matthews' edition of Tyndale and Coverdale—*blotted and raddled* by Papal authority, 1534. In this edition the fifth verse of the 91st Psalm reads thus:

“So that thou shalt not nede be a frayde for any bugges by night,” &c.

The earliest mention of the church is about the middle of the 12th century, and there is preserved in the vestry a large bound volume, containing “Minutes of All Saints' Parish in the reign of Edward iii.,” which is an ecclesiastical “mine.” Over the north or Jesus aisle was probably situated the library of the Kalendars, which was accidentally destroyed by fire in the 15th century. Adjoining the door of the church is a conduit of water, brought about 1350 from an orchard of the Franciscan Friary in what is now Maudlin street.

The **brass pillars** in front of the Exchange are ancient: they were removed from the Tolzey before the Council House in 1771. No. 1 stood in the old Tolzey in 1550; it is much worn by time and use. No. 2—

“THIS POST IS THE GIFT OF MASTER
ROBERT KITCHIN · MERCHANT · SOMETIME
MAIOR AND ALDERMAN OF THIS CITY
WHO DEC · 5 · SEPTEMB 1594 · ”

On the garter beneath are the words—

“HIS EXECV
TORS WERE FOWER OF HIS SERRVANTS ·
JOHN BARKER · MATHEW HAVILAND · ABE
LL KITCHIN · ALDERMEN OF THIS CITY · AN
D IOHN ROWBOROW SHERIFF · 1630 · ”

No. 3 has on the garter—

“+ THOMAS HOBSON OF BRISTOL MADE ME ANNO
1625 . NICHOLAS CRISP OF LONDON GAVE ME . TO
THIS HONORABLE CITT Y IN REMEMBRANCE OF G
ODS MERCY IN ANNO DOMINI . 1625 . N C . ”

In a ring on the face are the words—

“PRAIS THE LORD O MV SOVLE AND FORGE
T NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS HE SAVED MV
LIFE FROM DESTRVCTION AND TO HIS
MERCY AND LOVING KINDNESS . PRAISE . . . ”

The remainder is worn away.

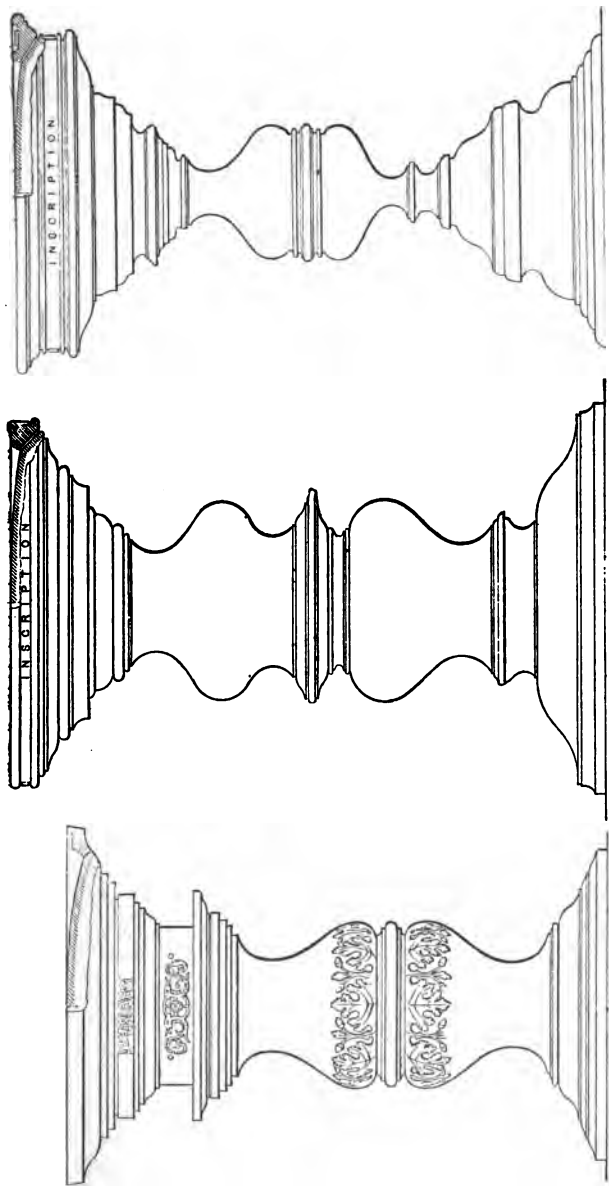
The above commemorates the deliverance of the city in 1625 from the plague which, having swept away 35,417 persons in its course, had come as near to the city as its eastern gate, but there “the plague was stayed.” No. 4, on the ring—

“AD . 1631 . THIS IS THE GIFT OF MR GEORGE
WHITE OF BRISTOL MERCHAUNT BROTHER
VNT0 DOCTOR THOMAS WHITE A FAM
OVS BENEFACITOR TO THIS CITIE . ”

Six lines in verse and a shield with armorial engravings in the centre are obliterated. On the garter—

“THE CHVRCH OF THE LIVINGE GOD IS THE
PILLAR AND GROVND OF THE TRVETH
SO WAS THE WORKE OF THE PILLARS
FINISHED.”

Passing down Clare street, we enter Marsh street on the left, immediately opposite to St. Stephen's church. In this street is the **Merchant Venturers' Hall**, rebuilt 1701, and considerably altered at various times, principally in 1788 and 1871. A bust of George III. adorns the outside, and inside are good portraits of royal personages, including Anne, by Kneller; also of Colston and other Bristol worthies. Round the corner of **King Street** are the **Merchant Seamen's Almshouses**, 1696-8, on the site of an ancient chapel of St. Clement. We next come to the Renaissance building used as the **City Library** up to 1905. It was built in 1738: west wing added about 1784. **Coopers' Hall**,



Brass Pillars in front of the Exchange.

adjoining the old theatre, designed by William Halfpenny, was finished in 1744. In **Queen Square** is a statue of William III., by Rysbrach, completed in 1736 at a cost of £1,800. At No. 16 David Hume was for a few months a merchant's clerk. At the house formerly No. 19, now the site of the Docks office, lived Captain Woodes Rogers, the privateering captain who picked up Alexander Selkirk, and brought home treasure plundered from the Spaniards reported of the gross value of £170,000. It is said that Burke also lodged in No. 19. Retracing our steps through Marsh street, we turn on the left through Baldwin street, and crossing St. Augustine's bridge, pass to College green, in which is situate the **Cathedral**.

Few fragments of the original building are extant, but amongst these is that architectural gem, the chapter-house, one of the finest specimens of Anglo-Norman work in the kingdom. In the middle of the 14th century the church was re-built. Its special feature is the equal height of the vaulting of the choir and the two side aisles. These are each 51 feet from the ground. The Norman nave was demolished in the 15th century with a view to re-erection, but meanwhile came on the Reformation. In 1542, on the dissolution of the monasteries, and the subsequent formation of the See of Bristol, the church was converted into a cathedral, and the dilapidations were partly repaired. After an interregnum of over 300 years liberal-spirited churchmen resolved on carrying out the design of Abbot Knowle, and the nave, with the two western towers, has been completed according to the plans of the late G. E. Street. Writing under date of June 8th, 1888, Dean Elliot estimated that since 1880 the amount of money spent on the completion was £83,209, the public subscribing £68,701. In 1892 it was determined to proceed still further with the work of restoration, and the Dean of Bristol, Dr. Pigou, announced that Mr. J. L. Pearson, the architect, estimated that the sum of £20,000 would be required to finish the necessary work. The restoration of the Elder Lady chapel, a beautiful example of Early English, was first undertaken and completed. The internal arrangement of the choir, which had been altered in a most anomalous manner by order of Dean Elliot, was the next work, concurrently with which the restoration of the great central tower, denuded of its battlements and pinnacles about 1860, effected a great improvement in the exterior appearance of the building. These costly improvements having been completed, the choir was reopened in the spring of 1895 by a service in which the Archbishop of Canterbury took part. The further restorations have been the reredos (erected in 1899 as a memorial of Bishop Ellicott's episcopate), the north cloister, the sedilia, a new pulpit, and the choir screen (given as a memorial to Mr. W. K. Wait).

The chief points of interest in the cathedral are: The chapter-house with its vestibule; the vaulted ceiling of the cathedral; the Jesse window over the altar—one of the largest and finest decorated windows in the kingdom; the Elder Lady chapel, with its bold sculpture and Early



Bascule Bridge (present St. Augustine's Bridge), circa 1789.

English capitals ; the curious wood carvings under the miserere seats ; and the ancient Berkeley monuments.

The sacristy at the east end of the south side, sometimes called the Berkeley chapel, now used as a vestry, has some interesting features, notably its groined roof, the shell moulding around the door, and the recess used for baking the wafer bread. The chapel was the burying-place of some of the Berkeleys. In the staircase that led to the rood-loft are some grotesque Norman corbels.

In the north transept you tread on the tomb of Abbot David (1234), distinguished simply by a human head and cross, both very much worn ; but the oldest effigy is that of Thomas Lord Berkeley (1243), in an arched recess, with mistletoe curiously wrought into its ornamentation. It is in the south aisle, adjoining the Newton chapel ; close by it, in a similar recess, is the effigy of Maurice, the second Lord Berkeley, 1281. These must have been placed in position after the present church was built.

The second Thomas Lord Berkeley (died 1321) and his wife occupy the tomb between the vestry and the south aisle. Opposite this tomb note the beautiful screen, with the monogram "I.W.," who has not been identified. The good Abbot Newland (or Nailhart), the builder of the central tower, lies in a recessed tomb in the chancel ; his rebus and initials are on the angel-borne shield. In a similar tomb on the north side, near the altar, lies, in full canonicals, Abbot Knowle, the designer of the fabric ; and Morgan Guiliam, who never deserved a tomb, occupies the next recess. Close by the ruined altar-screen in the north aisle Paul Bush, the first Bishop, has an altar-tomb, with a *cadaver* on its top. He sacrificed his see in Mary's day for love of his wedded wife, Edith, who was buried with him ; the inscription beseeching prayer for her is now illegible. Bishop Butler lies under the floor near the recently-erected altar. In an arch between the north aisle and the Elder Lady chapel is the great tomb erroneously for ages ascribed to the founder of the monastery, Robert Fitzhardinge, who died 1170, and afterwards, as appears on the panels, to Maurice Lord Berkeley (ninth in descent from his great ancestor just named), who died in 1633 ; but the armour of the male and the dress of the female, as well as the style of the tomb itself, would seem to place the erection in the third decade of the 14th century. If so, it is the tomb of Maurice, the first baron by creation, and his wife : he died in 1326. The Newton chapel, at the west end of the south aisle, contains a massive altar-tomb, with the effigies of a man in armour and a female : underneath are representations of six children kneeling : this commemorates Sir Henry Newton and his wife, of Barr's court, 1599. Another ponderous monument, with a figure in armour, is an *in memoriam* of Sir John Newton, 1661. On the west wall is a medallion monument, by Baily, to the memory of Bishop Gray. Against the east wall is a chantry tomb, with its usual recess for the priest to offer therein a daily mass for the dead. This tomb (curiously similar to that of Chaucer at Westminster), erroneously described as the resting-place of Judge Cradock, more probably is that of his grandson, Richard Newton. Close by it, in the base of the pillar of the aisle, is a hideous sculptured toad. Abbot Elyott, the builder of the



The Cathedral, South View,

church, whose arms (and probably his statue) are upon the gateway into Lower College green has no known tomb; neither has his successor, William Burton, who probably erected the reredos (1530), his initials and rebus, "a bur springing out of a tun," being formerly found thereon.

The reredos under the east window was "restored" about the middle of the last century, when the architect unwisely altered the original design. The renovation of the sedilia was executed with better taste, as were the adjoining windows, north and south, in which, and in the grand Jesse window, much of the old glass was inserted, and the remainder supplemented by Bell. In one of the windows of the transept were the arms of Bishop Robinson, with his motto in Runic characters—



"Man is but a heap of mouldering dust."

The arms have not yet found a place in the new nave, but await a promised resting-place.

The recent additions to the building comprise a nave, a west front, two towers, and a beautiful north porch. The special feature of this cathedral, the equal height of the roof to the aisles with that to the choir, is continued in the new nave, which is 123 feet long and 66 ft. 8 in. broad. Under the south-west tower is a baptistery, which has been largely indebted to the Misses Monk, who have also given a handsome font. The north tower is in memory of a good bishop, whose name indeed requires no other testimony than his immortal work, *Butler's Analogy* being known and read wherever an English book can penetrate. The elevation of the west front is noticeable for its deeply-splayed, finely-moulded doorway, rose window, and rich ornamentation. The beautiful north porch, with its sculptures, is the gift of the late Mr. W. K. Wait. The architect's (G. E. Street, A.R.A.) choice of statues for enrichment being thought by the Evangelical party in the Church to be too pronounced for a Protestant cathedral, the saints (Ambrose, Augustine, Gregory, and Jerome) with their anachronistic scourges, cardinal's hat, and triple-crowned tiara, disappeared, at the fiat of Dean Elliot, amid a perfect simoom of letters and remonstrances, to find a quieter home at East Hesterton church, Yorkshire. Their niches at the sides of the porch are now filled by statues of the four Evangelists; and a small statuette of the Virgin, displayed from a crocket within the arch, has been replaced by one of Zacharias, the gift of Mr. Frank Bell. Over the door is a fine sculpture of the worship of the Magi.

Amongst the modern tablets our readers should notice those to Mary Carpenter, the philanthropist, Wm. Müller, painter, Archdeacon Norris, Samuel Morley, F. J. Fergus ("Hugh Conway"), John Latimer,

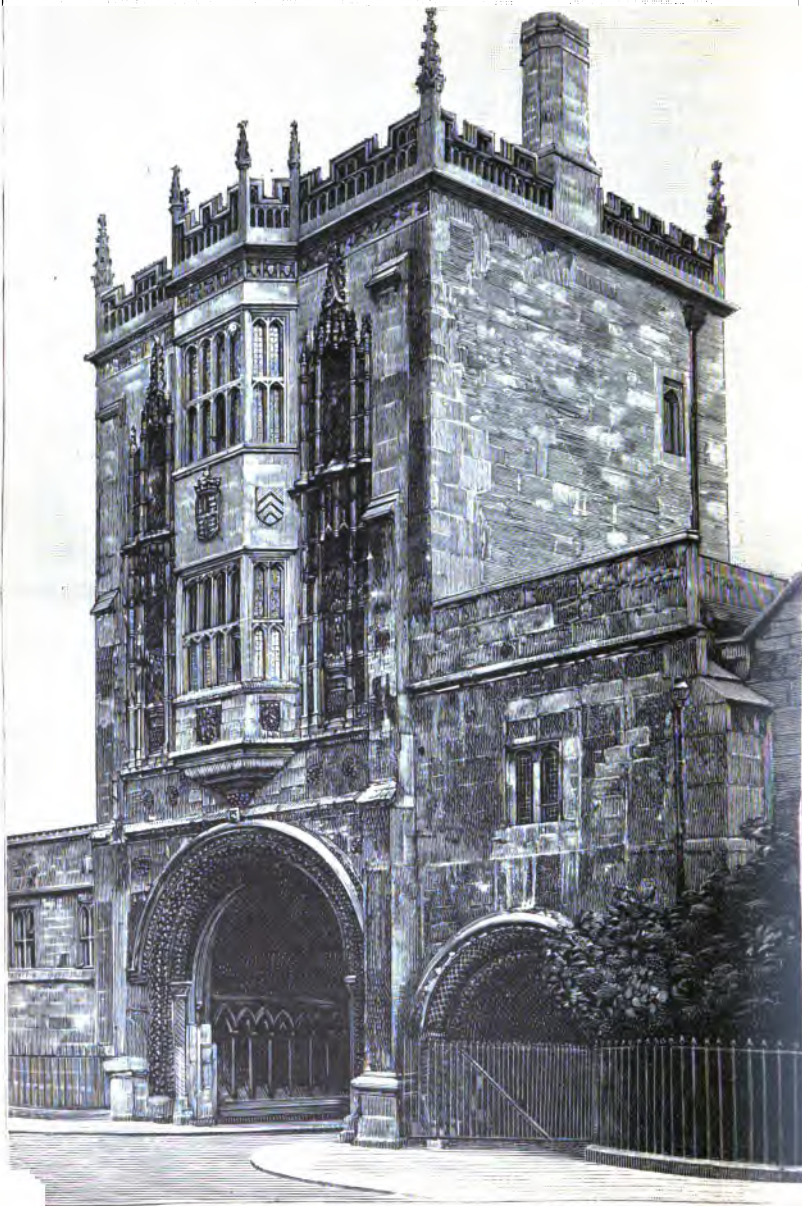
Bristol's greatest historian, and Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple. A fine effigy of the late Dean Elliot has been placed in one of the canopied recesses in the nave. The dimensions of the cathedral are : total length 300 feet, width 69 feet, height 52 feet, length of transept 117 feet, height of central tower 123 feet, height of western towers 107 feet.

The cathedral is open from 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. daily during the summer months, and from 9.30 till dusk in winter. Visitors are shown the Norman Chapter Room, Cloisters, Choir, Berkeley Chapel, Early English Lady Chapel, &c., on payment of a small fee of sixpence each to the Fabric Fund.

It may be appropriate to give the opinion of an old Bristolian on Bristol Cathedral, and the following extract from the Biography of John Addington Symonds is given : "Symonds had come back from his tour fully prepared to test his beloved Bristol by the famous cities and buildings which he had just visited. 'On entering the cathedral,' he writes, 'and seeing its beautiful bare aisles, I felt the whole superiority of English architecture over Belgian, and even over German. The massive mullions and exquisite tracery of the windows, the grand roofing with its clustered spandrils and lacy boss-work, the harmony of the parts produced by greater length, the purity of the bay-arches and their moulded columns—all combine to exalt Bristol Cathedral over any I have seen abroad ;' and he adds, what is obviously true at this time of his life : "Coelum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt." I tested the view from the roof of the muniment room at St. Mary's, Redclyffe, and remain convinced of its superiority over Ghent or Bruges.'"

On the site of the present nave, that gifted poetess, Mary Robinson ("Perdita"), was born. She unfortunately became the first unlawful love of the "First Gentleman in Europe," who left her to perish in poverty.

The next object of great interest is the arched **Norman Gateway** between the Upper and Lower College greens ; the superstructure and inscriptions are probably by Abbots Newland and Elyott (1481-1526). In 1883, owing to considerable decay having taken place, the arch was restored, and the 15th-century building above it, and the precentor's house—an ugly modern excrescence—was removed, and the tower, which had previously abutted upon the south-east corner of the gate, was rebuilt. Down in the green, on the left, is a sunken Norman archway, with additions bearing Abbot Newland's rebus, *circa* 1510.



Abbey Gateway, leading to Lower College green.

The upper green was a sanctuary. In 1401-2, twelve persons paid 4d. each to have their names inserted in the sacrist's book. We now cross to the church of **St. Mark** (or the **Lord Mayor's Chapel**), the gems of which are the Poyntz or Jesus chapel; the painted window purchased (1820) at Sir Paul Bagot's sale; the effigies of Maurice de Gaunt (1230), Robert de Gourney (1260), another (unknown), *circa* 1360, and Sir Richard Berkeley (1604); a recessed tomb, member of Berkeley family (*circa* 1465); the tomb of Bishop Miles Salley (1516), &c. Bedloe, the informer, was buried as a pauper near the church door in 1680. The church is open to visitors on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 11 to 3. (See also p. 31.)

In **Frogmore Street**, at the corner of Pipe lane, is a niche and winged lion in stone, showing the old boundary of the premises of St. Mark's hospital. Passing to the top corner of Lodge street, we call at the **Red Lodge Reformatory**, and examine the magnificent drawing-room, with its finely-carved chimney-piece, *temp.* Elizabeth; then continue down Perry road to the King David inn, the site of the Nunnery of St. Mary Magdalen. We descend **Christmas Steps**, formerly called "Queene Streete" (for inscription, 1669, over the sedilia, see Walk VII.). The chapel of the Three Kings of Cologne, *circa* 1485, may be seen above the sedilia. At the foot of the steps we turn on the left to the gateway of **St. Bartholomew's Hospital**. The Early English arch, and the interior arcade of arches, *circa* 1220, are of great interest. **Lewin's Mead**, to the left, has hardly a specimen of "half-timber" remaining, though only a few years since almost every house had its overhanging gable. Proceeding to the end of Lewin's Mead, and crossing to Whitsun street, a good view can be secured of the west end of St. James's Priory church, with its beautiful Norman circular window and intersecting arches.

In the church of **St. James** we note the statue discovered in 1818, and supposed at the time to be the effigy of the founder, Robert, Consul of Gloucester, he who gave every tenth stone brought from Caen to build his castle to erect this church, in or about 1127. There is now little doubt but that the effigy is that of Richard de Grenville, who died in 1240. The arcade of arches which we saw from Whitsun street is continued on the exterior north and south sides of the church, but they can be seen only by ascending to the roof-leads. These present some of the

earliest specimens of the use of the pointed arch. The nave is divided from the side aisles by massive circular clustered columns, which support heavy Norman arches, all very much "restored."

Passing along the Horsefair, we turn upon the right hand through old King street and enter Marshall street, now Merchant street; this was the ancient military road in which the soldiers



Gateway of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

were marshalled on their way to Kingsdown. Here on the left, in Quakers' friars, are some fine Early English remains of the house of the **Dominicans**. The friary once, it is said, possessed the impression in stone of the Saviour's last footstep on earth, which He left as a memorial when He ascended from Mount Olivet. The Friends' meeting-house, which occupies part

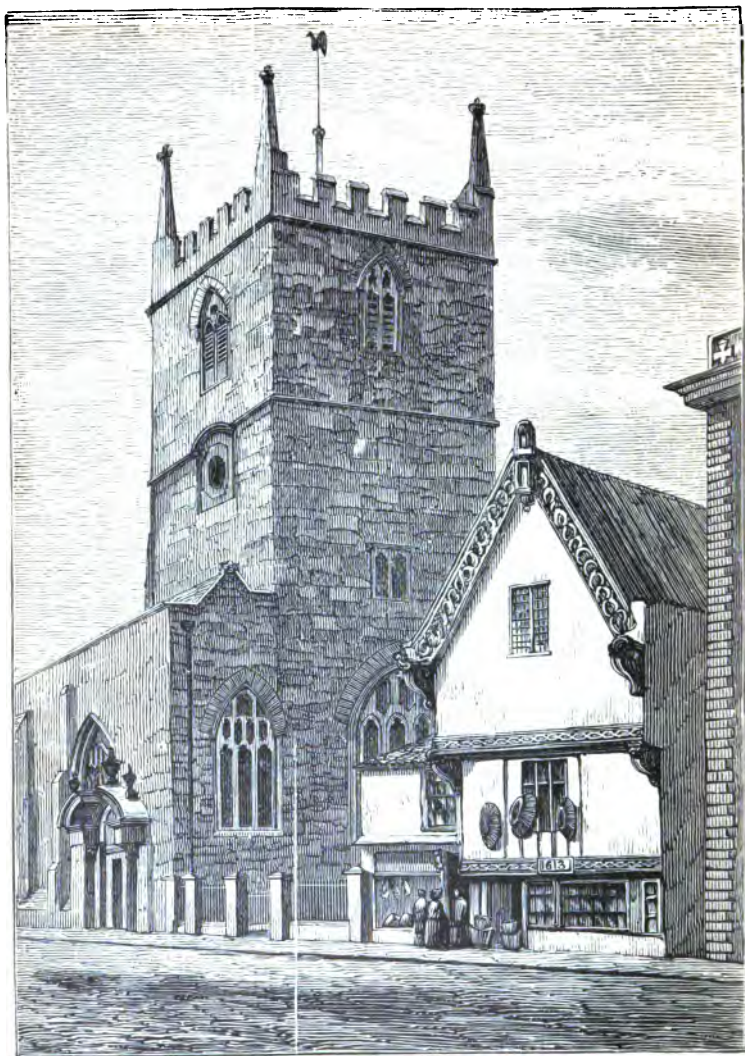
of the site, was opened in 1670. The buildings of the Merchant Tailors' almshouses, on the right, date from 1701.

Newgate, famous as the prison of the early Quakers, the Nonconformists, and the poet Savage, stood in the angle of the hill that led up to the castle, known as Castle Mill street. Skirting the castle ditch, now covered in, there were, until recently, remains of the old wall at the east corner, within which were doubtless some of the ancient cellars. Common repute asserts these to have been the cells in which Stephen was confined; no doubt he had a safer as well as a more comfortable abiding-place in the great Donjon tower, of which not a trace remains.

Passing up Lower Castle street, we now cross between Castle and Old Market streets, descending Tower hill to the church of **St. Philip and Jacob**, which contains a mutilated Norman font and a stone monumental effigy, badly defaced, *circa* 14th century. The south porch and tower date from the beginning of the 13th century. Returning up Castle street, we turn on the right into Tower street, where are some interesting remains—probably portico or vestibule to state rooms—of the **Castle**.

Castle Green is the site where Champion's celebrated Bristol china was manufactured. (A single teacup of his finest production has sold for £90.) Defoe frequented the Red Lion, an inn in Castle street; and also the Star inn, in Cock and Bottle lane close by. Selkirk lived for awhile in St. Stephen's parish. In Narrow Wine street Matthew Wasbrough, the discoverer of rotary motion in its application to the steam engine, carried on business.

St. Peter's Church was founded before the Conquest, and was described early in the 12th century as being regarded, by common assent, as the oldest and chief of the Bristol churches: but it is very doubtful if any portion of the early fabric remains; possibly the tower walls, which are over six feet thick, may be of that period. Many brasses have been stolen from this church, but there is a very fine one left in the east end of the south aisle; it is that of a priest (Robert Lond) in his vestments, holding a chalice, date 1461. Near it lies a *male cadaver* in stone; and an elaborate canopy tomb to Alderman Robert Aldworth (the rebuilder of the house now St. Peter's hospital), died 1634, and of his wife Martha. There is a monumental tablet to Savage in the outside southern wall of the church. (For St. Peter's hospital see Walk V.) In Wine street



St. Peter's Church.

Yeamans, who was hanged opposite his own door for plotting a rising in favour of Charles I., had a back-door into the passage leading into the Grand hotel. Yeamans's house is now occupied by a restaurant. Cadell, the eminent London publisher, was



St. Leonard's Lane in the 18th Century.

born in Wine street, and Robert Southey was also born here, at No. 9.

To compass the most ancient **City Walls** we enter by St. Leonard's lane, on the right-hand side of Corn street, next

to the National Provincial bank. St. Leonard's lane terminates at Small street, where stood St. Giles's gate, with a chapel over it. Close by was the "Jewry" of the 13th century. Bell lane, in which were the warehouses that Jack the Painter fired, continues as far as St. John's church. On this portion of the wall was the church of St. Laurence, which abutted on the gateway of St. John the Baptist. Crossing the end of Broad street, we enter Tower lane, and pass an ancient gate (over which once stood a tower, traditionally called Dove tower), emerging in Wine street at the top of the Pithay, having accomplished half the circuit of the wall. It then ran along Wine street and Narrow Wine street to Checquer lane, coming out abreast of the church of St. Peter. Here, in the corner house, are the remains of a postern gate. From St. Peter's the wall continued by the bank to the Avon, through what is now the southern side of Bridge street to St. Nicholas gate, thence along the line of houses between Nicholas and Baldwin streets until it again reached Corn street, over which stood a triangular gateway with St. Leonard's church over it. This completes the circuit of the first vallum.

The second wall, built about 1100, enclosed the ground from the Stone bridge to the castle, between the river From and the previous wall. A third was added after 1247, when the waters of the From were diverted from their ancient course. This new and final piece of circumvallation took in all the area from the Stone bridge, round by the Quay and King street to the Welsh back. On the other side of the river it was carried from Redcliff wharf to Tower Harratz, thus enclosing the transpontine district of Redcliff, Thomas and Temple.

A third route should be down High street. Note the leaden rain-water head against house No. 34, bearing the initials "M. I. H." and date 1686: it is an interesting specimen. The finest of the old cellars on this side of the street have been destroyed; but those on the east are well worth inspection, especially those under Nos. 22 and 23. The 15th-century crypt of St. Nicholas consists of two aisles. The roof is supported by massive pillars, with columns and capitals; from these spring the ribs of the vaulting. The bosses, among which are believed to be the heads of Edward III. and his Queen Philippa, are elegant. In 1821 a stone coffin, with a beautifully-ornamented cross and inscription, dated 1311, was discovered.

The handsomest **panelled room** in Bristol, and one of the

most complete of the period in England, is in a mansion erected by a member of the Langton family, now in the occupation of the Franklin, Davey and Company branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company Limited. The beautiful Jacobean stone chimney-piece, carved door and moulded ceiling are exquisitely wrought; other apartments and the finely-carved and handsome staircase are exceedingly good specimens of the same period, *circa* 1623. Crossing by ferry to Redcliff back, we next enter the **house of William Canynges** the younger (97 Redcliff street), and examine what remains of the hall of the merchant, commonly called the chapel, and the floor of encaustic tiles (*circa* 1480) in an inner room. Just beyond, and down Jones's lane, will be found the Friends' burying-ground (acquired in 1665): notice a small portion of the ancient loopholed wall. Redcliff church we have already described in Walk III. Continuing through Pile street, in which it is alleged Charles I. had to sleep one night when he arrived at the city after the gates were shut, we pass up Victoria street to the statue of Neptune; then examine the leaning tower of **Temple**, in the north aisle of which is the Weavers' chapel: the old memorial brasses, the unique wrought brass candelabrum, and two curious small windows, supposed to be "lepers' windows," under each of the large east windows, for the use of those "misérables," from which they could witness the elevation of the host from the outside of the church when forbidden to mix with the congregation. On the same side of Old Temple street are Dr. Thomas White's almshouses, built in the form of a quadrangle: they were founded about 1613.

The educated eye will find many another bit of old Bristowe in the course of these peregrinations which limited space forbids our describing.

GENERAL INFORMATION

On Matters which will prove useful to Visitors.

Amusements.—PRINCE'S THEATRE, Park row, is visited by the best provincial touring and other companies, and from time to time by celebrated actors with their London companies. Performances are given each evening, beginning at 7.30, all the year round, with the exception of two months about June and July; pantomime each year on Christmas Eve and about ten or twelve weeks afterwards, beginning at 7.0.

THEATRE ROYAL, King street. One of the oldest established theatres in the country (founded 1766). Given largely to melodrama. Performances nightly most of the year round at 7.30; pantomime each year, beginning on Christmas Eve.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MUSIC HALL, Baldwin street. Variety entertainment, twice nightly, at 7.0 and 9.0.

EMPIRE MUSIC HALL, Old Market street. Variety entertainment, twice nightly, at 7.0 and 9.0.

In addition to the foregoing, frequent concerts are held at the Victoria Rooms, the Colston Hall, and other public buildings, at which music of the highest class is performed by the various Bristol Musical Societies, of which there are a great number.

Cabs and Cab Fares.—HIRING: *By distance*—If the distance does not exceed one mile, 1s.; for each succeeding half mile or portion thereof, 6d. *By time*—If the time does not exceed one hour, 2s. 6d.; for each succeeding quarter of an hour or portion thereof, 6d. The driver is entitled to charge a fare and a half between 12 o'clock at night and 6 o'clock in the morning. The driver shall be entitled, in addition to the fare for the hiring, to an extra payment of 2d. for every package carried outside, and to an extra payment of 6d. for every passenger above two. Two children under ten years of age to count as one passenger, and for one such child an extra 3d. The hiring shall be by distance or by time, but unless expressed at the commencement of the hiring to be by time, shall be taken to be by distance. If by distance the driver shall be compelled to drive to any place within a circle of six miles radius, of which the Bristol Exchange is the centre. If by time, the driver shall not be compelled to drive for more than two hours, but shall

drive at a reasonable pace; if the hiring be by distance or by time, not less than six miles an hour, and he shall drive by the shortest, most convenient and practicable route. Complaints of incivility or overcharge may be made to the Inspector of Public Carriages, Bridewell Street Police Station.

Churches and Chapels.—Bristol possesses about eighty churches, representing all shades of religious thought in the Church of England. There are also a large number of chapels, of all denominations, and seven places of worship belonging to the Roman Catholics. The morning services begin, generally speaking, at 11 o'clock, and the evening services at 6.30. Announcements as to the preachers in the principal churches and chapels are made in the local papers on Saturday mornings. Services for the people are held on Sundays during the winter months at the Colston Hall and the People's Palace.

Clubs.—CLIFTON CLUB, The Mall, Clifton. Visitors to Clifton may be elected as temporary members for periods of six months, three months, one month, or two weeks.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHIC CLUB, Berkeley Square. Temporary members may be elected for periods of one month, three months, and six months.

THE BRISTOL LIBERAL CLUB, Corn Street.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB, St. Stephen's Street.

BRISTOL NORTH UNIONIST CLUB, Stokes Croft.

Education.—The educational facilities of Clifton and Bristol are great. In addition to the well-known Clifton College (for a description of which see p. 54) may be mentioned the following: University College, Merchant Venturers' Technical College; Bristol Grammar School, Tyndall's park; Colston's Boarding School, Stapleton; Cathedral School, Lower College green; Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Brandon hill; Clifton High School for Girls, Worcester avenue; Redland High School for Girls, Redland court; St. Brandon's (or the Clergy Daughters' School), Great George street; Colston's Girls' School, and many others.

Hotels.—CLIFTON. *Clifton Down Hotel*, near Suspension bridge. Terms: 10s. 6d. per day in winter, 12s. 6d. in summer.

St. Vincent's Rocks Hotel, Sion hill, near Suspension bridge. Terms: 9s. per day, 52s. 6d. per week.

Clifton Grand Spa and Hydro, near Suspension bridge.
Terms: 52s. 6d. to 100s. per week, including baths.

Imperial Hotel, Whiteladies road. Terms: about 9s. per day.

Queen's Hotel, Whiteladies road. Terms: from 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per day.

BRISTOL. *Royal Hotel*, College green. (Family and commercial.)

Grand Hotel, Broad street. (Family and commercial.)

Royal Talbot Hotel, Victoria street. (Commercial.)

And many other commercial and temperance hotels.

Libraries.—Bristol is well supplied with free libraries, the largest of which is the New Central Library in Deanery road. (See p. 88.) The others are St. Philip's Library, Trinity road; North District Library, Cheltenham road; Bedminster Library, East street; Redland Library, Whiteladies road; St. George's Library, Church road; Fishponds Library, Fishponds road; Shirehampton Library, Avonmouth Library, and Westbury-on-Trym Library. (The two latter are open only one day in the week.) All these libraries contain news rooms and reference departments. The news rooms are open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., and the libraries from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. The number of books contained in these libraries totals over 120,000.

Newspapers.—The following are the principal newspapers published in Bristol: Daily—*Western Daily Press* (1d., Liberal); *Bristol Times and Mirror* (1d., and 2d. on Saturdays, Conservative); *Bristol Mercury* (½d., Liberal). Evening—*Bristol Evening News*, *Bristol Evening Times*, *Bristol Echo*, all published at a halfpenny. Weekly—*Bristol Observer* (Saturdays, Liberal, 1d.); *Bristol Weekly Mercury* (Saturdays, Liberal, 1d.); *Clifton Chronicle* (Wednesdays, neutral, 1d.); *Bristol Guardian* (Saturdays, 1d.).

Parliamentary Representation.—Bristol sends four members to Parliament, and it is expected that in the next Redistribution Bill she will be given a fifth. In the present (1906) Parliament she is represented by three Liberals—Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C. (North), C. E. Hobhouse (East), W. Howell Davies (South), and one Conservative—G. A. Gibbs (West).

Population and Area.—The population of Bristol is at present estimated at about 360,000, and the city has a total acreage of 17,004 and a rateable value of £1,723,119.

The water boundaries extend down the river Avon from Hanham to Kingroad, down the foreshore of the Channel to

the Steep and Flat Holms, and from the latter to Aust Cliffs and down the Severn again to Kingroad.

Post Offices.—The General Post Office is in Small street, and there are branch offices at Clifton, Redland, and Temple gate. The General Post Office is open day and night, and the branch offices from 7.0 a.m. to 10.0 p.m. There are about eighty sub-offices in various parts of Bristol.

Railways and Railway Facilities.—The main Bristol station is at Temple meads (Great Western and Midland joint). It is the starting-point on the *Great Western Railway* for Bath, Oxford, and London, Severn Tunnel, South Wales, and the North, Salisbury and Weymouth, Frome, Exeter, Plymouth, and Cornwall, North Devon, Cheddar Valley, &c.; also for Portishead by Bristol and Portishead line, and Avonmouth by the Clifton Extension line. Other stations on Clifton Extension line are Lawrence hill, Stapleton road (where the line branches off from the main South Wales line), Montpelier, Redland, Clifton down (Whiteladies road), Sea mills, Shirehampton and Avonmouth; there is also a branch of this line running from Hotwells station to Avonmouth; on the Portishead line, Bedminster, Clifton bridge (bottom of Rownham hill), Pill, Portbury, and Portishead; on the South Wales line, Ashley hill; on the London main line, St. Anne's Park; and on the Frome line, Brislington.

The *Midland Railway* starts from Temple meads for Gloucester, Birmingham and the North. There is a Midland Railway Goods dépôt at St. Philip's, near Old Market street, and also a passenger station, whence start trains for Mangotsfield and Bath. Fishponds and Staple hill are stations on this line within the boundaries of Bristol.

Recreation.—**GOLF.** *Bristol and Clifton Golf Club.* 18 holes. Links at Failand, 2½ miles from Suspension bridge. Temporary members, £1 per month, 10s. per week, 2s. per day (5s. on Saturdays from October to March).

Rodway Hill Golf Club. 18 holes. Links at Mangotsfield. Midland Railway from St. Philip's or Temple meads, or by electric car to Staple hill. Temporary members, 15s. per month, 7s. 6d. per week, 2s. per day (2s. 6d. Saturdays).

Henbury Golf Club. 9 holes. Links at Henbury, which may be reached by bus from Blackboy hill to Westbury, and walk or drive thence to Henbury. Temporary members, 10s. per month,

5s. per week, 1s. per day (2s. 6d. on Saturdays from September to April). No visitors allowed during Christmas or Easter meetings unless entered for competitions.

Long Ashton Golf Club. 18 holes. Links at Long Ashton, which may be reached from Clifton via Suspension bridge and Rownham hill. Temporary members, £2 2s. for six months, 25s. for two months, 15s. for one month, 5s. per week, 1s. per day (2s. 6d. on Saturdays and Bank holidays).

There is also a 9-hole course on Durdham down, where play is allowed up till two o'clock in the afternoon each day. Subscription, 10s.

Sunday play is allowed at *Saltford* links, on the Great Western Railway between Bristol and Bath. Temporary members, 1s. per day, although this will probably soon be revised. Other links within easy reach of Bristol are at Weston-super-Mare, Burnham, and Clevedon. A course will also be opened before long at Portishead.

HUNTING.—Two good packs of foxhounds meet most days of the week during the season within easy reach of Bristol, the *Badminton* and the *Berkeley*. The former hunts the country between Cirencester, Devizes, and Frenchay, and the latter between Gloucester and Avonmouth.

The *Clifton Foot Harriers* hunt two days a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. The kennels are at Yatton, in the neighbourhood of which the meets usually take place.

SWIMMING. There are six Corporation bathing establishments in Bristol—at Broad Weir, the Mayor's Paddock, New Cut, Jacob's Wells, "Rennison's" (Montpelier), Barton hill (May street), and Victoria (Leigh road south, Clifton). Open-air swimming baths have been established at three of the public parks—Bedminster, Victoria, and Eastville. The charges for admission vary from 1d. to 6d. or 7d.

All kinds of open-air sports and exercises are carried on in and around Bristol. Anyone making a lengthy stay in the city and anxious for information as to the best clubs should consult the article "Sports" in *Arrowsmith's Dictionary of Bristol*, wherein he will find all the information he requires.

Restaurants.—In Clifton: Fortt's, Regent street; Bonnet and Son, 51 Queen's road; Chivers's, Royal Promenade. In Bristol: The Priory Restaurant, St. Augustine's parade; The Bristol Restaurant, Wine street; Lloyd's Café, Wine street, and Cabot Café, College green; Jacomelli's, High street;

Café Royal, High street; The Swiss Restaurant, Baldwin street; St. Stephen's Restaurant, Baldwin street; Exchange, Small street, and many others.

Steamer Trips.—Throughout the summer months pleasure steamers make frequent excursions from the city docks to Ilfracombe, Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, Lynton and Lynmouth, the Mumbles, Newport, Cardiff, Chepstow, &c. Particulars may be seen in the daily papers. There are also regular services of steamers from Bristol to Liverpool, Belfast, Waterford, Dublin, Glasgow, Hamburg, West Indies, New York, Montreal, Central America, South America, South Africa, and New Zealand.

Telephone Public Call Offices.—There are about 40 of these in the various public thoroughfares in Bristol.

Tramways.—Bristol's electric tramway system, under the control of the Bristol Tramway and Carriage Co. Ltd., is admitted to be one of the most complete and best organised in the country. Radiating from the Tramway centre, below College green, a network of lines spreads out all over the city, the total mileage being thirty. The main routes are as follows:—

1. From Tramway centre via Park row and Whiteladies road to the Downs.
2. Tramway centre to Hotwells (thence by Rocks Railway to Clifton).
3. Tramway centre to Temple Meads station, Brislington, Totterdown and Knowle.
4. Tramway centre to Horfield, and to Durdham down via Zetland road.
5. From Old Market street to Durdham Downs, to Eastville, Fishponds and Staple hill, and to Lawrence hill and Kingswood, and Hanham.
6. Redcliff street to Bedminster and Ashton gate.

Tramcars run on every route from about 5 a.m. to 11 p.m. (except Clifton route, where they begin about 7.30 a.m.), and on Sundays from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. The tramway service is supplemented by a system of motor-buses which run as follows:—

1. From Blackboy hill to Westbury-on-Trym.
2. From Victoria rooms to Suspension bridge.
3. From Bedminster bridge via Coronation road to Bedminster.

Motor-buses also run at stated times to Thornbury, and to Keynsham and Saltford from the Horfield and Brislington termini respectively.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN AND AROUND BRISTOL.

Bristol Cathedral, College green.—Formerly the abbey church of the monastery of St. Augustine, founded in 1142 by Robert Fitzhardinge, progenitor of the present lords of Berkeley. Portions of the original building remain, but the nave and western towers are quite modern. Of the Norman work still extant, the Chapter House and the lower portion of the arch leading from Upper to Lower College green are the best specimens. (See pp. 172—177.)

St. Mary Redcliff Church, Redcliff street.—Commonly acknowledged to be the finest parish church in England. Both outside and in the church is a gem of architectural beauty. The date of foundation is wrapped in mystery, but undoubtedly certain portions of the building date back to the twelfth century. It was under the shadow of Redcliff church that Chatterton was born and brought up. (See pp. 95—103.)

Lord Mayor's Chapel, College green.—Founded in the 13th century as the collegiate church of the hospital of St. Mark. It was purchased from the King at the Reformation, and is now used for the worship of the civic authorities. Open to visitors on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 11 to 3. (See pp. 31 and 179.)

Cabot Tower, Brandon hill.—Foundation-stone laid by the late Marquis of Dufferin, on June 24th, 1897, on the 400th anniversary of the departure of John Cabot from Bristol on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the American mainland. A magnificent view is to be obtained from the top. (See pp. 33 and 34.)

Museum and Art Gallery, Queen's road.—The Museum building was until recently used to accommodate a museum of natural history and a reference library. The books contained in the library, however, are now in the Central Library, Deanery road, and the Museum is now given up entirely to the display of natural history specimens. It is connected by a passage-way with the adjoining Art Gallery, which is devoted to antiquities and exhibitions of pictures. (See pp. 36—39.)

Fine Arts Academy, Queen's road.—Founded in 1845, largely owing to the munificence of Mrs. Sharples. The academy contains, among other things, three celebrated pictures by Hogarth, originally the property of St. Mary Redcliff Church. (See pp. 45 and 46.)

Zoological Gardens, Guthrie road. There is also an entrance facing the Downs. (See p. 51.)

Suspension Bridge, Clifton down.—The strongest and handsomest suspension bridge in the world. In the year 1753 a merchant named Vick left £1,000 as the nucleus of a sum to be devoted to the erection of a bridge over the Avon from Clifton down, the cost of which he estimated at £10,000. In 1830, when Vick's legacy had accumulated to about £8,000, a company was formed for erecting a suspension bridge. The foundation-stone of the first buttress was laid on August 27th, 1836, by the Marquis of Northampton, but owing to difficulties of various kinds, chiefly financial, the bridge was not completed till 1864, the total cost having been nearly £100,000. (See pp. 59, 82, and 83.)

Observatory Hill, Clifton down. This hill is the site of an ancient British camp, some traces of which may still be seen. On the opposite side of the river are the remains of two other camps, which were probably connected with the one on Observatory hill by means of a ford. The Observatory contains an excellent camera obscura, and gives admittance to the Giant's (or Ghyston's) cave. (See p. 57.)

Sea Walls, Durdham down. The bracing air and fine view to be obtained here make the spot well worth a visit. (See pp. 50 and 157.)

Central Library, Deanery road.—This recently-erected and somewhat austere-looking building is well worth a visit. Apart from its magnificent collection of books, of which there are some 50,000, it contains a fine old carved chimney-piece, formerly believed to have been the work of Grinling Gibbons, but now ascribed to Patey, Gibbons's understudy; also some rare old MSS., including a vellum Bible of the 13th century and the polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes. (See pp. 88, 89.)

St. Peter's Hospital, Peter street.—This interesting old building is the head-quarters of the Bristol Board of Guardians, who until 1901 had for 200 years held their meetings

in the fine old 15th-century room, which has now been vacated owing to its deficiency in size. The place is interesting as being the first workhouse established in England. (See pp. 122—124.)

Colston Hall, Colston street.—This hall, standing upon the site of the old Great house, which played an important part in the life of the city two or three centuries ago, should be visited for the sake of seeing, and if possible hearing, the organ. This instrument, which was completed in 1905, takes rank as the finest and most varied in the world. Recitals on it are given at frequent intervals, and regularly every Sunday from October to April at the afternoon and evening services held in the hall. (See p. 28.)

Müller's Orphan Houses, Ashley down.—These world-famed institutions, which constitute a very remarkable evidence of the power of Christian faith, are well worth a visit. They are fully described on pp. 136—138.

Red Lodge, Park row, is interesting as being the first Girls' Reformatory School to be established in the country. It contains a beautiful Elizabethan room with a magnificent carved-oak chimney-piece. It is indissolubly associated with the name of Mary Carpenter. (See pp. 64, 65.)

The antiquary should, in addition to the places mentioned here, pay visits to the spots described in "Walks for the Archæologist."

Froom Glen, Stapleton to Frenchay.—Go when you will, this walk is always a charming one, but especially so in the early summer months, when the leaves and grass are fresh and green and nature is decking herself out in glorious attire, rejoicing in the warmth of sunshine before her. Take the tram or train to Stapleton road, and from the tram terminus proceed straight along to Stapleton Bridge at the bottom of Eastville Park. This, by far the most picturesque of Bristol's public parks, is seventy acres in extent, and presents in summer-time a scene of great animation. From Stapleton Bridge the road leads on past Colston's School, Stapleton Church, and Purdown to Stoke Park, the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, and Frenchay. We prefer the prettier route and turn off at Stapleton Bridge to the right, following a path along the winding Froom. Past Wickham Glen and Wickham Bridge

we wander, noting a little further on the ruins of an old snuff-mill, and so come, after a walk of about two and a half miles, to Frenchay tea gardens, where tea is to be obtained. Or we may go a little further on beyond the village to the pretty Cleeve gardens, where we may enjoy our tea amidst very rural surroundings. Returning to Frenchay, we cross the bridge, and, taking the path through Oldbury Court Park, we pass Fishponds Training College for Women and Fishponds Park and Church, and soon come to Fishponds road, where we may take a tramcar or train back to Bristol. The distance from the Stapleton road Tramway Terminus to Fishponds is about four and a half miles.

Leigh Woods.—Cross the Suspension bridge and turn up to the right, past a Swiss chalet. On the left-hand side are private residences occupying what was formerly the site of one of the three ancient British camps, commanding the Avon gorge; portions of this camp (known as Burgh Walls) are still to be seen in the grounds of one of the houses. Passing on beyond the line of houses, we come to a dip in the road, and at the bottom turn through some palings on the right into Leigh Woods. We pass along a narrow, shady path, and emerge on to an open down, surrounded on all sides by trees and foliage, and approached by numerous beautiful glades. We bear away on the right along the north side of Nightingale Valley, and emerge on the edge of the cliff. (See p. 77.) We are now on the site of another of the British camps (Stokeleigh Camp), and can easily trace remains of the ramparts, particularly on the north-west side. The view of Clifton and the Avon gorge which meets our view from this spot is magnificent. Leigh Woods, some sixty acres in extent, belong to a limited company, which preserves them for the benefit of Bristolians. For sylvan beauty they are unsurpassed, and it has been well said that "scarcely a gallery of the country is without some passages of this wood, some recollections of artists who have studied here before the great open book of nature." The return journey may be accomplished by the outward route or down Nightingale Valley and along the bank of the Avon to Rownham, where we cross the river by the ferry or swing bridge.

To the south of Leigh Woods and about a quarter of a mile from the Suspension bridge, lies Ashton Court, the seat of the Greville Smyth family. The extensive grounds and gardens, which are frequently thrown open to the public during the summer months, are well worth a visit. If we follow the road

from Ashton Court towards Portishead we come to the pretty little village and church of Abbot's Leigh. On our right-hand side is Leigh Court, a fine mansion in the Italian style. It is the



Nightingale Valley, Leigh Woods.

home of the Miles family, and is notable as having afforded a temporary shelter to Charles II. in the course of his flight from Worcester.

Portbury, Portishead, and Clevedon.—Train and walk, or by bicycle. Cross the river at Rownham and take the train from Clifton Bridge Station to Portbury. The ancient church of Portbury should be visited by all who have antiquarian tastes. On the left of the station is a hill and an ancient camp, whence a fine view may be obtained of the surrounding

country. The walk to Portishead is soon accomplished. The chief feature of the place is its dock, which with that at Avonmouth, on the opposite side of the river, was acquired by the Bristol Corporation in 1884. Close to the entrance lock lay until recently the old *Formidable* training ship, now superseded by the new National Nautical School, erected a little further down the coast, near the Black Nore Lighthouse, and immediately overlooking the Channel. On Battery Point, not far from the dock, are mounted some modern guns for volunteer practice, the island of Denny, midway in the Channel, forming a convenient target. A delightful walk of six or seven miles' length may be obtained from Portishead over Portishead Down and Walton Down, which contains the picturesque ruins of Walton Castle, once a hunting seat, to Walton Park, and thence to Clevedon. Apart from the natural beauty of the place and its surroundings, which has made it one of the most popular watering-places of the West, Clevedon's associations with eminent men render it very interesting to the visitor. Here Coleridge brought his wife after their marriage at St. Mary Redcliff, and the cottage in which they are said to have lived during their few months' stay is still pointed out not far from the station. In Clevedon old church lie the mortal remains of Arthur Henry Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

“ When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west
There comes a glory on the walls.

“ Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.”

And it is to Clevedon again that the poet makes reference in the lines—

“ And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.”

In Clevedon old church also is the family vault of the Eltons, the lords of the manor, many of whom have achieved distinction in literature and politics. Clevedon Court, the family estate, lies about a mile to the east of the station. Visitors are admitted to the grounds on the presentation of a card. Thackeray is said to have written a great part of *Esmond*

here, and the mansion is commonly supposed to be the original of "Castlewood." From Clevedon the visitor may return by the railway, which joins the main line at Yatton, or, if tide and season permit, by one of the channel steamers, nearly all of which call here. The journey from Portishead to Clevedon may be accomplished by bus. The trip may if desired be extended to Weston by the Clevedon and Weston Light Railway, returning home by train from the latter place.

The Clevedon excursion provides a very good run for cyclists. An enjoyable round may be obtained by taking the road over the Suspension Bridge past Abbot's Leigh to Portbury and Portishead, and thence through Weston-in-Gordano to Clevedon; return home past Clevedon Court, up Tickenham hill, past Failand Inn and Golf Links, and along Beggar's Bush lane into the Bristol—Portishead road. Distance, about 28 miles. If time allows a visit should be paid to Cadbury Camp, the approach to which leaves the main road close to Tickenham. In addition to the magnificent view of the Mendips and of the Welsh hills, very extensive remains may be traced of a British encampment once situated on this spot.

Dundry, Chew Magna, Stanton Drew, &c.—For cyclists or pedestrians. The latter should take the tram to Ashton gate, and walk thence to Long Ashton, or take the bus from Bedminster Bridge to Long Ashton; if from Clifton, cross the Suspension Bridge and proceed down Rownham hill past Clifton Bridge station to the Ashton road, or if possible through Ashton Park. At Long Ashton a path may be taken leading through the fields to Dundry. Cyclists can get round easily by road. Dundry church tower (see p. 84) is such a prominent landmark, that the way cannot be missed. Dundry church is situated 769 feet above sea level, and the beautiful 15th-century tower, with its light and open parapet and pinnacles traced through every line with almost aerial effect against the sky, adds another 100 feet. The view to be obtained from the top is magnificent, and extends on a clear day over twelve counties. The distance from Bristol is about five miles. Two and a half miles below Dundry, on the further side lies Chew Magna, which is easily reached. Turn to the left to Stanton Drew, the chief attraction of which are the Druidical remains. These are for the most part situated in a field near the church, and were originally arranged in circles, with the exception of four great monoliths. Of these

four, three form a group called the *Cove*, and the fourth, of immense proportions, lies by itself to the north of the circles, close to the road. It is known as Hauteville's Quoit, from the legend that Sir John Hauteville, of Norton, being a man of great strength, one day stood on Maes Knoll and hurled the stone at Stanton Drew church, two and a half miles distant; the mass failed to reach its mark, and fell where it now lies. Pedestrians will perhaps have had enough walking by this time,



The Stones in the Orchard, Stanton Drew.

and will therefore be glad to take the train back to Bristol from Pensford. Cyclists may return by the Whitchurch—Knowle road, a distance of about eight miles. A profitable extension of the trip may be made from Stanton Drew to Maes Knoll, between Stanton Drew and Whitchurch. Here was situated a British camp, forming the western end of Wansdyke, the great earthwork whose irregular course can still be traced as far east

as Devizes and Savernake. The camp commands a magnificent view.

Weston-super-Mare.—The “Bristol Brighton,” as it is called, may be reached by road (21 miles), by rail (19 miles), or in the summer months by water (25 miles). The road for the cyclist leads through Long Ashton, Backwell, Congresbury and Worle. For the visitor using the railway a frequent service of trains from Bristol is provided. The journey by water may be accomplished by one of the pleasure boats which undertake Channel trips at advertised times throughout the summer months. Embarking at the Hotwells landing-stage we drop down the river underneath the lofty Suspension Bridge and between the splendid cliffs of the Avon Gorge. Above us on our right lie the breezy Downs, and on our left the verdure-clad slopes of Leigh Woods and Nightingale Valley, now, alas! much defaced by the hand of the despoiler. Leaving Sea Mills, once a Roman harbour, behind us, we pass between the rapidly-growing village of Shirehampton and the little pilot town of Pill on the opposite shore, and soon come down to Avonmouth with its busy docks and wharves. The great basin furthest away from us is the Royal Edward Dock, now rapidly nearing completion; on it are set the hopes of Bristol’s future commercial prosperity. We turn down Channel and see before us the dock and pier of Portishead. Away on our right in mid-Channel lies the little island of Denny, which serves as a target for the guns mounted on Battery Point, and beyond the Welsh hills stand out clearly in the distance. Skirting the coast, we pass the new National Nautical School, built to replace the old *Formidable* training ship, and the Black Nore Point. Across Walton Bay we steam, and around Ladye Point to the pretty and interesting little town of Clevedon, where we make a short call. We are soon off again along a level piece of coast, and round Sand Point into Sand Bay, at the opposite end of which are Worle Hill and Birnbeck Island, connected by pier with Weston-super-Mare. For a proper description of the town the visitor must refer to a local guide; we cannot do more here than trace its main features.

Weston-super-Mare is situated at the northern extremity of Uphill Bay, and is backed by the tree-lined slopes of Worle Hill, over which are dotted many pleasant villas. Along the coast runs a broad esplanade, and in front of this a sandy beach, which, unfortunately, when the tide is out merges into a muddy waste. Three hundred yards from the shore, below Worle Hill,

lies Birnbeck Island, connected to the mainland by a pier. The southern horn of the bay is formed by Brean Down, and in the middle, some miles from the shore, lie the fortified islands known as the Steep and Flat Holms, which form the southern water boundary of Bristol. A new feature of Weston is the recently-erected pier and pavilion, which juts out from the main part of the town. Half-way between Birnbeck Island and the new pier is the Knightstone Pavilion and Baths. The visitor should endeavour to make a journey to Worle Hill, where are to be seen some of the finest remains of a British camp extant.

Brockley Combe, Cleeve Combe, and Wrington.

—Take train from Temple meads to Nailsea, and bear away to the left from the station for half a mile until the main road from Bristol to Weston-super-Mare is reached. Cyclists may follow this road from Bristol. Pass through West Town to the right, and three-quarters of a mile beyond four cross-roads will be reached. Take the one to the left, which leads up through Brockley Combe. This is one of the most picturesque nooks of the Mendips. The road leads upward for about a mile at a slight ascent, with rugged and precipitous rocks rising grandly on the left-hand side, crowned everywhere with foliage. On the right is a shelving forest. Return again to the main road, and follow it for about half a mile to Cleeve Combe, a dingle of a similar character to the one we have just left. The pile of limestone rocks at the bottom are known as Cleeve Toot; from the roadway they assume the appearance of a great chair. Cleeve Combe can only be seen by special permission. Whilst in this neighbourhood the visitor should extend his excursion to Wrington, famous as the home of Hannah More and the birthplace of John Locke. Take the lane to the left over the hills; the distance to Wrington is about three miles. On the south side of the church, famed for its magnificent tower, which is declared by Freeman to be the "finest square western tower for a spire or lantern in all England," is the tomb of Hannah More and her sisters. This famous authoress lived here for many years, and received visits at Barley Wood from many famous men. Some years before her death she removed to Clifton. From Wrington the pedestrian may return home by train, and the cyclist through Redhill and past the Barrow Gurney reservoirs, entering Bristol over Bedminster Down.

Cheddar, Wells, and Glastonbury.—The distance

to Cheddar by road is eighteen miles, and by rail twenty-two. The road lies over Bedminster Down and past Barrow Gurney reservoirs. The railway route runs from Temple meads station to Yatton, and thence by Cheddar Valley line to Cheddar, which is reached in about an hour. From Congresbury, between Yatton and Cheddar, a line branches off to the left to Burrington and Blagdon. Burrington Combe presents scenery similar to that of Cheddar Cliffs, and is remarkable for four natural caverns. Close to the caverns is the historic "Rock of Ages." Cheddar station is about a mile from the Cliff hotel, at the other end of the straggling town. Opposite to the hotel is the entrance to the first of the famous caves, known as *Cox's* caves, after the name of the discoverer. This is not the place to enter into a detailed description of the wonders of these caves, information about which can be obtained on the spot. No adequate impression can be conveyed by the pen of their grandeur and beauty, which is unequalled elsewhere in the kingdom. A little further up is a second cave, known as *Gough's*; this, though scarcely as beautiful as Cox's, is very much larger, and contains numerous chambers. The charge for admission to the caves is 1s. in each case. Emerging again from Gough's cave, we pass up the gently-ascending road between the mighty Cheddar Cliffs, which rise absolutely precipitously from either side of the road to a height of 400 feet and more. After passing through the Gorge we climb the grassy slope which has succeeded the rocky cliff, and walk back along the top, entering Cheddar some distance beyond the entrance to the caves. The round of Cheddar may be accomplished in two or three hours, leaving time to get on to Wells and Glastonbury the same day. To appreciate its beauties thoroughly, however, a full day is required, and the visitor desiring to stay in Cheddar for the night may do so very comfortably either at the Cliff hotel or in the village itself at the Bath Arms. Returning to Cheddar station, we take train again for Wells, which is reached in less than half an hour; distance, about nine miles both by rail and road, which run parallel. On the way we pass the village of Wookey, where another great subterranean passage may be seen.

The interest of Wells is bound up in its Cathedral, dating back to the 13th century. Though the smallest in the country, it is exceedingly beautiful both in itself and in the charm of its surroundings. Observe the famous and interesting old clock in

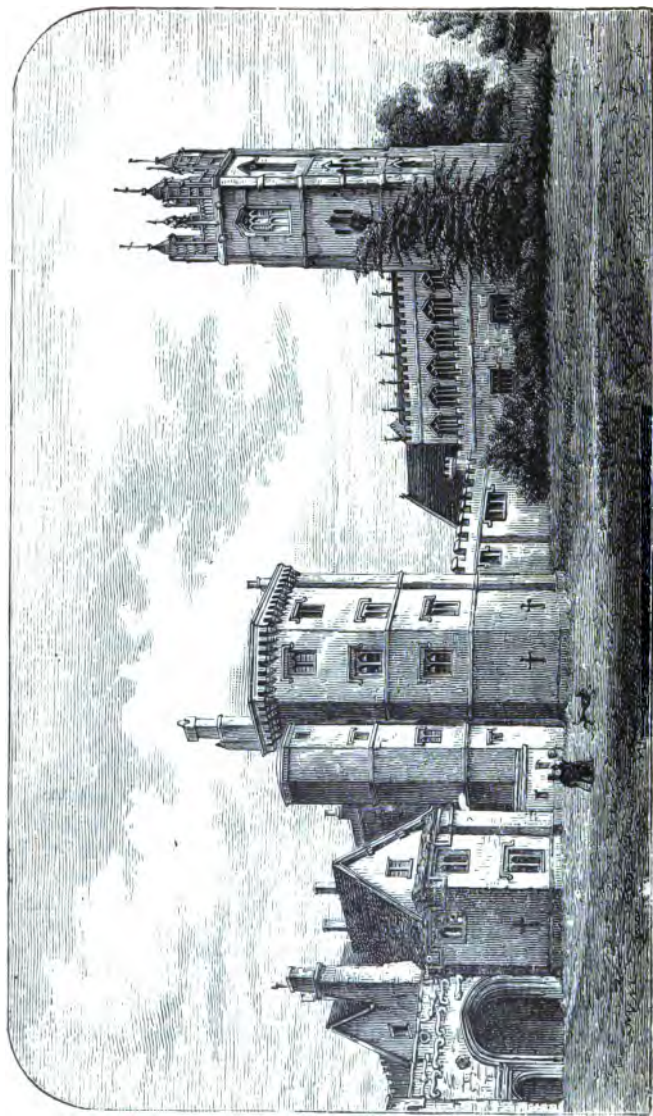
the north transept. The most beautiful view of the Cathedral is to be obtained from the Palace grounds.

Taking the train once more, we soon cover the five and a half miles to Glastonbury; the road again runs nearly parallel to the railway. The charge for admission to the Abbey precincts is 6d., and a like amount to the Abbot's Kitchen, the most striking of the secular buildings of the Abbey. The best preserved portion of the sacred edifice is St. Joseph's chapel, which is said to mark the place of sepulture of Joseph of Arimathea. In two or three minutes' walk from the bottom of High street, in which the entrance to the Abbey grounds is, we come to the Abbot's Barn, one of the finest of the monastic granaries still remaining in the country. On the left of Glastonbury as we approach it from Wells rises the striking eminence of Glastonbury Tor, the ascent of which for the sake of the view will well repay the exertion.

From Glastonbury we may return to Bristol either by the way we came or via Highbridge. The most direct route for cyclists is back to Wells and along the road to Chew Stoke and Dundry. This entails the arduous passage of the Mendips, which may be avoided by returning through Axbridge.

Almondsbury, Thornbury, and Berkeley Castle.

—This is an excursion suitable for the cyclist rather than the pedestrian: it provides one of the best cycling trips to be had from Bristol; distance, nineteen miles. The pedestrian may travel to Thornbury by the recently-established service of motor-buses, and drive the remaining seven miles to Berkeley, or he may journey thither by railway via Berkeley road. The road to Thornbury lies past Horfield barracks. About a mile and a half out we come to the little village of Filton. We may branch off on the left here, if desired, to Pilning and the mouth of the Severn Tunnel. New Passage, close by, is a favourite spot for witnessing the famous Severn bore, which at equinoctial tides is worth seeing. Continuing our way along the main road, we come to Knole Park, on our left, and Almondsbury. From the top of the hill a splendid panoramic view is to be obtained of the low-lying plain, the broad estuary of the Severn, and the Welsh hills. A fine, level road succeeds to Alveston, and from thence on to Thornbury. This small country town contains two noteworthy features, the church and the castle. The former possesses a very handsome pinnacled tower, similar to that of St. Stephen's, Bristol, and contains several monuments to the



Thornbury Church and Castle.

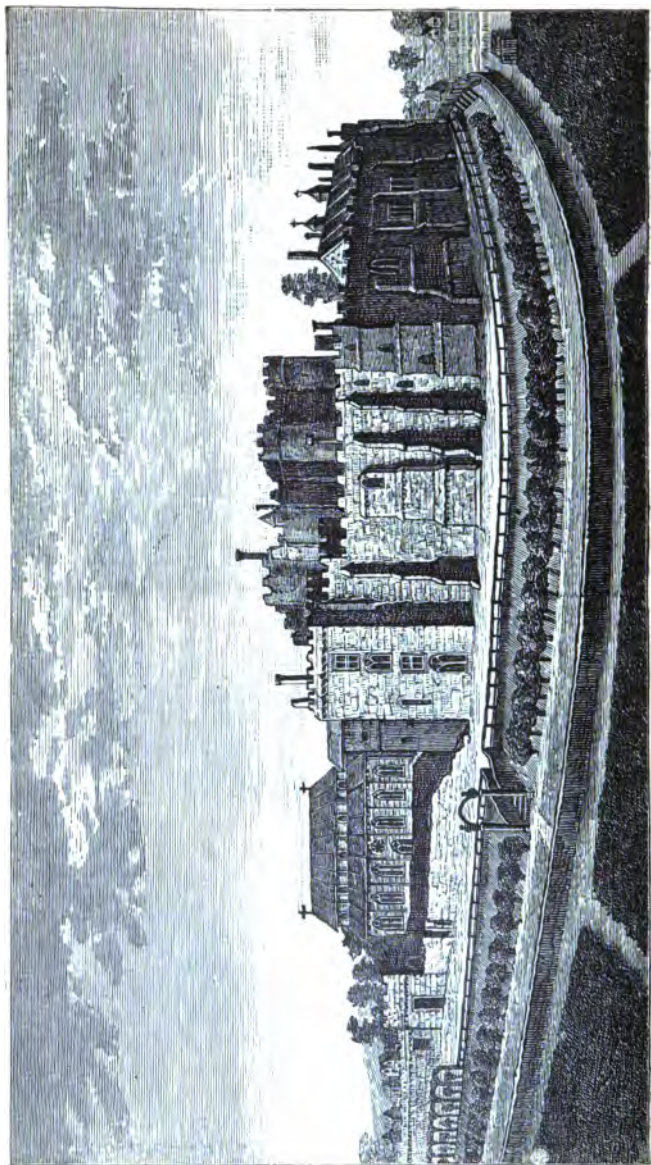
great Howard family. The castle was begun by the Duke of Buckingham who was beheaded in 1521, but never finished. A portion of it has been restored.

Berkeley may be reached from Thornbury by two roads—one bearing to the right past Tortworth and through Stowe, and the other to the left through Hill. The distance by the latter, which is the shortest and pleasantest route, is from seven to eight miles. Berkeley is remarkable chiefly for its castle, and also as the birthplace of Edward Jenner, of vaccination fame. The castle is one of the finest of the few remaining feudal strongholds in the country. It was founded in the time of William the Conqueror by William Fitzosborn, and greatly enlarged and strengthened by Roger de Berkeley, who was, however, deprived of his estates by Henry II. in favour of Robert Fitzhardinge, the founder of the Bristol Augustinian monastery, and progenitor of the present lords of Berkeley. From earliest times the castle has played an important part in all the civil wars of the country, being frequently besieged and captured. Edward II. was brought here from Bristol after his deposition, and murdered; the room in which the deed was done is supposed to be the one above the doorway of the keep. Below the keep is a deep dungeon. Visitors are admitted to the castle on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 11 to 1 and 2 to 4; entrance fee, 1s. In addition to the Castle, Berkeley Church is also worth a visit. It is peculiar from the fact that the body of the church is detached from the tower. Some of the original building, founded by Robert Fitzhardinge, still remains.

From Berkeley the railway runs to Sharpness and across the Severn to the Forest of Dean. The visitor to Berkeley may make a very enjoyable return journey to Bristol down the right bank of the Severn through Chepstow to the Severn Tunnel.

Chepstow, Tintern, and the Wye Valley.—

For beauty of scenery this excursion is unsurpassed, and the visitor to the Bristol neighbourhood should not miss it. Chepstow is reached by train from Temple Meads station in about an hour and a quarter. The antiquity of the little town is attested by the sight we get on entering of the old town walls. A quaint and interesting place in itself, its chief attraction lies in its fine old ruined Castle. Chepstow Castle is mentioned in Domesday, but the ruins now remaining are those of a 13th-century structure attributed to the Earl of Norfolk,

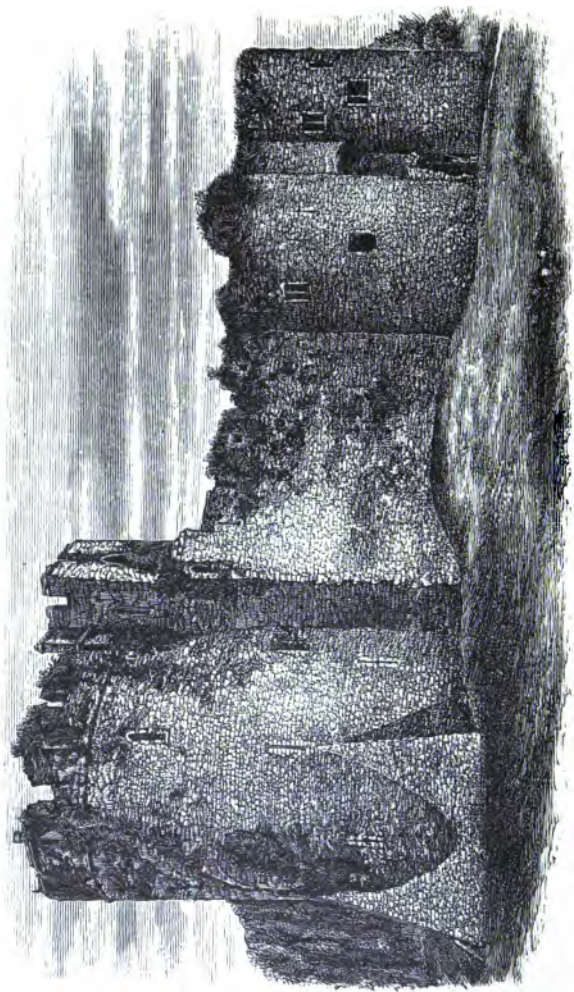


Berkeley Castle in the 17th Century.

who built Tintern Abbey. 6d. is charged for admission. The journey from Chepstow to Tintern, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, forms a delightful walk; for those, however, who are unequal to this carriages are available. Proceeding along past the wall of Piercefield Park, we turn to the right, and come in a short while to the entrance to the celebrated Wyndcliff, up which we climb. The view from the top, 800 feet above the river, over beautifully picturesque country, is the finest of its kind in the kingdom, and extends from the lovely valley of the Wye beneath, winding between its wooded banks, over a large portion of South Wales and into the counties of Gloucestershire and Somerset. From the Wyndcliff the path leads down over more than 300 steps to Moss Cottage, whence a beautiful stretch of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles brings us to Tintern; or we may avoid this descent and keep along the top by what is now no more than a cart-track. Into the beauties of Tintern Abbey, which are probably well known by reputation to the visitor, it is impossible to enter here; suffice it to say that for sheer beauty of architecture it is unequalled by any similar edifice in the kingdom. An admission fee of 6d. is charged. If the tide suits the return to Chepstow may be made by boat down the river Wye; or we may take train from Tintern station, about a mile distant from the abbey.

In summer months this Wye Valley excursion may be accomplished by water from Bristol in a very enjoyable manner. It may also be extended to Monmouth, Symond's Yat, Ross, and other beautiful spots in the neighbourhood.

Keynsham, Saltford and Bath.—The visitor to Bristol will not fail to make a journey to the ancient and historic city of Bath. It is within easy reach of Bristol by train on both the Great Western and Midland lines. On the former of these we pass on our way through the pretty villages of Keynsham and Saltford, situated on the Avon: in the neighbourhood of these places, along the banks of the river, a spare afternoon may be spent very profitably. Keynsham and Saltford, where rowing may be indulged in on the river Avon, can also be reached by motor-bus from the Brislington tramway terminus. The chief features of Bath itself are, of course, the Roman baths and its Abbey. For a full description of the city a local guide must be obtained. Some of the country round is very pretty, and well worth a visit for those who have the time.



Chepstow Castle.

Bristol Channel Excursions.—A constant and regular series of trips to places of interest in the Bristol channel is maintained throughout the summer months from Bristol, Messrs. Campbell's boats being the chief means of transport. The principal places which may be visited in this manner are Clevedon, Weston-super-Mare, Minehead, Lynton, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe, Clavely, Tenby, The Mumbles, Newport, Cardiff, Chepstow, and others. Between Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, and Cardiff a daily service is maintained during the season. All particulars may be obtained from the newspapers or from Messrs. Campbell's official guide, and tickets in advance may be procured from Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son's offices, 49 Corn street.

In addition to the foregoing, special facilities are provided by the railway companies during the summer season, and frequent excursions at greatly-reduced fares are run to attractive places within reach of Bristol not mentioned hitherto. Full particulars as to these may be obtained from the pamphlets and notices issued by the companies, and procurable at their head offices (Great Western, High street; Midland, Baldwin street) or at any of the stations.

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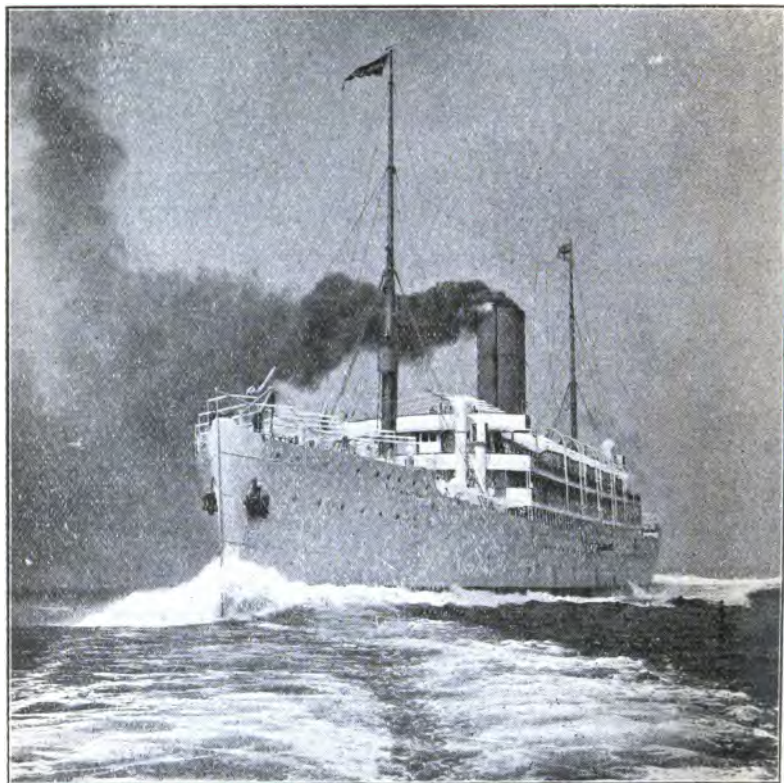
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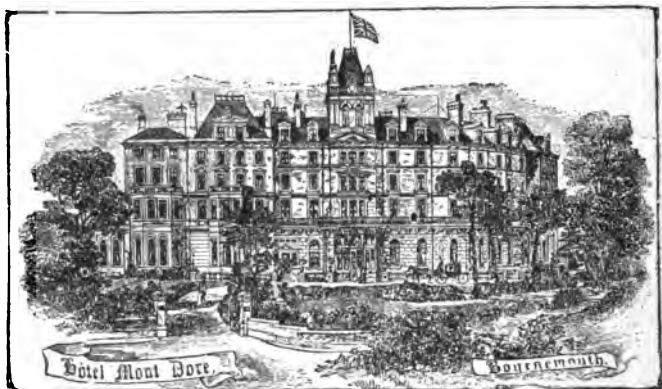
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